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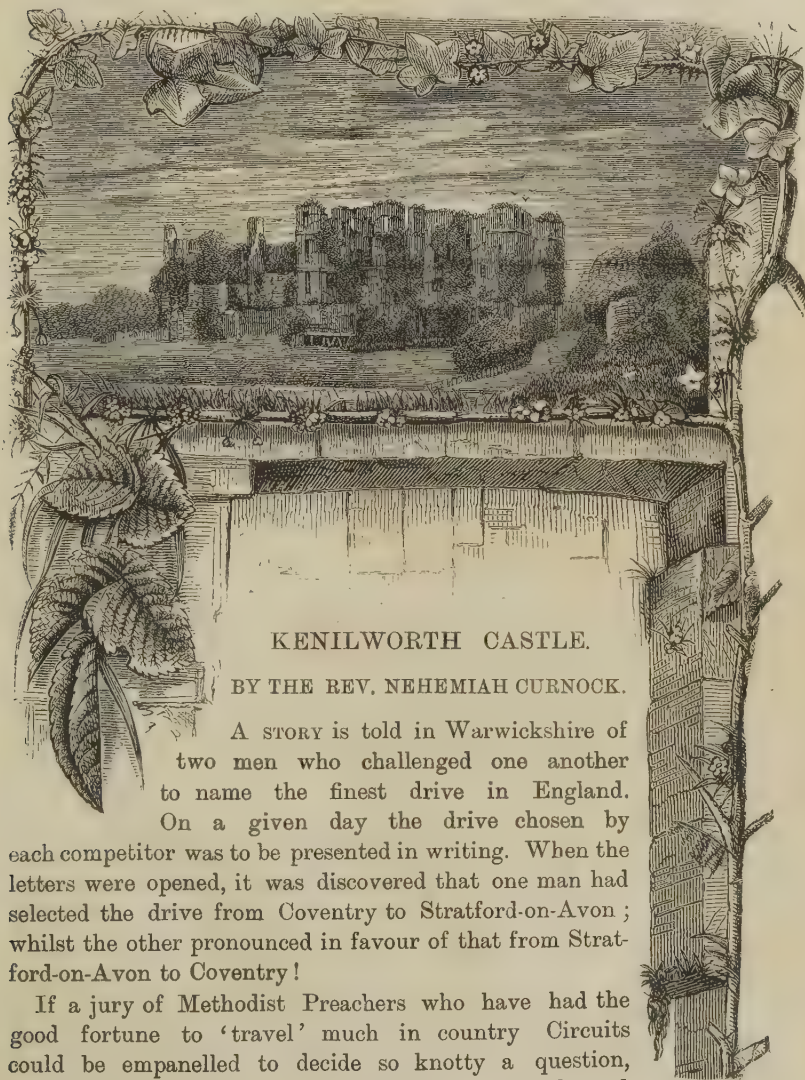
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THE CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

A STORY is told in Warwickshire of two men who challenged one another to name the finest drive in England.

On a given day the drive chosen by each competitor was to be presented in writing. When the letters were opened, it was discovered that one man had selected the drive from Coventry to Stratford-on-Avon; whilst the other pronounced in favour of that from Stratford-on-Avon to Coventry!

If a jury of Methodist Preachers who have had the good fortune to 'travel' much in country Circuits could be empanelled to decide so knotty a question, it is not improbable that the said jury would find

itself impaled on the horns of a similar dilemma. Many a drive through grander scenery would come into competition; but for well-kept roads and parks and gardens and farms; for noble trees and pleasant streams and pretty hedge-rows; for castle, church, and grange; and especially for historical romance and poetry and historical association, no stretch of country is fairer or more fascinating than that which lies between the spires of Coventry and the quaint old town in which was born and died the greatest of our English poets. Is it not worth a long day's journey to see the great five-aisled church of St. Michael at Coventry, with its blaze of stained-glass, and its spire which towers towards the clouds? Or the still more beautiful church of St. John, which Sir Gilbert Scott restored, but which so many tourists never see? Or that loveliest of all timbered houses still remaining to us, the Grayfriars Hospital? Who that has ever seen it can forget the Deer Park at Stoneleigh? or the Saxon mill at Guy's Cliff? or the valley of the Avon from Blacklow Hill, where 'Nobles as lawless as himself' beheaded Piers Gaveston? or that cleanest, trimmest, sweetest of all modern towns, Leamington? or Warwick, quaint, queer, rambling, sleepy, all memory of the past, the victim of charities and races? or Sherborne, with its model village and church like a Warwickshire garden carved in stone? or Charlecote, where 'Justice Shallow' lived and died, and did justice upon William Shakespeare for shooting his worship's deer? or Stratford, about which no one needs to write or say another word?

But the spot on this particular country-side which, in the estimation of most English-speaking people, rivals even Stratford, is Kenilworth—not Kenilworth town, through which you may hurry as fast as you like—but Kenilworth Castle, a small portion of which only is seen in our Coloured Illustration. Whether as fortress or mansion, Kenilworth is bound up with some of the most momentous facts in the history of England. Its massive keep, which spreads out its foundations as though to defy the destroying hand of Time itself, carries us back to the days when the foundations of the English nation were laid. And its latest addition, the two-gabled house which Cromwell's Commissioner built up against Leicester's Gatehouse, reminds us of the days when the iron hand of England's uncrowned king demolished the old order and made it possible for a new and better England to arise out of the ashes of the old. From the reign of Henry I. to the time of the Commonwealth, a period of five hundred years, Kenilworth figures on the page of history as a notable spot: now the stronghold of powerful nobles, and now the residence or prison of kings: the scene of revelry, of piety, of war, of patriotism: alternately the instrument of lawless tyranny, and the refuge of freedom.

Why the Norman keep should have been called Cæsar's Tower we do not know; unless it was in memory of a still earlier stronghold built centuries before on the same spot by the Romans. Certain it is that King Henry Beauchamp's Chamberlain and Treasurer, Geoffrey de Clinton, reared the huge structure. It was built about the years 1123-25, in days when Norman castles were springing up all over the land, frowning over the fields and meadows where Saxon villeins earned a precarious living. As a home it must have been comfortless; but as a place of defence it was perfectly adapted to the purposes of a noble who might wish to defy alike his king and his neighbours. Its walls are of enormous thickness, pierced above and below with vast circular-headed openings, which originally narrowed in their centres to long straight slits through which bowmen might shoot their arrows, but which now are mere windows, as they probably have been since the days when all the inner buildings of the castle were turned into residences for luxurious nobles or their retainers. The wall of the keep on the garden side was thrown down by Cromwell's soldiers, and a tough piece of work they must have found it. The great mound of ruins created by this demolition was excavated a few years ago by the bailiff in charge—a sturdy yeoman and right good Methodist Class-Leader, to whose intelligence, taste, and good sense we are largely indebted for discoveries which enable us to realize the castle as it was in its best days, and for restorations which, whilst not obscuring the rime of antiquity which hangs about the ruins, effectually preserves them from further decay.

Of Geoffrey de Clinton we know but little. He is said to have been a man of low origin, but of considerable talent and piety. Henry I. lifted him into power, and enriched him by the gift of Kenilworth Manor. On one portion of his estate he built the castle; on another the priory and church, which stood within sight of the castle, but of which only a few fragments now remain. The most interesting of these fragments is a Norman door-way, at present forming the western entrance to the parish church. Though imperfect in some of its details, and half buried in the earth, it is still sufficiently beautiful to convey some idea of the splendour of the Norman building from which it was taken.

Concerning this doorway the writer once had a remarkable dream. A celebrated Methodist archæologist came on a visit to the Superintendent Minister of the Leamington Circuit, who was himself a man of taste and refinement, and who could thoroughly appreciate the wonders of nature and antiquity with which his Circuit abounded. A visit to Kenilworth was arranged, and on a certain summer evening,

after some hours spent in exploring the castle ruins, we stood chatting, speculating, arguing, in front of the famous Norman door. The subject of our argument was the origin and meaning of Norman ornamentation—the ‘cable,’ the ‘dog’s tooth,’ the ‘fleur de lys,’ etc.

At night the writer lay half awake and half asleep, dreamily thinking of by-gone times, when it seemed as though the spirit of the monkish architect who designed the door came to him, and explained clearly and fully the meaning of his design. The circular arch, with its successive rings of ornament, was intended to symbolize ‘the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.’ The beasts’ heads suggested the temptation—He ‘was with the wild beasts.’ The plain square heads above were the nails of the crucifixion. The triangular projections, here and there bearing on their under surfaces fleur-de-lys, represented the crown of thorns already blossoming into glory. The castellated ornament above was the kingly crown. The richly-fluted bosses and wonderfully varied, though purely conventional, floral decorations occupying the remaining circle and all the space beyond, signified the fruits and flowers of Paradise. And the whole was bound together by the great cord of love.

It was afterwards discovered that, if the arch were perfectly restored, all these details, and in this precise order, would be presented throughout the entire circle of the arch.

These two relics—the one of Norman power and the other of Norman culture and piety—are suggestive of those forces, sometimes beneficent and sometimes tyrannical, which, at the very time when castle and priory were being built, were slowly blending Norman and Saxon into one nation, and reviving law, learning and religion.

As we stand under the vast gray-walled keep, we can picture the kings and queens of England, each with a following of nobles, ecclesiastics, and men of letters, all more or less famous in our national annals, sweeping in goodly array across the greensward. First comes Henry I., the scholarly son of the Conqueror, and Matilda, the Saxon Princess who, to the infinite joy of the people, shared his throne; and Anselm—gentle, saintly, learned—who released Matilda from her enforced conventual bounds, and set the English crown upon her brow.

Anselm never saw the great castle or the adjoining priory; but to the influence of his character we may attribute the fact—and a very significant and potent fact it is—that at Kenilworth, as on so many other famous spots, the frowning stronghold had for its companion the beautiful church, with its monks and priests, who, whatever else may be said of them, held in check the overbearing tyranny and rapacity of Norman nobles, and all unconsciously prepared the way

for that revival of religion and letters which in a little while was to renew the national life. Then comes Stephen, during whose reign it is said more than eleven hundred castles were built in England ; and Henry II., with his lordly Archbishop, Thomas à Becket, and his rebellious sons, against whom Kenilworth was garrisoned by the king and strengthened by the erection of the 'Strong Tower'; and Richard the Crusader ; and John, in whose reign at least one additional tower was built—a tower now known as 'Lunn's,' and which still shows the projecting stones upon which rested the wooden balcony from which, in time of siege, boiling lead was poured upon the besiegers.

At this point the more perfectly preserved chronicles of Kenilworth begin. Simon de Montfort—the first commoner who married an English princess, receiving Kenilworth as her dower ; the great earl to whom Henry III. once said : 'I fear thunder and lightning not a little, Lord Simon, but I fear *you* more than all the thunder and lightning in the world ;' the master of strategy who taught Edward I., the conqueror of Wales, how to fight ; the far-seeing statesman who turned a crown council into a People's Parliament, and called the city burgess to sit side by side with the knight of the shire,—Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, appears upon the scene. But the struggle with the crown and barons, culminating in the battle of Evesham and the seventy days' siege of Kenilworth, is too long a story to tell here. The huge round stones which lie among old-fashioned English flowers by the garden gate through which you must pass on your way to the keep, are the only surviving memorials of the famous siege. Nor must we tell the story of Piers Gaveston ; or of his royal master, the first Prince of Wales, who was imprisoned at Kenilworth, and went from thence to his cruel death at Berkeley ; or of the victor at Cressy, who as a boy was crowned there ; or of his illustrious son, John of Gaunt, who built that which must always have been the architectural gem of the castle, the great banqueting hall and its adjoining chambers ; or of Richard II., whom Henry Bolingbroke imprisoned there ; or of the rest of the Henrys who all probably lived there, and must have brought about the place not a little of the intrigue and stir and romance of the Wars of the Roses.

The crumbling ruin which appears in the foreground of our Illustration is the principal memorial of Robert Dudley, whom Queen Elizabeth created Earl of Leicester, and to whom she gave this royal residence. What Kenilworth became after Dudley had squandered his sixty thousand pounds upon it is told by Sir Walter Scott. The earl also built the Gate-house, and the stables which stand in the hollow

fronting the great Quadrangle. If, by special permission, you enter the castle grounds from the town end, clambering over the mounds which formed the embankment of the moat, you will not have difficulty in reconstructing, in imagination, the broad carriage-drive, with its gateways and drawbridges, upraised above the lake which stretched from the castle walls to the rising ground beyond, and you can realize the scene when Queen Elizabeth, with all her lords and ladies, entered the splendid abode of her powerful favourite.

Until recent years no one knew where the chapel was: antiquaries placed it in front of the banqueting hall, but my friend the bailiff, bringing his sound common-sense to bear upon the problem, arrived at a very different conclusion. He had observed that in dry summers a line of brown ran across the greensward in the direction of the stables from a point near the entrance to the hall, where a few worn stones protruded from the ground. This he suspected marked a covered way leading to the chapel; and, excavating the mounds which lay in front of the stables, he confounded the antiquaries by revealing the still perfect foundations of what must have been an extremely beautiful Gothic chapel.

The font and much of the carved stonework you may find stored in Lunn's Tower.

The first feeling which will come to Christian men who read the story of Kenilworth will be one of thankfulness that the days of castles, feudalism and chivalry and lawlessness, and lawless repression of lawlessness, have for ever passed away, and that rich and poor, great and small, now meet together, with rights more nearly equal. But let us not forget that the castles, with all they represent, have been among the 'all things' which, in the wonderful providence of God, have worked together for the good of this nation. The dying cry of Earl Simon, the 'great patriot' who fell at Evesham, was, 'It is God's grace.' And let all of us who reap the fruit of by-gone struggles and changes say 'Amen.'

THE EVER-PRESENT FRIEND.

A NEW YEAR'S HOMILY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

'Fear thou not; for I am with thee.'—ISAIAH XLI. 10.

IN order to see the full beauty of a painting we must look at it from the right standpoint. Seen from one place it will present no attraction, but if we change our position it will stand out before us 'a thing of beauty' to be 'a joy for ever.' So it is with the promises in God's Word. Read under some circumstances they produce

little impression upon us ; but let the circumstances change, and they seem to be radiant with heavenly light, and to have a meaning which we had never discovered before.

So doubtless it will be with the text which I have selected for our meditation. Some will glance at it, and hurry on. Life with them is a bright and sunny day, and they are seeking songs of praise rather than words of comfort. With others it will not be so. The New Year entered upon with such a light step and joyous heart by those around, is to them a time of sorrow and anxiety. The year that has glided away bore with it many and much that they highly prized, and amidst the cordial greetings which meet them on every side they are thinking of 'Vanished smiles and voices gone.' They are saying, 'Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.' They are walking in darkness, and have no light. To these the text will be a word in season. They are in the right place to see it. God sees their sorrows, knows their fears, and in tenderest love whispers to them, 'Fear thou not ; for I am with thee.' May God give us ears to hear and hearts to understand these precious words ! They are few, but full of glorious meaning, and if the Holy Ghost unlocks them and applies them to our hearts, a happy New Year is sure to be ours.

Let us then look for a moment at the *Christian's fears*, and then at the *Christian's encouragement*.

First, the *Christian's fears*. To the young Christian this will be a strange combination of words. 'The Christian's fears,' he will say, 'I never thought the Christian knew aught of fear. I thought his life was one continued victory ; that he just "Changed from glory into glory, Till in heaven he took his place" ; and now am I to hear of struggles, conflicts and fears ? Surely there is some mistake about this.' No, my brother, there is no mistake. The Christian has his victories and his joys ; but he also has tribulation and struggles and fears.

'The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.'

Few of God's children have reached heaven who have not had their minds darkened with fear. It was so with Abraham, with Moses, with David, with Paul ; and we must therefore think it no strange thing if on this blessed New-Year's morning the darkness rests on us.

We are entering a new lane of life ; we have not been this way heretofore. We have no map of the country that lies before us, and we have no information as to its character. The New Year comes to us as a stranger of whom we know nothing. Our ignorance is complete. No wonder, therefore, that we meet it with feelings of

awe and even of fear. Apart from this, there are many reasons for this fear. Like Daniel, we are men whose eyes are opened, and our knowledge has produced fear. Many never fear because they never think. A little time for prayerful thought would produce a marvellous change in their experience. I know that some of God's people fear too much. Not content with the troubles of to-day, which are appointed by God, they let their imagination picture troubles with which they have nothing to do. Thus they have two days' trouble with only one day's strength. This is as injurious as it is wrong, and ought to be carefully avoided. While, however, we avoid imaginary troubles, there are good reasons for caution and watchfulness and prayer with regard to others.

Let me name a few of these reasons.

First. *We are on trial for eternity.* To a large extent the future is in our own hands. We are deciding and shaping our own destiny. Every step we take we are touching wires that will vibrate for ever. We are being tested, and upon the result of this testing will depend our eternal future. These facts once fully recognised will give us right views of life, and lead us often to say :

'No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy ;
But O ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend ?
Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies ;
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.'

Second. *We know that we have enemies bent on effecting our ruin.* We are in an enemy's country, and walk on hostile ground. Our enemies are many, mighty, and subtle and experienced ; never taking rest, nor giving it :

'Angels our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible.
With rage that never ends
Their hellish arts they try ;
Legions of dire, malicious fiends
And spirits enthroned on high.'

No wonder therefore that we fear

Third. *We know that many of our fellow-travellers have failed.* We take up the Bible and read of those who began in the spirit and ended in the flesh ; of those who did run well but were hindered.

We look into the records of the Church, and read of many who started well, but afterwards became castaways. We enquire after those who were our companions at the outset of our spiritual life, and learn that some have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience ; and from every case there comes to us the warning cry : ‘ *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*’ Hence our fears lest we should ‘seem to come short’ of the prize.

Lastly. *We know ourselves ;* and this gives us more fear than all the rest. The young Christian imagines that conversion and heaven are much the same, that his struggles are over, that enlisting is final victory, that putting on the armour is securing the crown. His dream will soon be broken. He will find that his work is only begun. That there needs a preparation for heaven as well as a title to it. He has to learn what is in his heart, and the discovery will fill him with alarm, and show him that it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, leading him often to cry :

‘ But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
My own insidious sin :
My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease beset
To make my ruin sure.’

There is good reason, therefore, for the people of God knowing what fear means ; and when to these ordinary causes of anxiety special and extraordinary ones are added, it is no wonder that a shadow should rest upon the heart which, if we were left to ourselves, would deepen into the midnight of despair. Thank God, however, we are not left to ourselves. Our Heavenly Father is deeply interested in our welfare, and when our hearts are filled with fear, He manifests Himself to us, as He does not to the world, and tenderly whispers, ‘ *Fear thou not ; for I am with thee.*’

Let us, then, with glad hearts look, Secondly, at the *Christian’s encouragement*

I have dwelt the more on our fears, that they may be a dark background to show out more clearly our encouragement. While looking at *ourselves*, we saw good reasons for fear ; while looking at our glorious Helper, we may see yet greater reasons for hope. Let us then, with devout and believing hearts, ‘hear what God the Lord

shall say concerning us,' so that we may clearly apprehend His meaning.

Mark, He does not say there is *no danger*, nor that we are able of *ourselves* to vanquish and overcome our foes. He rather implies our utter helplessness and extreme peril, for He does nothing in vain; and therefore the words show that the only remedy for our fear is His own presence and help.

Hence He comes to us all, and meets our every want with the cheering words: 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee.'

Fellow Christians, let us delight ourselves in these blessed words, and as we admire their beauty let us claim them for our own. God's words, like His works, will bear the microscope; and those who examine them the most closely, will admire them the most wonderingly. Let us take them one at a time, and we shall find each word full of blessed meaning, while if we take them all together they will form a diadem of beauty which no hand could alter without our suffering an irreparable loss.

How *plain* the declaration is! While meat for strong men, it is milk for babes. Written in words of one syllable, the little child can understand it, and the 'wayfaring' man though a 'fool' cannot mistake its meaning. So it always is with vital matters. The 'things hard to be understood' are not necessary for our salvation, or even our guidance and comfort. All these are clearly revealed. Dr. Watts when on his death-bed said: 'I thank God for the *simple* promises;' and many a tried and afflicted saint has said the same. When the head is aching with affliction or the heart breaking with sorrow, many words are a sore trouble: a look, a pressure of the hand, or one gentle loving utterance is all that can be borne. And God knows this, and comes to the dejected soul, not to perplex it by some mysterious doctrine, but to comfort it by the blessed assurance of His presence and love. As the mother bends over the frightened, trembling child and whispers, 'Hush, darling, I am here;' so God comes to the trembling, tempted soul and whispers, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee.' How *positive*, also, the declaration is: there is no possibility of a misunderstanding. Unbelief itself can find no room for a doubt. '*I am with thee.*' Every word is 'strong as that which built the skies.' It is 'the word of God' that 'abideth for ever.'

How *perfect* the declaration is! As we gaze upon it we may well say, 'All, all, I want is there!' There is no room for a wish. It is 'perfect altogether.' Let us for a moment sit down under this tree of life, and may its fruit be sweet to our taste. 'I am with thee: 'I,' the Almighty, the All-wise, the All-loving Jehovah. Had God said that not only all the friends of earth, but all the angels of

heaven, should be with us, it would be a feeble, insufficient substitute for this. When Elisha's servant was filled with fear at the sight of the Syrian army, Elisha prayed that his eyes might be opened; and when in answer to the prayer his eyes were opened and he saw the angelic guard that attended the prophet, all his fears were hushed. If this morning our eyes could be opened and we could pass through the ranks of shining worshippers and behold the King in His beauty, surely, as we heard His glorious voice saying, 'I am with thee,' fear would fly away from us for ever. Yet it would be no more true and no more blessed. Let us then, rejoice, that not the angels but the angels' God is with us.

'*Am,*' not *was*, but have departed; not *will be* when some yet more trying moment shall come, at the hour of death and in the day of judgment, but in the sick chamber, in the home of poverty, in a land of strangers; knowing every sorrow, watching every step, sharing every grief, able to supply every need:

'Far off we need not rove
To find the God of love;
In His providential care
Ever intimately near,
All His various works declare
God, the bounteous God, is here!'

'*With,*' not just thinking about thee, caring for thee, loving thee—but *with* thee! at thy right hand, that thou mayest never be moved! In order to get the full blessing from the word, we must remember that *God always means more than He says*. When, then, we read that God is with us, we must not regard Him as a mere spectator, much less as a stern Judge watching for our failure. He is with us as a 'Faithful, unchangeable Friend,' deeply interested in our welfare and anxious for our success. That all His attributes are engaged on our behalf, and that nothing will be wanting on His part to give us comfort here and heaven hereafter. Hence He is 'with' us. With His *wisdom* to guide us. With His *power* to uphold us. With His *mercy* to pardon us. With His *pity* to comfort us. With His *love* to cheer us, and with His Heaven to receive us at the end of the journey. Let us, then, with glad hearts sing, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!'

'*Thee.*' Luther says that the preciousness of God's Word is found in the personal pronouns; and surely it is so here. For what would the other words in the declaration be to us, if this were changed? A wealthy American, it is said, has had a Bible printed for himself with his own name printed in full, instead of the pronouns—so that in reading it he may receive the full blessing. Let us do the same.

We make God's promises so general that they lose their sweetness and power. We think of God as a general lover, instead of saying with Paul, 'He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *ME*.' God says to each of us, 'I know thee by name;' and He speaks to us accordingly. Our *name* distinguishes us from all others. In a family the *name* at once calls up the memory of the individual bearing it. Even so, as distinctly and with this individuality, we are regarded by God. He does not merely look at the race, but He sets each member of it apart. Each individual stands out distinctly and clearly in the light of His presence. Remembering this, we shall be prepared to receive the words in all their blessedness. 'With thee,' young man or maiden just leaving the harbour of home, to sail among the rocks and quicksands of a sea of which thou knowest nothing. 'With thee,' busy toiler in the harvest-field of life, to nerve thy hand, and guide thy steps, and bless thy labour. 'With thee,' poor widow, as thy very present help in trouble. 'With thee,' sad sufferer, to 'make thy bed' in thy 'sickness,' and to 'comfort thee . . . as one whom his mother comforteth.' 'With thee,' aged pilgrim, to be 'the strength of thy heart and thy portion for ever.'

The glorious words were not merely spoken to the Jews two thousand five hundred years ago, they are spoken to every one of us to-day, as if they had never been spoken before, and as if we were the only beings in existence. Let us hear them and rejoice. Friends may change or die; wealth may make to itself wings and fly away; pain and death may darken our home, but God hath said, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee.' And 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Let us therefore 'give to the winds our fears,' and joyfully sing :

'This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end,
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come

A NEW-YEAR'S DREAM.

THE clocks had just struck twelve,
I stood and watched the storm,
When through the blinding sleet and
rain

I saw a child-like form.

His pretty golden hair
Was dripping with the rain,
His little garments torn and soaked,
He cried as if in pain.

'Dear little one,' I said,
Opening my cottage door,
'Come in, and let me comfort you,
You look so weak and poor.'

I took him to my arms,
And dried the falling tear,
When nestling to my heart, he said,
'I'm little, young New-Year!'

And lo! before mine eyes
A glory crowned his head:
'I'm New-Year Eighteen Eighty-four!
The poor Old Year is dead.'

He came and dwelt with me
Through spring and summer warm,
Through harvest time and autumn's
gloom,
Till winter's snow and storm.

I watched him dying then,
And watched with many a tear,
No longer now the little child,
But hoary-haired Old Year.

'I'm going now,' he said,
'Whence I shall ne'er return;

Where troubles cease, and weary hearts
Never again shall mourn.

'I'm going to the Past,
To the vast Eternity,
What record of thy life shall I
Carry away with me?

'A stranger and forlorn
I came unto your door,
You took me in and dried my tears,
And gave me of your store.

'Thy busy hands have worked,
Thy willing feet have sped,
To serve thy God, by serving man,
Throughout the year that's fled.'

* * * *

'Nay! nay! Old Year, I cried,
'Speak not thus well of me,
My "*doings*" into nothing fall
When all *His* love I see!

'Forgetful of His love,
Unmindful of His grace,
Ah! surely in the lowest dust
My soul must find her place.'

Just then the clocks struck twelve,
The wind blew wild outside,
And with a brief expiring sigh
The worn out Old Year died.

* * * *

I stood and watched the storm
From out my cottage door,
But to my sheltering open arms
That Child Form comes no more!
H. M'K.

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'THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS.'

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

HOLINESS is the palace wherein dwelleth the high King of heaven. Bethink thee of thyself—poor, ignorant, sinful. Remember that thou hast no warrant at this door but by the King's grace. Put on thee thy court robes, and draw near in lowly reverence, expecting to meet with Him.

Thou hast no key to unlock the palace door, for it openeth only from within. Yet, fear not. The King is ever gracious. Ask, and He shall give thee permission to enter. Seek, and thou shalt find.

Knock, and the King Himself shall open the door and bid thee welcome.

#### GOD'S LOVE AND OUR GOODNESS.

If we are good—good enough—God will love us ; but if we are not good enough, what hope is there ? Said one of my little ones to the youngest, in that threatening tone which is usually adopted in teaching : ' You must be good, you know, or father won't love you.' That is how we think of God, and how we live toward Him. We are always trying to be good enough to make Him love us ; and, of course, to do that one must be *very*, *VERY* good ! Then comes again the troubled sigh over the dreary round of failure. ' You see I am so dreadfully bad ; so unlike other people. I have so little faith ; no love ; no earnestness, nothing.' Here is the black source of this misery.

' You must be good, or father won't love you,' said the little one. Then I called him to myself as God seeks to call us, and I said, gravely and tenderly, ' Do you know what you have said ? It is not true, my boy—not a bit true.'

' Isn't it ?' said the little one, surprised and doubtful.

' No,' I said ; ' it is far away from the truth.'

' But you won't love us if we are not good, will you ?' he asked.

' Yes,' I said ; ' I can't help loving you. I shall love you for ever and ever because I can't help it. When you are good I shall love you with a love that makes me glad ; and when you are not good I love you with a love that hurts me ; but I can't help loving you, *because I am your father, you know.*'

' *Your Father which is in heaven :*' alas ! we speak it only as the utterance of a reverential homage. We think of it as a figure borrowed from an earthly life, and only in some faint and shallow meaning to be used of God. We are afraid to take God as our own tender and pitiful Father. He is a schoolmaster, or almost further off than that, and knowing less about us—an inspector, who knows nothing of us except through our lessons. His eyes are not on the scholars, but on the book, and all alike must come up to the standard.

Let us look into the school. Here is one thoughtless and indolent, the lessons neglected for everything. When he comes up to the master no wonder he hangs his head and is full of confusion. Here is another dreaming, as people dream in hearing sermons, the mind wandering for half an hour, then waking up suddenly to find that the time is gone and the lesson unlearned. Here is another who does try at the sum, but it will come wrong, try and try as he may. Here beside him is another who sees the mistake and gets it right without any trouble at all. But the master knows nothing about



trouble, he only looks at the answer. Here is the poor little maiden, God bless her, who has to be the mother at home, the mistress of the poor household, to see to all the family,—is it any wonder that her thoughts are flying from the lessons back to other cares? but the master knows nothing about that as he calls her to himself. Here is the lad who has failed so often that he has given up trying. Here is a dull little scholar, born of dull parents, for half-a-dozen generations, who finds every task so dreadfully hard. Here is the clever boy who knows it all at a glance, and says it. Here is the poorly little one with the headache and weariness, trying to keep back the tears that tremble in her eyes. All of them, dull and clever, weak and strong, anxious and easy—all are brought to the same lesson, the master measuring them not by themselves, but by the answers and the tasks.

O! I know those scholars; so do you. It is just the picture of our trying to serve God—trying to bring what He has commanded; the dull scholar, and the anxious scholar, and the poor, weak, tired scholar, all getting up the tasks, and in it all burdened with the fear of failure and of being ‘turned.’

Now the school is over. Home they come, bounding with glee. All the restraint gone, the troublesome lessons are done with, the fear of failure is forgotten. Why? They are at home now. *This is the Father’s house, and love is here.* Ah, there is that lazy, thoughtless scholar, was there ever such a boy to work? And he who was dreaming, look how his eyes flash; he is all eagerness, and tenderness, and care. But this is harder work than lessons or sums? No! there is no work in it; it is only *doing something for mother.* O! the magic of love.

Here is the anxious little maiden; it is no burden to toil; there is no sigh over it now. It is for those she loves. Here comes the dull, slow child, she forgets all about her not being clever,—her father loves her as much as the clever one every bit. Ah, and here is the sum that would not come right, with the master’s cross drawn right down the slate. The father hears all about it, and takes the little fellow on his knee, and holds the little hand in his, and tracks the mistake up to its beginning, and gets the answer right triumphantly ‘There, you have done it at last,’ says the father, cheerily. ‘O, yes, father, I could do anything when you help me like that!’ cries the lad, wondering if he shall ever be so clever. Home comes the little one who is poorly, and love sees at once the drooping eye and the heavy head, and soothes it with tender pity.

Now open the ears of the heart, timid child of God; let it go sinking right down in the innermost depths of the soul. Here is the

starting-point of holiness, in the love and patience and pity of our Heavenly Father. We have not to learn to be holy as a hard lesson at school, that we may make God think well of us ; we are to learn it at home with the Father to help us. God loves you, not because you are clever, not because you are good ; He loves you because He is *your Father*. The Cross of Christ does not make God love us : it is the outcome and measure of His love to us. He loves all His children, the clumsiest, the dullest, the ugliest, the worst of His children. His love lies at the back of everything, and we must get upon that as the solid foundation of our religious life, not growing up into that, but growing up *out of it*. We must begin there, or our beginning will come to nothing. Do take hold of this mightily. We must go out of ourselves for any hope, or any strength, or any confidence. And what hope, what strength, what confidence may be ours now that we can begin here, *Your Father which is in Heaven*.\*

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### A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD ;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

'We wander wide through evil years,  
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;  
The child is freshest from God's hands,  
And nearest unto Him.

\* \* \* \* \*

We need Love's tender lessons taught  
As only weakness can ;  
God hath His small interpreters,  
The child must teach the man.'—WHITTIER.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MINSTER CLOSE.

'As little Yorkshire as you can help.'

THE side door of the old minster church stood half open, and strains of organ music floated through to the small enclosure known as the Close, mingling there with a rustle of dry branches in which sap began to flow, and with cawing of rooks in a group of ancient elms.

It was the time of afternoon prayer, and to one familiar with its order the chant of treble voices, supported by one strong tenor, that came across the green, would have borne the holy words of *Nunc Dimittis* :

\* From Mr. Pearse's beautiful little volume, *Thoughts on Holiness*. London : T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.



'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word ;  
For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,  
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people ;  
A light to lighten the Gentiles,  
And the glory of Thy people Israel.'

Soft with the pathos of long hope delayed, thrilling with a clear note of triumphant joy, the psalm echoed through aisle and court, and fell gently away into the valley that lay deep under the craggy bluff on which, nine hundred years ago, St. Wineburga reared a votive chapel.

To a young man who entered the Close at that moment through an

old gateway and steep bit of alley that led up from the main street of Eadminster, the softened music came with no distinct words, suggested no familiar thought. But it increased a general effect of sweet tranquillity which at once made itself felt. His quick, vigorous foot was checked. He looked round with a sense of having stepped unawares inside a consecrated place.

The church tower and west door fronted him,—a plain, impressive building of friable red stone, with vivid touches of March sunshine upon it here and there. On the north, an archway of gray stone admitting to a square of almshouses, received rays of sunlight with monastic reserve; on the west and south were dwelling-houses, opposing prim, conventional faces to the inquisitiveness of the Close, or turning their backs upon it altogether, wrapped in folds of shrubbery. In a corner between church and almshouses, the group of elms tenanted by the rooks sheltered a quaint little cell that might be taken for a cast-off vestry, or a mortuary, or anything rather than what it was,—The grammar school of Eadminster.

Sauntering along the pavement that skirted the central plot of grass—pavement worn thin and smooth by many generations of Eadminster folk, and perhaps more especially Eadminster boys,—the stranger came to the almshouse gate, and paused to read the legend carved above it :

‘ Built A.D. 1670,  
By Dame Martha Caughley, of This parish.

A Widow I, full Thirtie Yeare,  
Did let Fall manie a Saltie Teare.  
I buylt this House that widows Ten  
Might Live in godly Peace therein.’

Thereupon followed a bust of Dame Martha, executed in the highest style of that art which produces Dutch dolls.

‘ Do the widows try to live up to this image of their benefactress, I wonder?’ said the reader to himself. ‘ If so, they must be remarkable objects.’

He stepped within the archway and looked round. One of the ten was visible between the blue check curtains of her narrow lozenge window, looking forth, as the spectator fancied, in a decaying hope that something—anything—might happen to break the monotony of the pebbled court and the long day. Another, hobbling out to drink tea in a neighbour’s apartment, was locking her door with a laborious care that suggested a secret hoard up the chimney or between the covers of her bed.

‘ Nothing abnormal about these specimens,’ was the next *sotto voce* remark. ‘ The rest are probably at church. And I should very much



like to know whether the funds of this charity would not now maintain a hundred widows "in godly peace."

He abstained from catechising the widows in regard to this point, and went his way across the green. There might be work for the ecclesiastical reformer in this quiet fold; but in the meantime he was engaged to dine with the head-master of the grammar school, and was hungry with a great hunger for food and for talk: such talk as had often passed between himself, the son of a pit overseer in Yorkshire, and Charles Martin, the son of the parish minister. Some help given by the older and more favoured lad to the younger one, eager for knowledge, had been the germ of a close intimacy, which many differences of habit and long periods of separation served rather to quicken than to wither. As the two grew into manhood, into theories and plans of life, it seemed that they met only to argue and dispute, yet, like well-matched knights, found no others worthy of their steel, and admired each other the more for every ringing thrust given and parried.

By-and-by one found himself at the head of Eadminster grammar school, while the other, having won several steps of knowledge and of social rank, was restlessly seeking some way of pushing his fortunes and his schemes of usefulness. And here their paths were just branching widely apart, when a half-jesting letter brought them to run parallel again, so far as outward contact was concerned, and made this present bit of history.

'One or two of my pupils,' wrote Charles Martin to Roger Haigh, 'come from the Boetia of Eadminster,—a colliery district occupying a high plateau above the Wyvern Valley to the north-east, and bearing still a name no longer appropriate,—Badger Forest. I was up there the other day, and it seemed to me that this was the field for your energies. The collieries are leased to farmers, called charter-masters. You have money enough to take one which is to let just now. Come here and show us what you can do as a charter-master for the benefit of the people. There is plenty of ignorance and dirt for you to work upon, and we'll see what your schemes are worth, and whether your father's Methodism does not answer at least as well. It may be an additional inducement to know that Methodism is popular in Badger Forest, and that gaunt chapels of the barn order are as numerous as pit-heaps.'

Charles Martin was not fond of Methodism, but he would have joined himself to any variety of it, and frequented any one of the gaunt chapels that afflicted his sensibilities, 'rather than,' as he said, 'go to a museum on Sunday morning and a concert room at night for the best means of getting through a week's labour and temptation in this hungry, jostling world.'

‘You are a good fellow, Haigh, at heart, with a deal more of your old father’s Christianity in you than you would own, and I believe you will wake up some day; but at present you are dreaming mischievous dreams, and need a friend beside you;’ so the master would say to himself at times; and was considerably startled when to his letter there came this reply :

‘Send the advertisement of that colliery; and cease your gibes, lest you be confounded.’

He sent the information required, and felt some responsibility for the result when he found that he had been the means of bringing Roger Haigh to the village of Shirleot Magna.

The master’s house in Eadminster Close was one of those facing down the cliff and across the valley of the Wyvern, but it had windows also looking into the church square, and from one of these, in the few minutes before dinner, host and guest watched the little congregation leave St. Wineburga’s and disperse about the green. They were mostly women, and the master named them with light touches of description.

‘Mrs. Wynn, widow of the late vicar, a fine old English lady and churchwoman. We are to drink tea in her house to-night, if you don’t object. That bulky woman in the ugly cloak is Mrs. Glendower, a lawyer’s widow. She is looking round for her niece, who is hanging back in hopes that the vicar will come out, and give her a word on which she may subsist until to-morrow. There is Miss Jones, of the seminary, pudgy and hawk-eyed, followed by her damsels two and two; and after them comes the old maid who lodges the curates and some of Dame Caughley’s widows. The close abounds in widows.’

‘And those elegant young ladies coming this way, who are they?’

‘The three Miss Pagets, daughters of a solicitor who lives in the big high-windowed house next the gate.’

‘Who is also clerk to the justices, and registrar for the parish, as an immense door-plate testifies?’

‘The same. And now here comes our dinner. My boarders have had theirs.’

They took their places at the table, presenting in one or two respects a likeness, in all others a decided contrast. Both had dark hair and keen, dark eyes, thrown into relief by pallid flesh-tints; but there resemblance ended, and two quite different types were evident. Haigh was a small, neat fellow, with bright, inquisitive hazel eyes, crisp beard, and just enough of aquiline in his profile to give it character. Martin, on the other hand, was tall and loosely-made, with a rough mass of hair and full, mystical eyes; the sort of man whose hat is always shabby and in need of brushing. Haigh was

never untidy, Martin never ungentlemanly. In the whole appearance of the latter there was something which young ladies spoke of as 'poetical,' and Haigh as 'unpractical.' He said to himself: 'He's travelling too far off; he'll knock his head through the grammar-school wall some of these days.'

Presently he said aloud—while Martin cut the beef as though he were carving out the answer to some deep problem:

'A rare sleepy little corner this, to drone away life in: going to church two or three times a day, having sober dinners with the clergy and the widows in old-fashioned parlours, gossiping about the Queen and the Bishop. How do you like it?'

'Well,' replied Martin, with a smile, 'you know I am deplorably old-fashioned myself, and I find the air of the Close very agreeable in some respects. I can't go to church several times a day, and I don't gossip much about anybody, but I enjoy the cloister-like peace and harmony. We seem to live on immovable foundations here, like the rocky cliff on which the town stands. Everything is five hundred years old, and is part of the British Constitution.'

'So you can move about leisurely and keep your digestions in order?'

'At least we have done so hitherto. But the new vicar is not of the same stuff as the old one. He comes here with a character for "excellent churchmanship"—a phrase which I confess I do not like; but although he is very cautious in his words and movements, he has disturbed the Close a little already, and I am much mistaken if our digestion is not interfered with presently. At all events I cannot swallow any Romish abominations.'

'Thou *would* be a parson, but I always said it would never do with thee,' said Haigh, bluntly.

'Well, you have got the chance now that you've been desiring so long, of regenerating society without the help of parsons,' said Martin, passing over the other's speech as something often said and often answered before. 'How are you going to set about it?'

Roger was quite ready to expound his schemes, and did so with much animation until his friend announced that it was 'time to go to the dowager-vicaress.'

'Who is really a beautiful specimen of the ladyhood that grows in such favoured gardens as our Close,' said Martin. 'Give her as little Yorkshire as you can help, my boy; for she is not used to it.'

'And I am not used to fine ladies and their soft ways. I'd better bide here with a book.'

'You'd better not, when Mrs. Wynn expects you at her tea-table. That would be the worst offence of all. Besides, you'll see some of our

young ladies, and "happen" our new-fangled vicar himself. Come along !'

The prospect of studying the clergyman and perhaps plaguing him a little was more tempting than that of seeing young ladies. It had the same effect on Haigh that the offer of a good day's sport would have on some other men. He loaded his gun, so to speak, and was quite ready to go.

Mrs. Wynn's little party had been arranged for special purposes of her own, which Roger Haigh quite unconsciously defeated. For one thing, his visit obliged Martin to limit his acceptance of the invitation. 'I will be happy to come in to tea if I may bring my friend with me,' he said with a slight—only a slight—description of the friend ; and Mrs. Wynn, ignorant of all that was to come, assented. 'You will meet the vicar and the Miss Pagets,' she intimated ; and the master, understanding at least part of her purpose, smiled.

'I am afraid you labour in vain, Mrs. Wynn. The less we two see of each other the better. The Reverend Algar Prest is not going to be very fond of me.'

'And you were so fond of Dr. Wynn that you will never take to any one else,' answered the old lady softly. 'That is very nice of you ; but you must try to do justice to Mr. Prest. I am sure he is a true son of the Church, although I could wish ——'

Martin was a favourite of Mrs. Wynn's, or she would not have hinted even so much as this.

'Although you never knew Dr. Wynn—who was certainly by far the more learned man of the two—speak so much about the early British Church, or the practice of the fathers.'

'Just so ; and I am sure we did very well without all that. It is quite true, of course ; but ——'

'But you have a suspicion of what it means, and you do quite right to suspect.'

'No, no ; I would not say that. I shall not suspect anything.'

'Very well. But you will see that we shall soon miss Dr. Wynn more than we have ever missed him yet. In his reign we kept Lent and Easter as our fathers and mothers did, and believed that the Reformers were great men of God, for whom we should thank Him every day of our lives.'

'Well, we shall go on believing that,' said Mrs. Wynn.

'You will, of course. But what about the young folks, when Mr. Prest has taught them history out of his book a few months longer ? The vicar has not taken off his coat yet.'

Then Mrs. Wynn was so much shocked that she felt it necessary to find some early opportunity of bringing the two together, in the



hope that Martin would thus be led to 'do justice' to the vicar. While he felt, on his part, that it would be cruel to disturb the tranquil waters of her existence. 'For the troubling will come before long, and when once the wind of controversy rises there will be no more quiet days in Eadminster, either for Mrs. Wynn or for me.'

To the consciousness of most people in the Close and in the town the social waters were as calm as ever. They had got over the shock of losing Dr. Wynn—for forty years the pride of the little place—and were getting used to his successor, although, of course, he never could be the equal of the Doctor. The ladies of the Close and the Steps said that Mr. Prest was 'an amiable man;' the shopkeepers of the High Street that he was 'a quiet sort o' gentleman;' the lower-town people that he 'did middlin' well for a parson.' This was pretty good for a few months' experience; and nobody knew yet that he looked upon the Close as 'a den of Puritan bigotry,' and held Dr. Wynn to have been, at best, only a respectable item of the Eadminster antiquities.

Letty Paget was one of those for whom, as yet, there was peace,—deep peace and exquisite tranquillity in Eadminster. To be sure the dear old vicar was gone from amongst them, and was keenly missed by those who had grown up in his grave, kindly presence, revering him as a true minister to them of Divine things. For her, certainly, there could never be another Dr. Wynn. But a loss like this has no sting; there has been no storm, wrenching the life from its early anchorage; the ship still lies in the pleasant security of a sunny bay. Although Miss Paget was of a sober, meditative temper, she was not at all given to melancholy or moping. So long as they had Mrs. Wynn in the Close, there seemed to be still a good deal of the Doctor's presence; and for the rest, the little worries of daily life did not break its general harmony and beauty. There were morning and evening prayers in the ancient church, with all the indescribable charm of old-world association; there were books, music, drawing; with secluded gardens, castle ruins, and an outlook over a valley famous in history. All this Letty loved intensely; and though she dreamed dreams like other girls, they all had one background,—the quaint, quiet little town on the height, and the soft, green valley that half circled it. Nothing must happen that would take her away from Eadminster and the tinkling chime of its old bells. She could not fancy herself living anywhere else than in one of these dear old-fashioned houses on the Steps, with terraced gardens and bow-windows looking across the Wyvern. Her sisters, who liked Eadminster very well as a pretty place of residence, but could wish it a few degrees livelier, and richer in social houses, sometimes called her

‘the nun of the family,’ and proposed that she should establish herself in a little chamber above the church porch built long ago by some devout friar. But Letty had no inclinations of that sort. ‘In the stormy old days when women were in the power of fierce barons like that De Laung who held our castle and ravaged all the country round,’ she would say, ‘in those days I suppose one might have been even glad of a convent for the sake of peace and safety. But I should certainly have wanted papa and Walter in to dinner sometimes.’

Her brother Walter came between her and the two younger sisters. He had always been her special playfellow and comrade so far as her gentle girlhood permitted. She would leave her own favourite classical and sacred music to play accompaniments to Walter’s rather frivolous songs and the lively jigs that suited his taste. And he, on his part, had been in the habit of confiding to her all his purposes, and asking her opinion as to the qualities of a dog or the colour of a neck-tie. As yet his mind did not seem occupied with matters of much deeper importance than these, and Letty often wished him more serious. She had grown up in a religious school which encouraged devout, reverent feeling, but not free expression of the same; and as Walter conformed to all the observances of the church in a simple unaffected way, she hoped that he would become more thoughtful as he grew older. ‘If he fell in love with a good girl,—that would make a man of him: he’s only a boy yet,’ she said to herself, and to Mrs. Wynn, her confidante. And she looked about, wondering which of the Eadminster girls—rather numerous in proportion to the small population—would prove herself possessed of the spell. ‘A nice girl of our own sort,’ was Letty’s definition.

‘And yourself, Letty?’ Mrs. Wynn had said once or twice of late. ‘Who is going to step within your magic circle? He must be a nice man, my dear, and one “of our own sort,” or I shall forbid the banns.’

Ah, Mrs. Wynn, Mrs. Wynn! Have you lived so long, even in quiet Eadminster, and not learnt that banns of marriage should be left to proclaim or forbid themselves as Providence ordains; that in fact they will do so soon or late, in spite of all meddlers? And when you planned your little dinner, did it never occur to you that other people—say the vicar—might have visions that would not harmonise with your own? It was not he you were thinking of when you spoke to Letty, was it?

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## THOMAS BILNEY—EVANGELIST AND MARTYR.

## A STORY OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

BY THE REV. ROBERT CULLEY.

THE 'Luther Commemoration' has not only directed the attention of all true Protestants to the venerable name and colossal work of the great monk 'whose intense personal conviction and contagious faith' stirred a whole continent, but also has awakened a fresh interest in the study of the times of the great German Reformer. Among the contemporaries of Luther there were but few whose character shine with purer lustre than that of THOMAS BILNEY, the trusty friend of honest Hugh Latimer. Trained in the University of Cambridge, distinguished by his proficiency in the sciences of his day, and by his accurate knowledge of canon law, he was even more distinguished by his rare spiritual discernment.

In a letter to Cuthbert Tonstall, Bishop of London, Bilney gives the following account of his conversion. Comparing the priests and friars to the physicians upon whom the woman in the Gospels spent all her living, and after twelve years of suffering found no relief, but grew worse and worse, till at last she came to Christ and was healed by Him, Bilney exclaimed: 'O! the mighty power of the Most High! which I also, a miserable sinner, have often tasted and felt; whereas before I spent all I had upon those ignorant physicians, insomuch that I had little strength left in me. But at last I heard of Jesus, and that was when the New Testament was translated by Erasmus, for at that time I knew not what it meant. But looking into the New Testament, by God's special providence, I met with those words of the Apostle St. Paul: "This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." O sweet and comfortable sentence to my soul! This one sentence, through God's instruction and inward working, did so exhilarate my heart, which before was wounded by the guilt of my sins, and almost in despair, that immediately I found wonderful comfort and quietness in my soul, so that my bruised bones leaped for joy.' Having discovered the secret of true rest of soul, he began to make it known, and his one absorbing desire was to lead others into the light. And in this endeavour he was eminently successful with the gownsmen of the University, among whom was the afterwards celebrated Hugh Latimer. Latimer at that time held the office of *cross-keeper* in Cambridge, and it was his duty to bring it out on procession-days.

The adroitness and tact which Bilney displayed in teaching Latimer are quaintly characterized by the latter in his first sermon before the

Duchess of Suffolk. Latimer says: 'Here I have occasion to tell you a story which happened at Cambridge. Master Bilney, or rather St. Bilney, who suffered death for God's Word's sake, the same Bilney was the instrument by whom God called me to His knowledge. For I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge that I have in the Word of God. I was as obstinate a papist as any was in England, insomuch that when I should be made bachelor of divinity, my whole oration was against Philip Melancthon and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge, and came to me afterward in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession. I did so; and to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than afore in many years. So from that time forward I began to taste the Word of God, and forsake the school doctors and such fooleries.'

But Bilney could not content himself with testifying for Christ within the University or in the town of Cambridge. His soul was aflame with holy zeal for his Master, and for the souls of perishing multitudes: hence he extended his labours into many parts of the country, preaching the Gospel wherever he went, and sharply reproving the pride and arrogance of the clergy, and striving to overthrow the authority of the Bishop of Rome. In his evangelistic labours he had as companion and co-labourer, Thomas Arthur, a fellow-student whom he had been instrumental in converting from Popery. The holy ardour of Bilney's spirit evinced itself in his self-consuming toil. Weak in body, of highly nervous temperament and almost feminine sensitiveness, he gave himself to the work of an evangelist: and 'though his shrinking flesh complained,' his prayer was fulfilled: 'O Thou Who art the truth, give me strength that I may teach it; and convert the ungodly by means of one who has been ungodly himself!'

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Erasmus's Greek New Testament in stimulating enquiry and producing spiritual conviction among the students in both Universities. It is wonderful, to look back upon the times when the English Reformation began, to see how it derived 'its origin from God alone.' From 1517 to 1519, John Fryth, son of an innkeeper of Sevenoaks, as distinguished for his knowledge of mathematics as for his moral integrity; William Tyndale, the classic scholar, and Thomas Bilney, well versed in canon law, were by a remarkable providence brought together at Cambridge. 'These three young scholars set to work with enthusiasm. They declared that neither priestly absolution nor any other religious rite could give remission of sins; that the assurance of pardon is obtained by faith alone; and that faith purifies the heart. Then they



addressed to all men that saying at which the monks were so offended, "*Repent, and be converted.*"

For six or seven years Bilney devoted himself with untiring zeal to the preaching of Christ, and with so much success that Wolsey, at that time in the zenith of his power, suspicious of the effect of such teaching upon the see of Rome, caused Bilney to be apprehended. Accordingly on the 25th of November, 1527, Bilney was brought before the cardinal and many others in the Chapter-house at Westminster. There he was accused of privately and publicly teaching the opinions of Luther. After many questions, the cardinal caused him to swear that he would answer plainly to the articles and errors preached and set forth by him in different places, against a certain time, and then delivered him over to the Bishop of London for further examination.

To follow poor Bilney through his scathing trials for nearly two years subsequently would be too tedious a task for such a paper as this ; but at last, after four several appearances before his judges, through physical infirmity and the mental strain which his prolonged trial produced, and by the persuasion of his friends rather than from conviction, he recanted on the 7th of December, 1529. By way of penance for his heretical lapse, as it was termed, he was remanded to prison till Wolsey should be pleased to release him, and that he should lead the procession, on the next day, bareheaded to St. Paul's, with a fagot upon his shoulder, and stand before the preacher at St. Paul's Cross, where the priest from the pulpit exhorted him to repentance, after which he was led back to the solitude of his prison cell. The horror of his soul, and the thick darkness which settled upon his mind, and the remorse of conscience which he endured in consequence of his recantation, almost drove him to despair. His friends who had helped to drag him into the abyss, and who, by their counsels, had induced him to temporise, now tried to console him, but in vain !

After this abjuration Bilney returned to Cambridge, and his mental distress and his subsequent restoration to the conscious favour of God are tenderly and beautifully related by Latimer in a sermon which he preached in Lincolnshire. Latimer says: 'When Mr. Bilney came again to Cambridge, for a whole year after, he was in such an anguish and agony, that nothing did him good, neither eating nor drinking, nor any other communication of God's Word ; for he thought that all the whole Scriptures were against him, and sounded to his condemnation. So that I many a time communed with him, for I was familiarly acquainted with him ; but all things, whatsoever any man could allege to his comfort, seemed to him to make against him. Yet, for all that, afterward he came again, God

endued him with such strength and perfectness of faith, that he not only confessed his faith in the Gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ, but also suffered his body to be burned for that same Gospel's sake, which we now preach in England.'

In 1531, Bilney, restored again to peace of mind, quietly but firmly resolved to give up his life in the service and defence of that truth which in an evil hour he had renounced, rather than turn again. Accordingly, says an old chronicler, 'he took his leave one evening of his friends in Trinity Hall, saying, "that he would go up to Jerusalem, and so should see them no more."'

He immediately set out for Norfolk, and there, first in private houses, he strengthened the faithful, and afterwards in the fields he openly bewailed his defection from the truth, and begged all to take warning by him, and not put their trust in the counsel of friends, so called, when their purpose was to draw them from true religion. Soon after his arrival in Norwich he gave away a copy of Tyndale's New Testament and the *Obedience of a Christian Man*, for which he was apprehended and imprisoned. While in prison he was urged by eminent ecclesiastics to recant; but after many tedious disputes, Bilney remaining firm and constant, he was condemned to the stake.

The night before he suffered martyrdom he was visited by many of his friends, who rejoiced to see him cheerful and able to partake of food with a glad heart. 'O,' said he, 'I imitate those who, having a ruinous house to dwell in, hold it up by props as long as they can!' Turning to Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, he descanted so fervently upon the passage, 'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee . . . . When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,' that his friends carried with them the impressiveness of the scene through life.

Next day he was led forth to the place of execution. His friends tried to comfort him. Bilney answered: 'When a mariner undertakes a voyage, he is tossed on the billows of the troubled seas, yet in the midst of all, he beareth up his spirits with this consideration, that ere long he shall come into his quiet harbour: so I am now sailing upon the troubled sea, and ere long my ship shall be in a quiet harbour; and I doubt not, but through the grace of God I shall stand the storm, only I would entreat you to help me with your prayers.'

A little way out of the Bishop's gate the stake was erected. To this place Bilney was led, where he made confession of his faith and gave many sweet exhortations to the people. He then prayed, and ended with rehearsing the cxliii. Psalm. Divested of his outer clothing, in his hose and shirt, and raised from the ground that the spectators might witness the awful sight, he was chained to the stake.

His faithful friend, Dr. Warner, came forward to take his final leave of the martyr, but was so overwhelmed with grief that he could scarcely speak. Gentle little Bilney thanked his friend very tenderly, and inclining his body to him, concluded his farewell in a low, sweet voice: 'Feed your flock, feed your flock, that the Lord when He cometh may find you so doing. Farewell, dear doctor, farewell, and pray for me.'

The officers then placed the fagots about him and set fire to the reeds, which presently flamed up very high—the holy man lifting up his hands toward heaven, saying, 'Jesus'—'Credo!' The wind being high and blowing away the flames, he suffered a lingering death. At last one of the officers beat out the staple to which the chain was fastened that supported his body, and so let it fall into the fire, where it was presently consumed.

God grant that we may never forget the price of our civil and religious freedom!

## HER OFFERING.

BY HELEN BRISTON.

As the rain fell heavily one cold winter evening, the figure of a woman emerged from the doorway of a mission-room in a back street of a populous town. Though the rain was falling and the wind was strong and gusty, she seemed in no great haste to pass away from the spot, and when fairly outside, turned and looked up at the little unpretentious building and sighed:

'I to be the only one who seemed to be giving nothing to help in the putting up of a larger place; I, who have to praise God every moment of my life for that room where I first learnt the way of salvation. I felt as if I *must* go to the meeting, but, O! I wish I had not; for to hear one after another say how much they'd give, and to see everybody's hand put in their pockets when the plate came round, it was too hard. How those three coppers seemed to burn my pocket. But then that poor boy, with no one to care for him, I felt that it wouldn't please the Lord to have that helping to buy a brick for His house if it took away the chance of a supper from a poor, neglected one like Ben. And yet it made me sad, very sad, not to be able to give one mite for the new chapel.'

During the course of these reflections, an old umbrella had been slowly opened and raised above her head, and she moved away in the direction of her home. Before she had proceeded many steps, two men came out of the same building and passed her.

'We've done well to-night,' remarked one, turning to his companion just as his umbrella touched hers; 'I call that something like; I believe in people showing their Christianity by giving.'

The speaker intended his words as no reproach to any one, but they went to the heart of the poor Christian he had passed, and sorrowfully she murmured as she quickened her steps, 'O, Lord, I have nothing to give, nothing but my love, and Thou hast that!'

In another part of the same town a young lad lay wearily upon a rude bed without a bedstead. He was ill, and poverty-stricken; he had but one parent, and *he* was a drunkard, who cared less for his sick boy than for his daily potations. Indeed, it seemed as if no one cared for the poor child.

It *seemed*, but there was one whose heart had been moved with pity at the sight of his weakness and distress, one for whose step he had learned to listen, and upon the probability of whose coming he was wont to reflect as he lay there. Even now his thoughts were evidently turning in this direction, for he lifted his head from the pillow, and said aloud:

'I wonder if Miss Jameson will bring any supper to-night!'

After that he waited quietly a little, but kept his eyes upon the door, as if constantly in expectation of a visitor. Presently the rain beating upon the window attracted his attention. 'It's a bad night,' he commented; 'but I don't s'pose she'd stop for that.'

Another interval, and then another remark. 'No, she won't come, *of course* she won't come now. It must be very late.'

The handle of the door turned, and the same poorly-clad woman who had been the first to leave the meeting in the mission-room was the one to bring a light into those suffering eyes.

'Thought you wouldn't come and see me to-night, Miss Jameson,' the sick boy said, almost reproachfully.

'What made you think that, Ben? Ah, I know, I am very late to-night, and I'll tell you the reason. There's been a meeting at the mission-room, and I was near when it begun; and I wanted so to be at the meeting and hear all that was said about the new chapel, and see the people give their money, that I went in.'

'Did you give any?' asked Ben, innocently.

'No, I have no money, Ben; none now until I take my work home to-morrow night.'

There was a little pause. Miss Jameson drew a basket from under her shawl, and took out of it a small basin of bread and milk still smoking hot.

'I'm glad it hasn't got cool,' she said, as she put it into the boy's hands; and then began to adjust his pillows so as to raise him in the bed. 'Mind it doesn't burn you!'

Ben moved the spoon about in the basin with languid fingers, smiling down upon it as if the sight did him good. And Miss Jameson stood and watched him, smiling quietly to herself.



‘Have you been reading?’ she asked, pointing presently to a small Testament that lay near him.

‘Yes, just a bit; but it makes my head bad to read. I wish you’d read it to me, though. Can you see with that bit o’ candle? I lit it ’cause it seemed so lonesome like.’

‘O, yes, I can see. Poor fellow, you were lonesome, were you? Well, I’ll sit down a bit and read to you, only I’ll take off my shawl first, it’s so wet. Now, what part shall I read?’

‘I’ll show you where I left off if you give me the book,’ and he stretched out his hand. ‘Look, it was here, this chapter.’

He returned the book, pointing with his finger to the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew.

Miss Jameson read very slowly, for the light was dim, and her eyes were growing dim too from constant overwork. When she reached the thirty-first verse, beginning, ‘When the Son of Man shall come in His glory,’ she said, ‘Ben, I ought to go now’—for she had a sudden vision of herself as she would be three or four hours later, sitting with aching head and eyes, ‘plying her needle and thread.’

Ben did not mean to be selfish, but he was not far-seeing, and he did not fully understand how valuable every hour was to the seamstress. He liked her company, and he liked to have the Saviour’s words read to him.

‘Don’t go yet,’ he said; ‘can’t you stop and finish the chapter?’ She did not hesitate any longer, but went on, and read to the end.

Ben made no comment when it was finished, but he showed his appreciation by the request, ‘Will you come and read some more to me another time?’

‘Yes, Ben; it does you good, doesn’t it? You wouldn’t know what to do without your Testament now, would you?’

‘No,’ said Ben, gravely; ‘I shall be always glad you brought it to me. But I shall be lonesome again when you’re gone,’ he added, as she rose.

‘No, you needn’t be, because there’s the best Friend, your Father up in heaven, He’s with you all the time, just as much when I’m gone as when I’m here.’

‘Yes, you’re right,’ replied the lad; ‘and I do think o’ that very often, and how He loves me just as much as those that are big and mighty, and feels sorry for me when I’m in pain. It makes it a deal easier to bear.’

Tears came into the eyes of the seamstress as she turned away from the bedside of the sick boy, tears of thankfulness that, surrounded as he was by untoward circumstances, he had learned to look to the right source for comfort.

‘Poor Ben’s a Christian,’ she said to herself, as she sat down at a little round table in a small room of a house across the road, ‘it makes

me happy to think of that. What words they were that I read to him to-night—what a chapter that is !'

Then her thoughts went back to the meeting, and she reflected upon the comparatively large sums of money that the poor people worshipping in that mission-room had given, or promised to give towards the new chapel.

'And I gave nothing !' she said, the tears dimming her eyes. 'I gave nothing for the Lord's house. But it isn't because I don't love Him. He knows that.'

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

Those were the words that came suddenly into the mind of the seamstress, words which she had read a short time before without a thought of applying them to herself. She repeated them aloud, and then dashed away the tears that were just ready to fall upon her work.

'The Master accepts my small service,' she said. 'I was wrong to be thinking like that; for He has said that what is done for His brethren—even the *least* of them—is done for Him. And didn't I say a little time since that Ben was a Christian? Then he is one of the brethren, and I *have* given something to the Lord Jesus.'

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'FOR JESUS' SAKE.' \*

(2 Corinthians iv. 5; xii. 10; 1 Peter ii. 13; Luke vi. 22.)

BY GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

FOR Jesus' sake ' all sin forgiven !

'For Jesus' sake ' sweet rest !

'Tis this glad word has wooed and won

My heart to love Him best.

His praise I sing, my Lord ! my King !

Who died my peace to make ;  
And all the day and all the way,

An echo in my heart shall say,

'For Jesus' sake !'

'For Jesus' sake !' These precious words

Shall be like pinions swift,

To waft my prayers through heaven's gate,

And bear back many a gift.

Each answer free God sends to me,

Then joyfully I'll take,

And all the day and all the way,

An echo in my heart shall say,

'For Jesus' sake !'

When often, like a wayward child,  
I murmur at His will,

Then this sweet word, 'For Jesus' sake,'

My restless heart can still.

I bow my head, and, gently led,

His easy yoke I take ;

And all the day and all the way,

An echo in my heart shall say,

'For Jesus' sake !'

In suffering sore, or toilsome task,

His burden light I'll bear ;

'For Jesus' sake ' shall sweeten all,

Till His bright home I share ;

And then this song, more sweet,  
more strong,

In heaven my harp shall wake ;

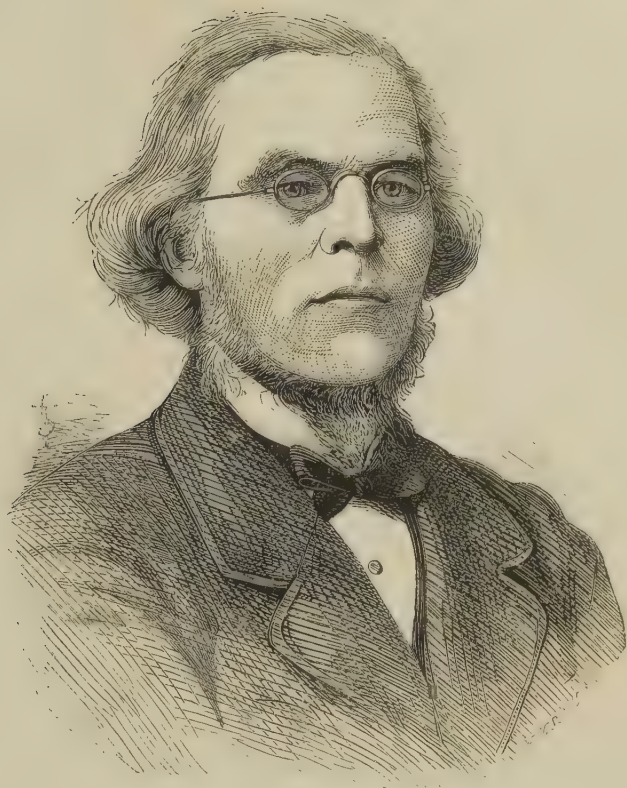
Led all the way, till that glad day

Eternally my heart shall say,

'For Jesus' sake !'

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\* From *Lays of Lowly Service and other Verses*. By GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR  
London : Morgan & Scott.



MR. H. J. ATKINSON, J.P.

**M**R. HENRY JOHN ATKINSON, of Gunnersbury House, Acton, was born at Hull, in 1828. His parents and grandparents—probably his great-grandparents also—were Methodists, and from his early childhood he was trained to love the Church of his fathers. He was from infancy taken by his godly mother to Waltham Street Chapel, and it was in connection with the Society there, under the ministry of the Rev. William Jackson, now the venerable Governor of the Theological College at Didsbury, that he was led to personal faith in Christ.

The late Rev. Charles Prest, who was at that time Superintendent of the Waltham-Street Circuit, soon saw how valuable an addition had been made to the Church, and confiding in his ability and steadfastness, appointed the young convert to office in the Society within twelve months of his conversion. From that time till his removal

from Hull, Mr. Atkinson filled many important positions in the Church, and proved himself a good steward in many departments. His marked capacity for business especially fitted him for such offices as required tact, management and carefulness. For seventeen years he acted as trustees' treasurer to five of the town chapels.

But Mr. Atkinson soon became known outside the circle of Methodism, and ere long he was regarded as one of the most prominent and generally able men in the town. He entered into partnership in 1846 with the late Mr. William Brown, and established the shipping firm of William Brown, Atkinson & Co., from which he retired in 1873.

His fellow-townsmen honoured him in many ways, and the esteem in which he is held may be gathered from the motto placed at the head of the brief biographical sketch of Mr. Atkinson which appears in Mr. T. T. Wildridge's interesting and useful work, *Old and New Hull* :

'Who hath not heard how deep you were  
Within the books of good?'



From this work, to which we are indebted for much information as to Mr. Atkinson's career, we must make a somewhat lengthy quotation.

'In municipal matters Mr. Atkinson came early to the front, being elected councillor for Longate Ward in 1856; he was elected to the aldermanic bench in 1855. In 1864 he was elected mayor, which position he retained until 1866. During his mayoralty he was specially appointed to open the new Town Hall. Shortly afterwards an illuminated address was presented to him, and his full-length portrait was placed in the Town Hall. During his mayoralty he was appointed by the Associated Chambers of Commerce to visit Russia with reference to a desired alteration of the tariff; he carried credentials from Lord Clarendon, and was received at Peterhof by the Emperor Alexander, the Empress, and the Imperial Ministers. The result of this interview was an amelioration of the tariff. About this time Mr. Atkinson was made a magistrate for the borough.... Since 1862 he has been chairman of the Local Marine Board, and has represented Hull upon the Committee of the General Shipowners' Society, of which also he has been Chairman. For more than twenty years he has represented Hull on the Committee of Lloyd's Registry of British and Foreign Shipping. He founded the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, and was its first President. He is likewise a Member of the Council of the Association for the Codification and Amendment of the Law of Nations. Mr. Atkinson has been Chairman of the Hull Banking Company since 1864; he is also a Director of the City Bank, London, and of the Star Life Assurance Society... He was Prussian Vice-Consul at Hull for a lengthened period, and upon his retirement was decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. He was for some time Mexican Vice-Consul, and Consular-Agent for the U.S. America.' He is also a member of the Council of the Country Bankers' Association.

As was to be expected, Mr. Atkinson has always been a liberal supporter of the religious and philanthropic institutions of Hull. His energy and hard work largely contributed to the establishment of the Sailors' Home, of which he is the President, and to the obtaining from the Admiralty of the *Southampton* training-ship. He has twice contested Hull in the Conservative interest, namely, in 1868 and 1880, and on each occasion obtained more than six thousand votes.

For many years Mr. Atkinson has occupied a foremost position as one of the most loyal, generous and self-sacrificing of Methodist laymen. He is a member of most of our Connexional Committees, and has been a representative to Conference ever since the institution of the Representative Conference, and his name stands at the

head of the list of the British Wesleyan Members of the Ecumenical Conference of 1881. His speeches in that important body were distinguished for clearness, straightforwardness and earnestness.

Mr. Atkinson also took an active part in the establishment of the Leys School at Cambridge, and has from the first held the onerous office of Treasurer. In conjunction with Mr. P. W. Bunting and others, he has devoted himself most earnestly to placing the school on a thoroughly satisfactory footing, and has pleaded its cause with success in London and the provinces. Mr. Atkinson is a member of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and was for a time on the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Mr. Atkinson's Missionary zeal is well known, and few men have been more earnest in their advocacy of the claims of our own Society. A few years ago he proposed and carried in Conference a resolution in favour of the association of Laymen with Ministers in Missionary deputations—a system which can only be of good service to the cause, and which one is surprised to think has been so recently adopted.

Though not himself a pledged abstainer, Mr. Atkinson is a firm friend of the Temperance movement. 'He introduced into Hull the first "British Workman Public-houses without the drink," and presented to the town its first drinking fountains.' Speaking in the Ecumenical Conference, he said that personally he drank nothing 'stronger than zoedone,' and had 'gone through mayoralties and contested elections without touching drink.'

Mr. Atkinson is well known in literary circles as an ardent collector of old Bibles. He lent nearly four hundred volumes to the Caxton Exhibition, and this valuable loan is thus referred to in the official catalogue: 'Some of these editions are of very considerable rarity and value, while others, though not of the choicest or rarest kind, are, very many of them, of the middle-class of Biblical Bibliography which are so difficult to meet with, and which are of such immense importance to the student in arriving at a clear history of editions, versions and translations. Scores of these editions are not in our National Library, and we know not where else to lay our hands upon them.'

Mr. Atkinson has been twice married: in 1856 to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Thomas Holmes, of Hull, whose name will ever be precious to Yorkshire Methodists; and after her decease to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Farmer, of Gunnersbury House, where Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson now reside, and preserve the hospitable Methodist and Christian associations of their charming residence.

Mr. Atkinson is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex and the City of Westminster, and takes an active part in political and

commercial affairs. But it is as a Christian and a philanthropist that he is and will be best known. We commend to all our readers, and especially to young men, the statement made by him in the Ecumenical Conference, with which we must close this brief and necessarily imperfect notice: 'Every day of my life I pray to God to make me more useful than the day before, and I am quite ready to take hold of any point that will make me more useful.' Let us all offer the same prayer, and make the like resolution.

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## LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

### FIRST PAPER.

SHETLAND ministers are often besieged with curious questions which betray deep interest in the scene of their labours, and show that our newest colony is far better known to many than are these atoms of Great Britain. So little were they known to me, and so much were they dreaded, that Fiji or Western Africa would have been much more welcome than was Walls; and one of my brethren



(LERWICK HARBOUR.)



afterwards sent thither must have felt similarly, for he dolefully wrote: 'I have searched Bradshaw and all the Guides, and I cannot find the place mentioned anywhere'! On my second appointment, a well-to-do and well-meaning friend consoled with me thus: 'If I were you I would not go. It is too great an undertaking with your family of little children; why, *it will take you six weeks to get there.*' He was very far out in his reckoning; but time was when it would have taken more weeks than he spoke of, and when for some months in the year to reach it was regarded as impossible. In those days the Presbyterian clergyman privileged to attend the Assembly bade his church a solemn farewell in August, set sail for Hamburg, proceeded thence to London, where he took coach for Edinburgh, hoping to return to his island church some time during the following summer. Now, happily, the voyage from Leith to Lerwick—only thirty-six hours distant—can be taken in almost any week of the year. Three steamers regularly ply between those towns every week in the summer, and two during the winter; and though the passage is very often stormy enough, it is as frequently very enjoyable indeed.

The Islands lie in latitude  $59^{\circ} 51'$  to  $60^{\circ} 50' N.$ , and longitude  $0^{\circ} 40'$  to  $1^{\circ} 50' W.$  They are about three hundred miles from Edinburgh, and about half that distance from Bergen in Norway. In the same latitude as St. Petersburg and Cape Farewell, Shetland is an entire stranger to icebergs, and knows nothing of frost-bound seas; its magnificent harbours being always open, and the sea for great distances on all sides being quite free from ice. The moderate temperature the islands enjoy in so high a latitude is sufficiently accounted for by the genial influences of the Gulf Stream.

The group is made up of about one hundred islands, varying in size from the green holm, on which a few sheep graze during a summer month, or the lonely, desolate rock which sea-fowl only inhabit, to the Mainland, which is some seventy miles in length, and at its widest part about thirty miles broad. Two of the islands are distant from the rest, and are frequently unapproachable because of their being harbourless, or nearly so; any attempt to land in the midst of a storm would be certain destruction to the vessel, and most likely to her crew. A friend of mine paid a visit to one of those islands in the autumn, intending speedily to return. A storm rose during the voyage, and he was given up for lost. He, however, effected a landing; and when the following spring had far advanced, he came back to his home, having been shut up in Foula several months, without the possibility of communicating with his friends. The other islands are grouped together, so that it is a rare thing for a week to pass without some communication between them.



The coast-line is exceedingly irregular, and, except in the bays and voes, is very precipitous. The sea at many points runs far into the land, and in the most unexpected directions; thus giving a length of coast which seems altogether disproportionate to the size of the islands, in the largest of which no place is more than three miles distant from it, while the same island is almost cut in two at one point, there being little more than a narrow roadway dividing an arm of the German Ocean from one of the Atlantic. A passenger leaving his cabin in any of these voes, would find it impossible to say how the vessel got there, so completely does she seem shut in on all sides in the apparently perfectly land-locked harbours, right up among the hills.

The country is very bleak and desolate, except during the very short summer, and even then its treeless hills and swampy hollows give it a very uninviting appearance, relieved though it be by the bright green fields which adorn the edges of the harbours, and by the silvery lochs so full of silvery trout. The rock scenery, however, is magnificent. There are headlands and skerries and stacks and holms in richest profusion, and of all fantastic shapes. Cliffs of three hundred feet are common, of five or six hundred feet by no means rare, while here and there a mural precipice, or an overhanging crag of eight hundred feet, is seen, and in one case the rock towers straight up from the sea to the enormous height of one thousand two hundred feet. Here and there, in little quiet nooks, a beautiful sandy beach is found, very rich in foraminifera, and forming an exquisite bathing cove; the bonny links of Sandness stand almost alone in their beauty; for the most part the sea dashes against the precipice, or rolls its waves over the weed-covered rock.

The first land the voyager makes on his way from Scotland is Fair Isle, regarded as anything but 'fair' by sailors: for, standing midway between the other Shetlands and Orkney, it presents a danger of a most formidable character, a danger against which, unhappily, no friendly lighthouse warns them. Many a gallant ship and many a noble crew have been lost there, and scarcely a winter passes without adding to the number. We should not know from its geographical position whether the Fair Isle belonged to Orkney or to Shetland. To its people it is a little world of itself—two miles long and one broad. Many of them have trodden no other land. Ecclesiastically it is in Shetland, for it forms part of the Dunrossness parish. Until recently it belonged in some sense to both groups, for while part of a Shetland parish, it was part of an Orkney estate; but a few years ago it passed by purchase to Sumburgh, and so is now altogether Shetlandic. On this island Juan

Gomez di Medina, admiral of a division of the Spanish Armada, was wrecked, and here, with two hundred men, he remained until famine threatened them and the islanders alike.

Leaving Fair Isle we sight Fitful Head, made famous by Scott as the imaginary dwelling of the storm-raising, cloud-compelling Norna ; and to the eastward, only less prominent than itself, is seen Sumburgh, crowned with its lighthouse, and having at its foot the beautiful residence of Mr. J. Bruce, Jun., in whose grounds stand the ruins of Jarlshof. But before reaching those points of interest, the troublesome Roost has to be crossed, with its tumbling, hissing, rolling, conflicting tides, a very maelstrom often, and in its quietest moods by no means friendly to the weak stomach of the unaccustomed voyager. And now we see Shetland really. The parish of Dunrossness lies before us, and on three separate heights we find four separate churches. Passing on, the pretty bay of Levenwick, with its several separate branches, is seen ; next we reach Sandwick, with its tall chimneys, deep shaft, and miners' cottages, unhappily now deserted and quiet ; and should wind and tide be favourable, we pass through Mousa Sound, and get a near view of the most perfect Pictish castle extant. Caringsburgh is then succeeded by Fladabister, where some of the old udallers still reside ; and this is followed by Quarff and Brendister, and the pretty little village of Gulberwick. Presently we have passed the Bressay lighthouse, with the magnificent rocks to the eastward, and we find ourselves in one of the finest harbours in Europe, and in front of one of the quaintest little towns—the only town in the islands, the most northerly in Britain.

Lerwick, though so ancient in appearance, is far from being an old town. The seventeenth century saw its rise. It owes its existence to the fisheries which the Dutch then so vigorously prosecuted off the coast, and which they still pursue. Dutch in its origin, it is Dutch in its appearance too ; and especially is this the case during the latter part of June, when many vessels from Holland are in the harbour, and when Hollanders are found crowding the streets. In almost every shop window may then be seen a bowl of Dutch coins, and a large number of tins containing peppermint lozenges, which are especially in demand.

The town is built very irregularly ; yet there is some kind of system after all, for the main street—a narrow thoroughfare, through which a very small cart *can* be driven, provided the foot-passengers will kindly step into some friendly shop to allow it to pass—follows the coast-line, which, like most other coast-lines, has its sinuosities, but it may be described generally as a gentle curve. From this narrow street, narrower lanes, sadly overcrowded, lead up the steep hill to a

newly-formed road at the top, and to the New Town, which is well-situated, well-planned, and rapidly growing. The main street, known to the older inhabitants as 'the Shore,' has for many years been called Commercial Street. Here the business is done, the street being lined with offices, shops and stores. Some handsome buildings grace this street, especially those occupied by the three Scotch banks having branches in Shetland. The Post-office, as the Old Tolbooth, has a history of its own, and on the mail days presents a very stirring scene. The east side of the street is built into the sea, the gables of the houses presenting a very curious appearance, each having its cellar and its doorway, at which a boat can land passengers and goods. In the good old times this is said to have been especially convenient for the prosecution of the contraband trade, then so largely carried on, and not yet extinct. The people can scarcely be persuaded that it is dishonest or wrong in the slightest degree. The arrival of the Dutch fishing fleet is still a great occasion to many fishermen, who scarcely hide the fact that they then procure cheap tobacco and spirits, which they dignify with the name of stores. Captures are not infrequent; and among the prisoners in the cells, or breaking stones in the gaol-yard, smugglers are often found. Not long ago a very daring capture was made by one of the Revenue officers. Discovering a Dutch fishing vessel with some twenty or more hands on board driving a brisk trade in a little bay twelve or fourteen miles from Lerwick, he boarded her without hesitation, and stating his business, presented his revolver, and demanded that the captain should take the ship to Lerwick as his prize. He was obeyed, though he stood alone.

The trade of the town and of the islands generally, is increasing as the fisheries develop, which they have rapidly done during the past seven years. A better class of boats is now used, and the old open sixern is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. With better boats and superior fishing-tackle, heavier hauls are made, and more fish is landed in a week at some of the stations than seven years ago was landed during a season. To accommodate this increasing trade a new pier is being erected, to be approached by an esplanade. This will be a very great accommodation to tourists and others visiting the islands, who now have to be landed from the steamer in open boats.

Of the ecclesiastical structures of the town, the Adam Clarke Memorial Chapel is the finest, though not the largest. It is, however, eclipsed by the Educational Institute, which was built by the late Arthur Anderson, Esq., some time manager of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and presented to the town, in which he wandered as a poor barefooted boy. More recently the County Buildings have been added, and two years ago H.R.H. the

Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation stone of a new Town Hall, which was opened during the past summer with great rejoicings.

From Lerwick, as our centre, we can reach any part of the islands. A steamer plies twice a week on the east coast, touching at Whalsey and at different ports in Yell, Unst and Fetlar on one trip; and on the other calling again at Whalsey and at other ports in Yell, Lumnasting, Delting and Northmavin. Another steamer touches the different ports on the west side, so that to circumnavigate the islands is now an easy matter. If overland travelling be preferred, there are some conveyances and more ponies for hire; and a drive or ride over the hills is most enjoyable. A visitor should not fail to see the ancient capital, Scalloway, with its famous old castle and its beautiful surroundings, which are not unlike those of Oban; nor should he fail to visit one or more of the islands in Scalloway Bay if he wishes to look upon a most fairy-like scene—the innumerable isles and islets standing out like jewels set in a sea of molten silver. Of course this supposes fine weather. It is sometimes seen otherwise, but then the quiet beauty gives place to awful grandeur yet more impressive. Returning to Lerwick, Bressay and Noos might well occupy a day. A good boat and a trustworthy crew are required; but with these there is nothing to fear. Proceeding southward, you pass the lighthouse, and then skirt the island of Bressay, until you enter the weird and wonderful Cave of the Bard, and lighting up its polished sides and roof with your torches, you feel your way through its narrow passages. Having reached its central hall, you awake the echoes by singing some favourite hymn, and then come out from the dark, dank dungeon with a sense of relief to the open sea again. Passing under the Giant's Leg, you proceed seaward to the Noup of Noss, with its tremendous overhanging crags and its myriads of sea-fowl, and to the Holm, which is on all sides precipitous. Formerly a cradle swung on two cables bridged the chasm between Noss and the Holm. It was erected at the sacrifice of life, and was a source of continual danger, and so a recent proprietor very wisely caused it to be removed.

If Foula can by any means be reached with reasonable hope of a safe and speedy return, it claims a visit also as the probable Ultima Thule of the ancients, and as being guarded by the stateliest precipices that even Shetland knows.

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## ‘AT THE MILE-STONE.’

BY J. FULLER HIGGS.

STANDING as we do now, at one of the mile-stones that mark our journey through life, thinking of ‘the days that are no more,’ the influences of the past are so strong upon us, that we shall do well to remind ourselves of the resolution made by the great Apostle to forget ‘the things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before.’ It is true that the experiences of the past have taught us many valuable lessons: out of our very failures has come to us the secret of success; and even if we have found in deepest sadness that the secret has come too late, there is no time for idle repining—we must let the dead past bury its dead.

It is in vain that philosophers endeavour to teach men the uselessness of regret: shoulders grow weary, and hearts sad, soon enough, without our carrying about with us the burden of unavailing sorrow; but for all that we linger at the closed sepulchres waiting for the resurrection of our buried hopes, forgetting that while we wait, our work remains undone.

Somehow, men feel that they are allowing a sort of poetic justice to avenge itself upon them when they give way to passionate regret. But regret is only of value as a stimulus to a higher course of action; and apart from this, it is sheer waste of time to mourn over what might have been. And if the sorrow be genuine, work will be its truest solace.

Our true life lies in the future, and while we keep our faith in a personal immortality, we shall be able to understand how this ‘light affliction which endureth but for a moment’ shall work out ‘for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ How sad must be the condition of those who cannot see that the light from heaven shining through the tears of earth makes a rainbow of promise, and who do not know that even in the night of sorrow, ‘through the darkness sounds a human voice,’—the voice of the God-man.

The words quoted in our first sentence came from the lips of one whose past had been filled by useful, self-denying toil: by trials and difficulties that would have daunted any less noble spirit; by successes that would have made a smaller man boastful; yet he desires to let go the past, though the future, as it peeps in at him through the windows of a prison, tells him that his career of success and trial is drawing to a close. He is nerved for the darkness of that immediate future, he is able to abandon his hold on the most cherished memories of a long career, for he knows that the path he is pursuing is that which his Master trod before him; and there is no need for him to reopen the

records of the past, since the martyr's death he is so soon to meet, will be his passport to eternal glory.

You say it is well for the Apostle to forget the past as he stands close to death; but do we know how far from us is 'that dread shadow feared of man'? 'When shall I prepare for death?' asked a young man of an old philosopher. 'When will you die?' was the unexpected question he received for answer. 'I cannot tell,' returned the youth. 'Then,' said the old man, 'since you do not know when you will die, prepare at once.'

'Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer,' is a golden maxim that has not worn threadbare yet; and indeed it may be said that no man has learned the true secret of living until, as wise, chatty old Montaigne puts it, he finds that secret in the Christian philosophy that teaches men to meet death fearlessly.

To many a man the fact that he has to die never comes home to him until the hour of his departure is at hand. He is so busy all his life, that when death comes it takes him completely by surprise. We have none of us any right to be too busy to attend to so important a matter; and, indeed, if we are living true lives, all that we do may help us to prepare for our long journey. In a letter printed in the *Times*, in 1876, one of the deepest thinkers of the age wrote: 'The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the great end of man?" "To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."' Thomas Carlyle found, after a long life of hard toil and industrious research, that the oldest and simplest truths are best; that life must be recognised as a gift of God; and that, like the talents of the parable, all our powers are to be used for His glory.

This, then, is surely what the Apostle means by his resolution: that as there is so much to do in the present, and there are such glorious achievements to be accomplished in the future, while we gather up the lessons that the past has taught us, we must turn our backs upon it, to run successfully the great race of life.

Once more, reverting to my opening sentence, we stand to-day by a mile-stone of life; let us listen to the bells of the future—their chimes are calling us to grander honours than the civic glories of old London, and if we linger here, others will do the work and win the prize that may yet be ours. There is only one evil more fatal than that of letting the past fill up our thoughts, and that is *dreaming of the future*:

'Rise from your dreams of the future, for the sound that you scarce can hear  
Is the enemy quietly marching; rise, for the foe is near!

Stay not to sharpen your weapons, or the hour will strike at the last,  
 When from dreams of a coming conflict, you shall wake to find it is past.  
 Your future may shine in honour and glory, God grant it may !  
 But your arm will never be stronger, nor the need so great as to-day.'

We stand to-day by the mile-stone of a New Year, and for some of us the golden flush of life's morning has already passed; its noon must be spent in action, or the night of old age will fall upon wasted lives. The past, with all its mistakes, is over; the present demands our energies, and the future bids us onward. Let us forget that which we cannot alter, let us reach out towards that which is still attainable; and let the music of our lives, sweetly harmonized by actions that spring from unselfish thoughts, be :

'I live for those who love me,  
 For those who know me true,  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too :  
 For the cause that lacks assistance,  
 For the wrong that needs resistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.'

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#### NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE CHILDREN OF OUTCAST LONDON.—Dr. Barnardo writes in the *Christian* : ' A few nights ago I found in a court, in St. George's-in-the-East, hard by a well-known place of worship, one house of four rooms and a cellar-like washhouse, in which dwelt nine families *and lodgers*, consisting in all of no less than *fifty-two* persons! There were among these, besides younger children, thirteen boys and girls, between twelve and seventeen years of age. In one room on the first floor, where my business chiefly lay, I found, at half past eleven at night, twelve individuals, including two mothers and their babies, asleep. The intolerable stench made it a most difficult matter to breathe, even where I stood, at the half-open door. Among the occupants of the floor were one drunken couple, who had fought each other in the street earlier in the night, until, with faces, eyes and heads bruised and blackened, they had at length desisted; and being treated plentifully with drink by some of the crowd who had surrounded them and urged them on, they lay down on the floor in the hovel which they habitually occupied. Standing outside the room door I could make no one hear for some minutes. Then a lad, who told me afterwards he was fourteen years of age, rose from the fetid heap of rags on which they all slept, and opened the door in a perfectly nude state. Two little girls

I was seeking for were in the same room asleep, at the further side under the window, but their mother was still out, being, as the lad explained, "an 'unfortunate,' you know, Sir." This boy was himself a lodger, and paid one penny a night for the shelter. He lived on the streets, doing odd jobs, occasionally thieving; and had, indeed, always been the companion of thieves and harlots.'

EMIGRATION.—In a recent article, Mr. S. Laing, M.P., states that much good has resulted from the emigration of young Irish women, which has been so largely aided by Mr. Vere Foster. About nineteen thousand young women have been helped to emigrate, at an average cost of less than two pounds apiece. All are said to be doing well; and they have already sent to their relatives in Ireland more than a quarter of a million pounds.

FAITH AND PRAYER.—The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, in speaking at a Missionary meeting recently, said that before coming home from China he had resolved not to return until he had sent out seventy additional missionaries (male and female). Some of the workers thought that this would bring too heavy a strain upon the resources of the Mission, unless special contributions were also solicited. So a Prayer-meeting was held to ask that God would confirm the faith of those who were doubtful by putting it into the hearts of some of His stewards at home to make large offerings to the work. Nothing was known of this Prayer-meeting in England, but God heard the petition of His servants, and on his way home Mr. Taylor received the welcome but hardly unexpected intelligence that an anonymous donor had given *three thousand pounds* to help in the extension of the Mission. Already more than half the seventy labourers have been secured; and God's blessing is manifestly resting upon this enterprise, which is conducted solely in reliance upon Him. May we not learn from such facts as these to have, in our own Christian work, whether at home or abroad, less reliance upon human agency and more trust in God?

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MR. ANDREW GRAHAM.—Our readers will hear with pleasure that the University of Cambridge has conferred upon Mr. Graham, who has for so many years contributed the *Astronomical Notices* to this *Miscellany*, the honorary degree of M.A., in recognition of his long and valuable services at the Cambridge Observatory. This distinction he shares with a few very distinguished men.

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Thoughts on Holiness.* By MARK GUY PEARSE. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.—This is in all respects an exquisite book—exquisite in thought and expression as well as in printing and general ‘get up.’ It ought to circulate by tens of thousands. No better book could be put into the hands of those who seek guidance and help in the pursuit of holiness. Mr. Pearse does not trouble himself with the much-disputed questions which beset this important branch of Christian theology, but is content with plain, Scriptural teaching, applied and illustrated in his charming and most instructive fashion. It is a most valuable contribution to the devotional literature of Methodism.

*The Oakhurst Chronicles : a Tale of the Times of Wesley.* By A. E. KEELING.—*The King’s Messenger ; or, Lawrence Temple’s Probation.* By W. H. WITHROW, D.D. T. Woolmer.—*The Oakhurst Chronicles* need no commendation to our readers, who will give them a hearty welcome in book-form. It is exquisitely got up, and would make a first-rate present for intelligent young people. The picture given of early Methodist life is at once touching and accurate.

Dr. Withrow’s story is an admirable one. It abounds in thrilling incidents; and is not only a most interesting story, but also a valuable account of some of the difficulties and triumphs of Christian workers in the rougher Canadian districts. No one will read it without thorough enjoyment and spiritual profit.

*Melissa’s Victory.* By ASHTON NEILL. Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union.—It is no disparagement to the interesting story of

*Melissa’s Victory* to say that the most striking feature of this elegant volume is Mr. Gunston’s exquisite pictures, which have been reproduced from pen-and-ink drawings by the ‘Ink Photo’ process. These pictures will secure for the book a wide-circulation, and make it a charming prize or present, whilst the story itself will find many readers who will follow eagerly the course of the brave Methodist girl who is its heroine.

*Christian Womanhood.* By MARY PRYOR HACK. Hodder and Stoughton.—Miss Hack has rendered good service by her beautiful sketches of holy women. This volume is well worthy of a place beside *Consecrated Women* and *Self-Surrender*. It contains brief biographies of nine saintly women—including Mary Fletcher and Mary Calvert. We cannot too strongly commend it to mothers, wives and daughters. It would be hard to find a better present for young women of all classes.

*Lays of Lowly Service.* By GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott.—This pretty little volume contains about thirty poems, all of which breathe a beautiful Christian spirit. Miss Taylor has evidently made Miss Havergal her pattern, and many of her poems are quite up to the average of the songs of that sweet singer. We give a specimen on page 32 of this number.

*The Herald of Mercy : a Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes.* Morgan and Scott.—We are glad to find that *The Herald of Mercy* keeps on its way. It is full of Gospel truth, conveyed in pointed sentences or touching stories. It is admirably adapted for widespread circulation.

# ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JANUARY, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

| Day.  | SUN.   |       | MERCURY. | VENUS. | MARS.  | JUPITER. | SATURN. |
|-------|--------|-------|----------|--------|--------|----------|---------|
| 1884. | Rises. | Sets. | Sets.    | Sets.  | Rises. | Rises.   | Sets.   |
| Jan.  | H. M.  | H. M. | H. M.    | H. M.  | H. M.  | H. M.    | H. M.   |
| 1     | 8 6    | 4 2   | 5 30a    | 6 5a   | 7 16a  | 5 39a    | 5 17m   |
| 11    | 8 3    | 4 14  | 5 45     | 6 38   | 6 24   | 4 53     | 4 35    |
| 21    | 7 54   | 4 30  | 7 30m    | 7 10   | 5 24   | 8 5m     | 3 54    |
| 31    | 7 41   | 4 47  | 6 28     | 7 42   | 4 21   | 7 22     | 3 14    |

## PHASES OF THE MOON.

|                         |               |                         |                |
|-------------------------|---------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| Jan. 5th, First Quarter | 9h. 35m. aft  | Jan. 20th, Last Quarter | 5h. 23m. morn. |
| „ 12th, Full Moon       | 3h. 27m. aft. | „ 28th, New Moon        | 5h. 1m. morn.  |

## MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

|                             |                    |                |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| Jan. 9th                    | 5h. aft., Perigee  | 227,284 miles. |
| „ 21st.                     | 11h. morn., Apogee | 251,313 „      |
| Mean distance for the month |                    | 239,299 „      |

## SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

|                                    |                   |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Jan. 1st                           | 90,143,990 miles. |
| Feb. 1st                           | 90,357,080 „      |
| Increase of distance for the month | 213,090 „         |

THE Comet discovered by Pons, July 20th, 1812, and rediscovered by Brooks, at Phelps, N.Y., September 2nd, 1883, comes to its perihelion on the 26th of this month, at 7h. a.m. After its discovery by Pons, Encke calculated an elliptic orbit which gives a periodic time of 70 years 8 months. The time from perihelion to perihelion is actually 71 years 4 months, differing but little from Encke's determination; and of course the perturbations of the planets would have something to do with this difference. The perihelion distance of the Comet is about three-fourths of the mean distance of the Earth from the Sun. The inclination of the orbit to the plane of the ecliptic is 74 degs. The motion in the orbit, as seen from the Sun, is direct.

The Earth will be at its least distance from the Sun on the 3rd, at 2h. in the morning.

Mercury attains its greatest angular distance, 19 degs. eastward, from the Sun on the 4th, at 11h. in the evening. On the 8th, at the same hour, it will be in the plane of the ecliptic going northward. On the 11th its apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. It will be in perihelion on the 13th; in inferior conjunction

with the Sun on the 20th; and in close conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 27th, at 3h.

Venus sets two hours later than the Sun at the beginning of the month, and nearly three hours at the end. It is rapidly approaching the Earth. On the 4th it attains its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 30th.

Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are visible through the greater part of the night.

Saturn will be in very close conjunction with the Moon on the 9th; Jupiter will be in conjunction, but more distant, on the 13th; and Mars at a still greater distance on the 14th. Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun on the 20th.

On the 3rd the apparent motion of Uranus changes from direct to retrograde, that of Neptune changes on the 29th from retrograde to direct.

Uranus rises on the 1st at 11h. and on the 16th at 10h. in the evening.

Neptune crosses the meridian on the 7th at 8h., and on the 22nd at 7h. in the evening, at an altitude of 54 degs. It is almost due south of Delta Arietis at a distance of less than 4 degs.



*(Sponge fishing on the Syrian Coast.)*

## PROTEUS.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

‘Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters.’—PSALM CIV. 3.

ON the Dorset Coast, west of Poole harbour, and in the shelter of a pretty bay formed by chalk hills on one side and Purbeck  
FEBRUARY, 1884.

limestone on the other, lies the little town of Swanage, destined, when the railway is finished, to become a busy watering-place. Just now the queer old town is dull enough. Coastguard, lobster-pots, and stone-boats have it all to themselves. In the pleasant summer-time, steamboats from neighbouring towns make fast to the rough old wooden pier, and holiday-keepers scramble about the coast rocks, or ramble over the chalk hills to Corfe Castle. But in this winter-time, no one dreams of coming, and winds and waves are left in peace to carry on their appointed work—out of the crumbling ruins of the old world laying the beams of new chambers in the depths of the sea.

Suppose we revive one of the long-forgotten Sabbath-days—the Sabbath of the new moon—when many a mile of rock, and whole wildernesses of sea-weed and countless myriads of living creatures, not often seen by human eyes, will have rest from the rush and roar of the surf. Let *us* also rest, and get as best we can into this temple of God, and listen to the chant of mighty waters, and read a little in those books which His hand is opening, and on every page of which something concerning His eternal power and Godhead is written.

Borrow a pair of strong sea-boots, and a warm monkey-jacket, and a pair of thick gloves without fingers, such as Arctic explorers wear. Put a Cornish pasty—best of outdoor provender—into your pocket; for one hour on a bright, crisp morning among these hills and rocks will suffice to make you as hungry as a lobster. Never mind collecting apparatus. We are not going into the temple to pick and steal, but simply to look, and think, and praise the great Lord of nature, and pray for grace that all our work may be done more nearly as He has done His.

Here we are on the bare hill west of Swanage, with the sun shining in the cloudless southern heavens. Turn eastwards. Do you see those soft green rounded hills, tumbling down from the north and ending abruptly in a line of pure white cliff? You know them well, though you have never been here before. For are they not the last of the pleasant chalk downs which stretch first to the west, then roll round towards the sun-rising, and spread out northwards to Cromer, and across the Wash into Lincolnshire, and end at Flamborough Head? If you will come this way next summer when the boats are running, you shall steam right under the chalk wall, from 'Old Harry' and his 'Wife,' around the skirts of whose white robes the green waves lap, to the crumbling hill round the corner, on which, they say, a venturesome Methodist Preacher once got so stuck that, unlike 'the famous Duke of York,' he could neither 'go up nor down,' but had to stay all night long where he was, until somebody



fetched him away. And when you come, you will see, as plainly as can be seen anywhere in England, how the chalk has been laid down upon a level sea bottom, with nodules of flint between the layers; and how, at the western end, some mighty force, like the shoulder of ten thousand Titans rolled into one, has heaved up the vast bed—deeper by hundreds of feet than it is now—tilting its layers into graceful curves and oblique and even vertical lines. No wonder that all along the line of upheaval (and you may recognise it again at the Needles) the flints embedded in the chalk are crushed. For think how tremendous must have been the pressure necessary to uplift such huge masses, not at one point merely, but across a great stretch of country.

Who built the chalk-hills? Suppose it were possible to produce a list of all the masons concerned in the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, together with a description of the work done by each man, would that disturb your faith in the tradition that the noble structure owed its existence to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren? And if I introduce you to some of the masons employed in 'setting fast' the far more wonderful chalk-hills, why should that disturb the ancient faith in which we have been brought up, that 'God the Father Almighty' made, not only the Dorset Downs, but all things in heaven and earth? With some knowledge of all that may be inferred from the cumulative facts of geology and biology, I say quite deliberately, that it is more exactly true to declare that God 'set fast the mountains,' than it is to assert that Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral. If we could say that Wren made every workman, and trained him, and presided over the invention and improvement of his tools, then the parallel would be more nearly perfect. But even that stupendous conception would fall very far short of describing all that is involved in the first article of our creed. But let us see whether we cannot find some of the masons by whom the great Architect laid 'the beams of His chambers.'

The Greeks had a curious story about an old man who lived in the sea at Pharos, off the Egyptian coast, and tended Poseidon's flocks of seals, and had the gift of prophecy, and could see everything down in that world of mystery. At midday, said they, he rose to the surface, and lay basking in the sunshine under the shelter of the rocks, with sea-monsters lying around him. And if men wanted to learn anything from him, they had to catch him; a task by no means easy, seeing that his reverence had the power endlessly to change his form. But when caught, he returned to his true shape, and was compelled to tell all he knew; and then he sank once more to the bottom of the sea. The Greeks called this ancient prophet, *Proteus*. And

naturalists of a day now gone by, borrowed the name, and gave it to a creature found among half-decayed matter in stagnant ponds and ditches. The creature has no fixed shape, and for this reason is now called '*Amæba*.' As you may see from the accompanying illustration, it throws out *Pseudopodia*, or *false feet*, in



(*Amœba Princeps* magnified one hundred times.)

every direction. Certain amœboid forms of life, found in the sea, extend their *Pseudopodia* in long, fine curiously ramifying lines, which serve as protoplasmic nets in which prey is caught, and by which it is drawn in to be absorbed by the soft stomach-body. There are several species, each possessing some peculiarity, but all having this in common,—that they consist of life in its simplest form. If this *Proteus* could only be compelled to speak, like the fabled *Proteus* of the Greek myth, what mysteries of life and death it would reveal! Many people think that *Proteus* could unravel not a little of the mystery hanging about these chalk-hills; for he is said to be the father or grandfather of the principal masons employed in building their white masses, and in ribbing them with flint-stones. Certain it is that the creatures who long ago did the work, and some of whose descendants are even now silently doing the same kind of work, though on a far smaller scale, down in the sea at our feet, curiously resemble *Proteus*, though in outward form they differ from him as much as they differ from one another.

But see, the sun is sinking to the west, and the tide is slowly

falling. Let us hurry down the little pathway which the coastguard men have made, and get to the shore.

Running straight out to sea are two ledges of rock, like two enormous razors set slantingly, and dipping from east to west. On the Swanage side they are flanked by scattered blocks of richly fossiliferous rocks, about which lovely sea-weeds and anemones grow in abundance. On the Durlstone-head side, they run away into shelving plateaus of soft rock, on which you may find very different weeds and tufts of beautiful corallines. The great ledges have been cleft here and there by storms, and through the channels thus formed the tide is pouring from the west at a tremendous pace. Suppose we mount this westerly ridge, and, under protection of our sea-boots, climb and wade as far out as the falling tide will permit. Do you see that rippled ledge about two feet in width, walled half-way round by protecting rock, with microscopic pools and streams on its furrowed surface, dotted with weed-covered limpets, and coated with corrugated lime over which richly-coloured slime is spread? Step down carefully, and stooping low, look into the tiny cave-like crevice which opens out on the ledge. Not a square inch has been left unoccupied. Life, animal and vegetable, strange and lovely, everywhere! And here, hanging from the roof of the cave, are the very things we are searching for—wee flat light-brown bags, delicately curved, each one with a little round mouth finished off with a ring. If our eyes were one hundred times more powerful than they are, we should see of what and how the bags were made. Hundreds of fine three-rayed needles of lime are woven together, yet not so closely that water cannot pass, in countless rills of extreme minuteness, into the bag. And though we could not see the water pouring in, we should see it pumping out in a continuous jerky stream, bearing away particles of matter for which the colony inside the bag has no use. For the bag is not a weed, nor is it an animal; but a walled city, inside which live a number of creatures so small and simple that they rank among the first forms of life, and for that reason are called *Protozoa*, which your Greek Lexicon will tell you means ‘first-life.’

If, with a fine pair of scissors, you were to cut open the bag, and scraping off a particle of the jelly-lining, placed it in a drop of seawater under a powerful microscope (one-eighth objective), you would see a number of living atoms; some of them, in structure and behaviour, not unlike the *Amœbæ* (nor yet very unlike the white corpuscles found in human blood), and others like the curious little *Monadinae* found in infusions of cod’s-head, which Mr. Dallinger has traced completely through all the stages of their life-history. It is these atoms of life which, by the waving of their whip-like cilia, or

by a mystic power of contraction, cause the pumping process already described. Every one of the beautiful three-rayed needles has been fashioned out of lime gathered by these same busy atoms. And if we could split open one of the needles, we should probably find it to be filled with the same kind of life, only in morsels still more minute.

And what, say you, is the little bag? Simply a sponge—one member of a family which, even in our British seas, is very large; but which, in deep seas, and far away in other climes, presents a bewildering variety of forms.

Do you remember ‘Neptune’s Cup’ in the Fisheries Exhibition, three or four feet high and perhaps two feet across the rim? That also was a sponge. So was the ‘Venus’ flower-basket,’ so many lovely specimens of which were shown by Lady Brassey and others. So is the richly-coloured slime covering the rock outside our little cave. So is the green or creamy lump attached to fresh-water weed, which may be hooked up from the old piles bordering the stream which runs under the ruins at Christchurch, and which you can find in almost any canal in England.

There are three principal kinds of sponges. Some weave a porous texture of horn, with or without a strengthening of lime or flint. These provide those sponges of commerce which, when coarse and common, are dragged from shallow depths by three-pronged harpoons; but which, when fine, are cut by divers in depths ranging from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. A few work up lime into beautiful spicules of various shapes, arranging them in structures of various forms. But the greater part, and by far the most wonderful, construct their homes of flint (silica). The ‘life’ of all varieties may safely be regarded as precisely like that which may be so easily seen in the *Grantia* of our coast-rocks and the *Spongilla* of our canals and rivers. But what a difference between the tiny brown bag and the lovely cornucopia-shaped *Euplecta*, or ‘Venus’ flower-basket,’ with its pure white spun-glass, its basal ruff, its spiral ribs, its delicate lacework, its finely-finished cover! How wide the distance between the sponge on your wash-stand—though *it* is quite worth while tearing *it* open to examine its curious ramification of pores, through which the water is drawn in, and wide mouths, by which it is pumped out—and the great siliceous sponge, *Holténia Carpenteri*, dredged up from a depth of five hundred and thirty fathoms, off the north of Scotland, by Sir Wyville Thomson and Dr. Carpenter, the description of which reads like a fairy tale. The most extraordinary sponge, perhaps, is one called *Hyalonema*, of which Dr. Carpenter has given the following description: ‘It consists of a bundle of from two to



three hundred threads of transparent silica, glistening with a satiny lustre, like the most brilliant spun-glass, each thread about *eighteen inches* long; in the middle, of the thickness of a knitting-needle, and gradually tapering towards either end to a fine point; the whole bundle coiled like a strand of rope. .the threads of the middle and lower portions remaining compactly coiled; .the upper portions of the coil frayed out, like the bristles of a glittering brush; the lower extremity of the coil embedded perpendicularly in the middle of a hemispherical or conical sponge.'

There can now be no manner of doubt that in the sponges—and especially the siliceous ones—we have found what I may be permitted to call the 'Masonic Lodges,' which long ago were charged by the great Creator with the duty of constructing the greater part of the flint-stones lying like ribs across the chalk-hills. The flint-stones! I am half-tempted, Proteus-like, to change my shape, and become for one month a 'Country Archæologist,' that I may tell the story of the part played in human history by the Flint-stones.

But our Sabbath of the new moon is at an end. The sun has set. Let us go to a quiet Swanage lodging, thankful for the song which echoes from all God's works, in every part of His dominion: 'O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.'

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## THE GODS OF EGYPT.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

As we stood on the high crags overlooking the city of Cairo, and the great Libyan Desert outspread before us, there rose to our memory many a scene in old Egyptian story, but none more curious than that which tells of the stratagem whereby Cambyzes and his Persian legions succeeded in capturing an Egyptian city without the loss of a man. They collected a vast number of cats, bulls, dogs, and all manner of animals, and drove them before them, knowing well that every Egyptian revered some animal, and that consequently the besieged would not dare to fling a dart, lest in so doing they might injure one of their gods.

That strange auxiliary army of cats, bulls, and dogs, 'bleating gods,' as Milton calls them, reminds us of one of the most remarkable phases of faith in Old Egypt, namely, that which recognised all animated beings as emanations from the Great Centre of Life, and as therefore containing in them a spark of the Divine Fire—so birds, beasts and insects all received a share of honour.

Not that all were alike revered throughout the kingdom. Each city adopted some animal as its especial deity, and did not necessarily show any respect to the creature worshipped in the next town. For instance, the worshippers of the crocodile-headed god Savak had frequently to fight his battles against irreverent neighbours, such as the people of Elephantine, who, instead of worshipping the crocodile, considered him a choice delicacy for the table. But true believers kept these creatures tame, and had a great crocodile city near the artificial lake Moëris. Roast meat, cake, and mulled wine were among the dainties poured down their sacred throats. They had rings of gold and precious stones in their ears, which were pierced like a woman's, and their fore-feet were adorned with bracelets. When Egypt was conquered by the Romans, these pets were transferred to artificial lakes prepared at Rome for their reception, and in one day thirty-six of them were killed by gladiators in the amphitheatre.

These poor crocodiles had fallen on evil days. Their happier brethren were tended and honoured till they died at a good old age, and were then reverently preserved and mummied, in the same manner as were the Egyptians themselves, who took all possible care of the bodies of their dead, believing that after three thousand years the soul would return to take possession of its former home.

On the borders of the desert to which we were now looking, lay the crocodile mummy-pits, to which various travellers have penetrated, notwithstanding the frightfully bad, stifling air. Descending into these vaults, they found a vast army of crocodiles of all sizes, from the infant five inches long, to the patriarch measuring twelve feet; each wrapped up in palm leaves, just as a modern fishmonger packs his salmon in straw.

There were thousands of young baby monsters about eighteen inches long, tied up in bundles of eight or ten, each wrapped in coarse cloth. The scene must have been a striking one. The gloomy cavern with long hanging stalactites glittering in the feeble light of torches carried by half-naked Arabs. The danger was terrible lest any chance spark should light on the dried palm leaves, and kindle such a blaze as would instantly suffocate all these rash intruders into the sacred sepulchre of the monstrous demigods, heaped around without number; just lying as they probably have lain for the last three thousand years. Mummied snakes were also found here.

Other catacombs were entirely filled with the mummies of the beautiful ibis, and sacred cats and dogs, hawks and mice and beetles, each of which was neatly strapped up in linen, and placed in a red earthenware jar, sealed up, and packed to the very roof, like the bins

in some vast wine-cellar ; so stowed, tier behind tier, and tier above tier, that no estimate of their multitude could be made ; but there they lay, in tens of thousands, seeming as if it must have taken centuries to accumulate so vast a multitude. These catacombs consist of endless galleries, opening into chamber after chamber, seemingly interminable ; some of them being very large caves, yet all were closely packed, as in some vast storehouse. On breaking an ibis jar, the bird is found, with its long legs folded beside the body. The bird is said to have been held sacred on account of the delicate white and gray plumage, which was supposed to symbolize the light and shade of moonlight. It was also held to be emblematic of purity, which is remarkable, inasmuch as the Jews held the ibis to be an unclean bird. In these catacombs there were also found jars of sacred eggs, likewise mummied, and supposed to be those of the ibis.

Far in the distance lie a group of pyramids, much less perfect than the great Pyramids of Ghizeh. These are those of Sakkara, which mark the place where once stood the great city of Memphis (the Moph of still older days). It was the city especially sacred to the golden bull Apis, whose temple faced the rising sun. For although born of a cow-mother in the likeness of a jet-black bull, he bore on his forehead a white star, indicating Deity ; and proving to the faithful that the young bull was indeed an incarnate ray of heavenly light. To him multitudes of pure white bulls were sacrificed, and in later days red bullocks also, red being the colour of Typho, the power of evil. And for his sake all jet-black bulls were worshipped during life, and afterwards were embalmed in sarcophagi of polished black basalt. Of these thirty-three were found in the Catacombs, each in its separate chamber ; only the bones were preserved, swathed in linen bandages, and neatly tied up, so as to look like the animal when lying down. They were thus so much reduced in bulk that a full-grown bull was no bigger than a calf, and a calf was the size of a dog. These sacred animals have all been removed. Only about thirty of their dark, empty sarcophagi are still to be seen. Of course the majority of these pits have been ruthlessly rifled of their contents, sharing the fate of the human mummy cases which have been so remorselessly broken open in search of treasure—skeletons, heaps of bones ; fragments of the painted coffins, linen, aromatic gums, now lie heaped in horribly grotesque confusion in these neglected charnel-houses. The irreverent manner in which the Arabs knock about these poor fragments of humanity is revolting indeed.

Imagine the dismay of the haughty Pharaohs could they now return to earth, to find their once-gorgeous tombs and temples desolate ruins,

haunts of evil beasts and birds of night, and their own precious ashes either sown broadcast over English fields (with due admixture of Peruvian guano), or at best preserved in some museum, there to be exhibited to the vulgar gaze in company with mummies of every rank and in every stage of unrolling, from the gilded outer case down to the poor blackened corpse wrapped in papyrus leaves !

Still greater would have been their horror could they have foreseen that degenerate Egyptians would first cut open their embalmed bodies, in search of saleable little images which might be stored therein, and would then kindle a fire with the highly-inflammable fragments, and thereon heat their coffee.

In the splendid museum of Boulac (which is the port of Cairo on the banks of the Nile), we had looked with deep interest on an army of mummies in every conceivable stage of unrolling, with all their divers cases, from the stone sarcophagus, containing coffin within coffin, coloured and gilt, and written within and without with hieroglyphics, down to the common sarcophagus of sycamore wood used by the middle classes. The inner case is modelled to represent the head and figure of the dead who lies within. This is in some cases open, showing the corpse, swathed in linen, yellow from old age, and bound with broad white tape. The actual feet are generally exposed to our rude gaze, the same feet perhaps that stood bared reverently in presence of Joseph, and trod the courts of the old Pharaohs.

Those who are learned in mummies can tell at a glance to what period they belonged. The very earliest, who lived perhaps before the pyramids were built, were prepared with natron and wrapped in woollen cloth. Somewhat later linen was substituted, and the bodies were partially gilt.

After the conquest of Assyria, fifteen hundred years before Christ, large quantities of bitumen were paid in tribute to the Pharaohs, and with this the mummies were thenceforth prepared. The method of disposing of the very poor was well nigh as simple as one of our own pauper funerals on a parish allowance of four shillings ! The bodies were merely saturated with natron or bitumen, baked in an oven, swathed in woollen rags, and then tied up in a rough mat of palm leaves or papyrus. Thus they were laid in rows of thousands in the great sepulchres.

But the embalming of the wealthy was a very different affair. The process occupied three months, during which the heart, liver and intestines were removed, and packed by themselves in separate vases, and committed to the special care of the Four Genii of Hades. The cavity thus left was filled with the most precious gums and aromatic spices, varying of course in value according to the price agreed on.



But he was accounted shabby indeed who was not ready to lavish on his dead the most expensive spices and perfumes, myrrh and cinnamon and precious oil of cedar-wood.

The body was next wrapped round and round from head to foot in bandages of linen of the very finest tissue, dipped in myrrh. These strips of fine linen were generally several hundred yards in length; some have actually been found one thousand yards long; and these were swathed round every limb and joint with such exceeding skill as would equal that of the most skilful professional bandagers in our hospitals.

Thicker layers of cloth were now added, and then pasteboard, laid on soft and wet so as to take the human form. This, having been gilded and painted and covered with hieroglyphics relating the whole history of the deceased, was enclosed in divers coffins one within the other, each sculptured, painted, gilded and enamelled. Perhaps a stone sarcophagus received this precious treasure, warranted to last in perfect order for three thousand years, by which time some change was expected in the general requirements of the living and of the dead.

It seems that every provincial temple was provided with an establishment for the purpose of mummification, where the dead were delivered to the priests to be embalmed, and after seventy days were restored to their friends to be carried to their last resting-place. Should a corpse be found upon the sacred shore of the Nile, the nearest town was obliged to embalm it with every mark of honour.

The adventures of the newly-manufactured mummy were by no means over when he had been returned to his disconsolate family. It was generally some months—occasionally a year—before they could make up their minds to part with him, so he was stowed away in a cupboard, standing upright, and on the whole was rather a jovial type of the skeleton in the closet.\*

When at length the mourning relatives could be persuaded to bury their dead out of their sight, a very great funeral procession was formed: multitudes of female mourners assembled, throwing dust upon their heads, uttering bitter wails, and beating their breasts after the manner of the gorilla. Attendants carried precious vases of ointment, of wines, of divers fruits; also various animals for sacrifice, and images of the gods; while the sarcophagus was placed on a sacred boat, in which also sat the widow, and some other female relation,

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\* Sometimes he was brought out to grace the festive board; sometimes to be present at religious services, when prayers and incense were offered to the gods on his account.

the whole being set upon a sledge and drawn by oxen. The male relations followed, grave and silent.

But the poor mummy was by no means certain of a safe and speedy termination to his voyage. We are told that in every Egyptian province there was a sacred lake, artificially made for this purpose, across which the dead must be rowed by a mysterious old boatman, *en route* to his family vault; and no matter how circuitous the path, that lake must be crossed. It seems, by the way, that the Egyptian name for a boatman is Charon, so it is pretty evident whence the old Greeks derived their history of the ferryman of the Styx.

And now came the most solemn part of the ceremony, for on the banks of the lake stood a grave tribunal of forty-two men, who were the jury appointed to judge the character of the deceased. They were rigidly to enquire into his observance of the whole Egyptian law, and should he be accused of any marked misdeed, his accuser was bound under severest penalties to prove the charge. Should he be proved to have been guilty of gross crimes, or to be deeply in debt, his mummy was not allowed to enter the holy ark of the dead.

If he were poor and friendless, his dishonoured remains were buried then and there, and his unhappy ghost was doomed to three thousand years of miserable wandering in the form of vile animals, and to perpetual exclusion from the Elysian fields where the lotus and the flowering reeds are for ever in blossom. But should the dead have left a family to bewail him, their mourning was deepened by the shame of carrying him back in his mummy-case to be once more stowed away in the cupboard, there to remain as a standing reminder of his and their disgrace, till by some means atonement had been made for his misdeeds.

All were subject to the same law. Even the kings and priests were subjected to this strange trial, being 'weighed in the balances' with respect to their observance of every point of Egyptian law, and any who were found guilty of injustice or crime, were in like manner rejected, though we can fancy that the Pharaohs were allowed a pretty wide margin. This strange ceremony was one of very real and awful import, being but the reflex of that most dread trial that awaited the soul before the awful tribunal of Osiris, in presence of the forty-two heavenly assessors.

The happy mummy which passed a good examination and was not found guilty, even when tried by his peers, was forthwith ferried across the sacred lake, and escorted to the tomb amid shouts of joy, his pathway being strewn with palm leaves, and himself, or rather his case, crowned with amaranth blossoms and bay leaves. Then it was entombed with more of gladness than of wailing, his entrance to

the tomb being but a type of the glorious admission of his spirit to the heavenly goal.

On his tomb, amid many other records, was invariably inscribed that of his acquittal by the grave jury, the sure passport admitting him to final rest. Thenceforth the name of Thmei, goddess of justice, was inscribed beside his own, in token of his assured justification. Nevertheless services on behalf of the dead, and offerings to them (or rather to that divine essence which dwelt in them, and which has now been reunited with Osiris, the Supreme), continued to be celebrated from time to time, so long as the survivors continued to pay the priests.

It is supposed that when they omitted to do so, their tombs were occasionally sold a second time to a more generous family; this may account for our sometimes finding a new name inscribed over that of the original inmate! The tombs were a source of considerable revenue to the priests, who could always delay a funeral by refusing to supply one unless it were paid for in advance, and a family of dubious means sometimes found it a difficult matter to obtain credit. Of course a sensible man prepared his own early in life, for the Egyptian looked on his tomb as in truth his 'long home,' while his palace was to him only as an inn where he tarried for a little while.

Once entombed, it might be supposed that the poor body would be left in peace with its kindred. Yet even then this rest could scarcely be held secure, inasmuch as every mummy was a sort of family property—in fact, part of the personalty, which was liable to be seized in cases of debt, and was at all times considered the safest security on which to lend money. It was established by law that any man who should find himself helplessly involved in debt, was bound to give the mummy of his nearest relation in pledge to his creditor, who might, if he pleased, carry it to his own home, and assign it a special cabinet among his treasures. This would, however, have been so terrible an insult to the debtor, that possession of the tomb was generally considered to be a sufficient security, and the debt was pretty certain to be paid by some member of the family. Hence it was quite a common custom for a man to pawn the body of his father; a pledge which he would surely redeem with all possible speed, as failing so to do, his own body would in turn be excluded from burial.

Meanwhile, the soul had passed into Amenti, the unseen world, and was there met by Thoth the Recorder, in whose book is written the whole history of every human life, and all its secret motives for good or evil. The soul did not enter that awful presence untaught. Among the sacred books of the Egyptians was one known as the Book

of the Dead, and either the whole, or at least some chapters of this, were invariably laid with the mummy, or else inscribed on his sarcophagus. Fragments of the book are still common, and are to be seen in all Egyptian museums. And yet, four thousand years ago it was so old, that the language in which it was written was apparently obsolete, for an interpretation was generally appended to every quotation from it.

This was a book of minute directions to guide the mummy in his transit to the spirit world, and it taught him what hymns and prayers to utter, and how to answer during the awful final judgment; when in the presence of Osiris the Judge of the dead, of Anubis the Accuser, and of Thoth, Recorder of the dread sentence, he should stand by and see his own heart weighed in the Divine balance, the figure of Stern Justice being the weight in the opposite scale. Forty-two distinct charges were then brought against him in respect of the forty-two recognised sins, his accusers being as many ape-faced demons, who stood by, with pitiless knife in hand, to claim each one his pound of flesh should the balance prove him to be guilty on any given score. Most of these charges had reference to the ordinary laws of all nations, though some were peculiarly Egyptian, such as those which bore on the ceremonial law, or which applied to a fair use of water for irrigation, and to due care not to prejudice a neighbour's farm.

When at last this dread ordeal was past, and the mummy who had been found true in the balance would fain speed on his sunward road, there still lay many difficulties and dangers before him, for all of which, however, he found instruction in his Guide-book to Eternity. He passed through halls haunted and guarded by demons, who had to be overcome by the use of mystical words; snares and nets were spread in his path; manifold temptations assailed him: he passed through a region of fiery trial, and through a world of gross darkness, where dwelt a furious dragon.

But in all these trials the faithful spirit (which adhered closely to the rubric laid down in the sacred book) was more than conqueror, and at length attained to the realms of purity and light, at the gate of the sun, where he was welcomed by the gods, and passed into a condition of bliss indescribable, of which the mortal mind could form no conception. Therefore it was left undescribed; all that was revealed to the faithful was that in that land there was a tree of life, the fruit of which made all who ate of it to be as gods, and on these fruits the gods inscribed the names of all mortals destined to immortality.

The entrance to this city of bliss was guarded by a fierce dog (the original Cerberus, hence adopted by the Greeks), which was ready to fall on the guilty. These were doomed to return to earth with a guard



of monkeys, and there recommence their weary lives in form of some vile animal—wolves, frogs, scorpions and such like. Their fate may be seen portrayed on some of the tombs near Thebes, on one of which is shown a miserable dejected pig with bristling back, in a boat sailing away from heaven, and in charge of cruel and malicious monkeys, who steer the boat and whip the poor humbled pig with gleeful enjoyment.

Thus through an interminable series of transmigrations the soul must pass, till, by striving to attain the highest excellence possible in its state of probation (for instance, a good insect might be born again as a dog, and a good dog might recommence life as a human being), and so might at length attain to perfection.

One would suppose that the wearisome unrest of such a faith as this would have caused it to fade away from the earth so soon as the first glad tidings of a simple Christian teaching were heard on earth. Nevertheless, at the present moment there are many millions of our fellow-creatures in China, Thibet, Ceylon and India who continue firmly to believe in this strange doctrine of transmigration.

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'LET THERE BE LIGHT.'

BY HORACE D. WOOLLEY.

THERE is a sorrow pleasure cannot chase,	'Let there be Light!'—the night of pain has fled,
Nor voice of loved one, sweetest music, cheer;	And glows the East in Mercy's kindly beam;
Deep in the heart's dark solitude its place—	Despair's dark clouds no longer frown o'erhead,
Breathed not in sigh, unevidenced by tear.	Fear's chilly mists have vanished like a dream!
But when all earth seems joyless as the tomb,	And as the brook, released in sunny Spring
When Hope dawns not upon the starless night,—	From Winter's grasp, makes music in the grove,
One Voice, that scattered wide chaotic gloom,	Begins the heart, from sorrow freed, to sing,
Can whisper in the soul, 'Let there be Light!'	Glad in the melting smile of Heavenly Love.
He Who prepared a pillared flame to lead	O Thou Whose pity to the blind gave sight,
The hosts of Israel through the wilderness,	Give to Thy children eyes of faith to see;
Still aids His people in each hour of need,	O'er life's uncertain path reflect Thy light,
In doubt directs, and comforts in distress.	And guide us through the darkness up to Thee!

ELIAS POWER'S CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. J. M. BAMFORD.

CHAPTER I.—THE MAN.



was a Yorkshireman, standing six feet high, broad-shouldered, full-chested, with muscles knit together like strong cords, and nerves like spring steel. His grand head was well set upon his massive shoulders, his eye dark but kindly, his features were clearly cut, and his whole countenance beamed frankly with the strong manhood which it represented. His step was firm, yet elastic. There was a swing in his gait which marked his movements with dignity and energy. Such a man would hardly be passed in the street without an involuntary tribute

of respect to his fine presence, and a lingering look at his manly figure, as he strode rapidly on his way.

Elias Power had also mental qualities which made him a man of influence wherever he went, a vigorous mind, a ready utterance, a sonorous voice, an agreeable manner, and a commanding will, which enabled him to arrest and hold the attention of the listener. He had not been favoured with educational advantages. He made no pretension to scholastic culture, though he well knew the value of it, and, as a self-taught man, was a remarkable example of what may be done in the way of mental improvement by personal diligence and perseverance. He spoke the plain dialect of the West Riding, but with an utterance so perfectly natural, that oftentimes we have known his words come home to the intellect and heart when more accomplished speakers were unheeded.

At the time we made the acquaintance of Elias Power, he was a man of mark in the Wesleyan Church. His influence was widespread. In moral force he stood head and shoulders above all around him. His sympathies and energies were in full play. He was a most outspoken man; an uncompromising hater of all shams and windbags, but a dear lover of the truth. When dealing with pride or selfishness, hypocrisy or indifference, reproofs flashed from his lips like burning

arrows ; yet his heart was tender as a woman's. A kindlier hand was never outstretched to help where help was needed. Like Goodwill, he pulled in many a timid pilgrim at the wicket gate. To many a doubting Christian he was a helper of their joy. Wherever he could find an opportunity of usefulness, he was promptly there to render Christian service to the utmost of his power. He never stopped to ask, 'Who is my neighbour?' before pouring in oil and wine to the sufferer's wounds. He was never concerned to know whose ass or whose ox it was which had fallen into a pit, before lending a hand to help it out. The sight of need, or the knowledge of it in any form, was quite enough to ensure his sympathy and succour. In the Church he was trusted and loved. He gave his own heart and life so freely to the interests of others that, although in humble life, he became a prince whom many delighted to honour.

Elias Power's business was that of a woollen-manufacturer in the town of Ease-in-Zion. He began business in a small way, but, as prosperity increased, he was obliged to take a larger mill, and to employ a considerable number of hands. As a man of business he was a proverb of industry and honour. No one doubted the word of Elias Power ; no one suspected the principle of Elias Power. He held that God must be honoured in the mill as well as in the sanctuary, and to that conviction he was true as steel.

The example of the man suggests many useful lessons, which we may gather best by following him through his life-work, and in which we hope to see how great a power for good even a lone man may be when whole-hearted in his consecration, and in his work for God.

'Lias,' said a friend who fain would have had him be more careful of his strength, 'thou'rt wearing away thy life. If thou'rt bent on keeping agate like this, they'll soon have to take thee into the Heavenly Zion, and give thee a bit of rest there, for down here thou wilt never get it, though thou dost live in Ease-in-Zion.'

'Rest!' said Elias.

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

'There's rest in the yoke, man. Doesn't the Master say, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls" ? The sweetest rest I ever found to my soul was in the yoke of Christ ; and while my soul's at rest I care very little about the body. I'd rather have a resting soul and a weary body, than a weary soul and a resting body. There's more rest for me at the plough than at the spas. No lad, no nursing of self, no idling would be any rest to me. I feel best in harness ; I should like to die in harness. It suits me best to *feel the plough going*,

going, lad, and I'd sooner drop at the plough-tail, and hear the Master say, "Well done," if I may only keep it going till He has got something for me to do in heaven. I think I shall drive as many furrows in my way of resting as in thine.'

CHAPTER II.—THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.



ELIAS POWER and Will Noble were fast companions. They were young men of kindred spirit, full of energy and daring, fearless and undaunted, glorying in deeds which made large demands on courage and endurance. It is true these fine fellows often abused their powers, and expended their energies in ways of which they were afterwards ashamed. Their favourite resort was the *Black Bull*, kept by one Sam Spigot, who spared no pains to make his house attractive to the young men of Ease-in-Zion. The company which nightly

gathered at the old inn looked to Elias Power and Will Noble as the life of their circle. None else could sing such songs, or tell such tales, or crack such jokes. They kept the roisterers in such merry humour, and if disputes broke out they settled them so boldly and so fairly, that the jolly landlord would have filled their tankards gratis, rather than have lost their influence at his hostelry. No one dared to lift a hand against Elias Power or Will Noble. If they were gay in their merry humours, they were a terror in fiercer passions. The sots at the *Black Bull* would as soon have thought of bearding a lion in his den, as of touching Elias Power in his angry moments. A growl from him was a warning to Sam Spigot's customers to stand upon their guard.

Will Noble held an office under government, and in the fulfilment of his duties drove a good horse in a light gig. Will Noble was passionately fond of horses, and moreover was a capable judge of their qualities. He knew where to look for their best points—where to find spirit and endurance—where to expect elasticity and spring and speed. When choosing a horse for his own use he was careful to select one with some blood and mettle. 'I must have mettle,' he

would say; 'I'll forgive him a bit of temper, if he's got mettle.' The horse he was now running answered to this description. The animal combined great strength with fleetness, and was well known on the road as 'Will Noble's Deerfoot.' There was not a horse for miles round Ease-in-Zion that could pass Deerfoot; and very few that could hold their own with him.

Deerfoot had run them down so often that he was acknowledged to be the monarch of the road. Nothing put Deerfoot and his master more on their mettle than when another driver sought to pass them by.

It so happened that one night, in the depth of winter, when the ground was hard with frost, and drifts of snow lay gleaming in the moonlight, Will, accompanied by Elias, was driving home at a late hour from Furrowfield to Ease-in-Zion.

The young men were chatting merrily, and putting no pressure upon Deerfoot, who had cast off a little of his speed. Suddenly the animal laid back his ears, then pricked them erect, and at once stepped out at great pace.

'What's in the wind now?' said Will. 'There's something behind, I'll warrant. Dost thou hear aught, 'Lias?'

The two listened, but as yet no sound reached them. Will held Deerfoot under a tight curb, and shortly Elias exclaimed: 'Now I hear it. It's coming fast. It's somebody that means to give us the go-by, Will, lad, thou mayst depend on't.'

'Deerfoot and I must be consulted about that,' said Will; 'but any how we'll let him come on a bit and see what he's like. If he means a chase, he shall have one; but if he means to pass Deerfoot, then his work's set.'

The driver behind continued to urge on his horse, and, as he got nearer, made desperate attempts to pass ahead.

'Lias,' said Will, in a whisper, 'if I can hold Deerfoot in, it will be good fun to let him think we're beaten.'

'Try it on, Will,' replied Elias; but it was no easy matter to do this; for Deerfoot was pulling so strongly at the rein, and getting so full of nervous excitement, that it tried all Will's strength to keep him in hand. Will's whip rested in the socket, for Deerfoot needed none of it; but the driver behind, with voice and lash, forced on his horse to the top of his speed, until the hot breath from the animal's nostrils steamed out on Deerfoot's flanks. This was too much for Deerfoot: he pulled the reins from his master's grip, threw out his head, and sprang into a mad gallop. Faster and faster he flew through the frosty air, the gig spinning round the bends of the road on a single wheel, until they neared the turnpike. Will saw the gate was shut, and, knowing their great danger, exerted all his

strength to check the flight of Deerfoot, but in vain. The mettle of the animal was up. The strain which his master put upon the rein failed to lessen his terrific speed. The light gig leaped with the bounding horse, and even Will Noble and Elias Power felt their hearts rise into their mouths as they saw that Deerfoot meant to take the gate. The keeper of the toll-house, hearing the rapid approach of a vehicle, opened his door, but had no time to touch the gate. Deerfoot put all his strength into one tremendous leap, and the gig rising at the same moment was carried, to the immense astonishment of the toll-man, clean over the top bar without injury to men or horse.

Elias Power and Will Noble were dumb with the excitement of the leap. Not even this adventure stopped Deerfoot in his flight. For two miles beyond the toll-gate he ran at the same mad speed, and not until he neared home acknowledged curb or rein. The feat of Deerfoot created an immense sensation in the neighbourhood, but none felt the deliverance so deeply as the two young men who had been so wonderfully preserved. They knew that they had been in great peril, that their lives were saved only by a combination of circumstances which no human sagacity could foresee or control. They began to think, to think seriously, to think of God, of eternity, of God's mercy, of the manner of their lives, and of the need of changing for the better.

'Will,' said Elias, 'what dost thou say about going with me to the Methodist Chapel on Sunday night?'

'To chapel, 'Lias? What will Sam Spigot say? What will the folk at the *Black Bull* think? A fine lark they'll make out of you and me going to the Methodist Chapel!'

'Sam Spigot's nought to us, Will, nor the *Black Bull* folk either. Sam Spigot never chalked a score against us; we've lined his pockets with our brass; and as for his company, the debt's on their side, and not on ours. Howsoever, if we were not ashamed of going to the *Black Bull*, we've no cause to be ashamed of going to the chapel. Wilt go, lad?'

'Ay, 'Lias, I'll go,' said Will; 'but I shall want more courage to go to chapel than to the *Black Bull*, or even o'er the gate.'

The next Sunday evening the two young men sat side by side in the Methodist Chapel in Ease-in-Zion. The service made no great impression upon their minds until the preacher announced his text: 'And when He had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.' (Rev. vi. 7, 8.) Then it was that the arrow pierced the sinners' hearts. They trembled under the truth. The subject brought back their recent wonderful escape.

‘Elias,’ said Will, ‘I’m none bound to stand this. If I don’t get out of the chapel I shall make a baby of myself.’ But Will had only to look at Elias to see the big tears rolling down his face, and thus proving that he was as weak as his friend. If the good people of Ease-in-Zion chapel had been on the look-out they would have found a fine opportunity of snatching these two brands out of the fire ; but they never thought of it. They had got so used to sit and listen, so used to see things moving in a quiet way, it was so long since a penitent sinner had been known to seek mercy in Ease-in-Zion chapel, that the congregation never expected it. It is true, they held their prayer-meeting after the Sunday evening service, and prayed that sinners might be led to Christ ; but when Elias Power and Will Noble knelt down among them, weeping and enquiring, ‘Sirs, what must we do to be saved ?’ they were taken entirely by surprise. They had done so little of late in leading anxious souls to Jesus that they felt embarrassed with these penitents. They hardly knew how to answer them, or how to pray for them. One after another slyly took his hat from beneath the seat and glided secretly away.

The minister who had preached so earnestly that night was, however, in full sympathy with these anxious men. He rejoiced to see them seeking Divine mercy, for he knew they would find it ; and as he knelt between them, he made himself one with them. He mingled his tears with their tears, blended his prayers with their pleadings, now and then dropping a word to show them their nearness to the Saviour, and thus helping them to ‘behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world.’ The struggle of the two men was fearful to witness. They wrestled in an agony. The devil held them so fast in his fetters that it seemed impossible to loose them. It was a hard battle with the powers of darkness, but the moment of redemption came to them, and the victory was a blessed one.

‘Are you resolved,’ asked the minister, ‘God helping you, to give up sin ?’

‘Yes,’ they responded, as if their very hearts would break.

‘Will you receive Jesus, and trust Him as your personal Saviour ?’

‘Yes.’

‘Will you do it now, for God’s time is now ?’

‘Yes, now,’ cried Elias, and throwing out his arms, he worked forward on his knees, as though endeavouring to embrace some object which was visibly present before his eyes. He was the first to realize forgiveness. The light came to him like a beam from the opened heavens. The Divine deliverer threw open the doors of His prison-house, and led him into glorious liberty.

‘I’ve got it,’ he exclaimed; ‘I’ve got it!’ His joy was as great as his anguish had been. His delight was so abounding that he seemed for a time insensible to surrounding circumstances. He heard nothing, heeded nothing. His new-born soul welled over with its new-found joy. ‘I’ve got it; O, I’ve got it!’

Meanwhile, Will Noble lay moaning before the Lord in great distress of heart: ‘Lord, help me.’ When Elias Power heard Will’s prayer, he drew near to his friend, threw his arms round Will’s shoulders, and said gently: ‘Lord Jesus, Thou’st heard me, and Thou’lt hear Will. Thou’st forgiven me, and Thou’lt forgive Will. Thou’st made me very happy, and Thou’lt make Will happy. Lord Jesus, speak the word only, and the broken-heart shall be healed!’ Then a word to Will: ‘The Saviour’s very near thee. Don’t thou hear Him knocking at the door? Don’t thou hear Him say, “If any man . . . open the door, I will come in to him?” Open the door, Will, open it now.’ And Will did open it, the Saviour entered, the feast of reconciling love was celebrated, and while a few at least on earth rejoiced over the festival, there was also ‘joy in the presence of the angels of God.’*

REPENTANCE, FORGIVENESS, HOLINESS.

A PARABLE.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

ONCE I went forth to look for *Repentance*. I sought her day and night in the city of Mansoul. I asked many if they knew where she dwelt, and they said they had never seen her. I met one, grave and scholarly, who told me what she was like, and bade me seek her earnestly; but he did not tell me where she was to be found. Then, all sad at heart, and wearied with my search, I went forth without the city walls, and climbed a lonely hill, and up a steep and rugged way, until I came in sight of the Cross, and of Him Who hung thereon. And, lo, as I looked upon Him, there came one and touched me. Then instantly my heart was melted, and all the great deeps of my soul were broken up.

‘Ah, Repentance! I have been looking everywhere for you,’ I said.

‘Thou wilt always find me here,’ said Repentance; ‘here, in sight of my crucified Lord. I tarry ever at His feet.’

Again I went forth to look for *Forgiveness*. I knocked at many a door in the city of Mansoul, and asked for her. And some said they thought she did live there *sometimes*; and some said she used to, once; and some said she came there occasionally when the weather was fine,

* From *Elias Power*. By the Rev. J. M. Bamford. London: T. Woolmer.

to spend a Sunday. Then up came one whom I knew by name as Unbelief, with a voice like the croaking of a raven, and he said that Forgiveness never was there, and never would be; that she was much too fine a lady to live in so low a place as that, and among such a set as they were. So I came forth wearied and sad; and as I reached the city gate I met again the grave scholar, and he gave me much account of her birth and parentage, and he showed me her portrait, and told me of her gracious works, and he bade me seek her earnestly, but he did not tell me where I could find her.

So I went along my way looking, but well nigh in despair, when it chanced that I found myself again upon the high hill, climbing again the steep and rugged path; and I lifted up my eyes and saw once more the Cross and Him Who hangeth thereon, and lo, at the first sight of my dear Lord, Forgiveness met me, and filled my soul with holy peace, and a rest like heaven itself.

‘O, I have had a weary search for you!’ I said.

‘I am always here,’ said Forgiveness; ‘here at my Master’s feet.’

Long afterwards I wondered within myself where *Holiness* dwelt, but I feared to go in search of her. I knew she would never be at home in the low lands and busy streets of Mansoul. All whom I asked about her answered doubtfully. One said that she had died long ago; indeed, was buried in Eden before Adam came out. One said that she lived away at the end of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her house was on the brink of the river, and that I must hope to meet with her just before I crossed it. Another argued almost angrily against this notion.

‘Nay,’ said he, ‘she lives farther on still; search as thou wilt, thou shalt never find her till thou art safely across the river and landed on the shores of the Celestial City.’

Then I remembered how well I had fared aforetime on that Holy Hill, and went forth again. So up the lonely way I went, and reached the top of it, and looked once more upon my blessed Saviour; and lo! there was Holiness sitting at the Master’s feet. I feared to say that I had been looking for her, but as I gazed upon the Crucified, and felt the greatness of His love to me, and as all my heart went out in love and adoration, Holiness rose up, and came to me all graciously, and said, ‘I have been waiting for thee ever since thy first coming.’

‘Waiting where?’ I asked, wondering.

‘At His feet,’ said Holiness; ‘I am always there.’ *

* From *Thoughts on Holiness*. Several Class-leaders have bought copies of this most useful and beautiful work for distribution, an example which we cordially commend to others.—EDITOR.

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,
Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER II.—'ME SO HUNGRY, DADDY.'

A BLEAK March day was setting into a wild, cold night. A northeasterly gale, beating up over wide flats and low hills, was rushing southward through England, and dropping along its track sharp hints of coming snow.

And if it were cold anywhere, boisterous anywhere, it was sure to be so on the broken table-land which once formed part of the great forest that stretched from the Wyvern to the Dove in those long-ago years when Briton and Saxon and Dane and Norman battled together for the possession of the west country. For the old forest tract lies four or five hundred feet above the sea and exposed to almost every wind. When the Wyvern valley feels only a gentle breeze, pleasantly dispersing the mists that hang about the river, there is what sailors call a good cap-full above, and when a rushing is heard in the valley woods it is certain that the heights are swept by furious gusts.

It was going to be so to-night: 'Th' old 'ooman in the north 'll be pickin' her geese afore mornin',' as a man said who was climbing a steep, narrow bit of path between two great black masses that closed upon the track with a weird Alpine effect, like a mountain pass in demon-land. Not that it seemed so to him, for he was familiar with the region, and did not think about its appearance until at the top of the short slope he turned his back for a minute to the wind tearing impatiently through the funnel of the pass. Then, somehow, the features of the wide space beyond made an unusual impression. In the bleak, misty twilight the ordinary effect was enhanced; it looked an uncanny country, a bewitched medley of gaunt mounds and grim hollows sprinkled with brick-built dwellings. Some of the ridges were black and bare, others poorly covered with thin grass; some of the lanes of dwellings winding about the base of them, were picturesquely old, others most unpicturesquely new. There were abandoned workings away to the left: engine-houses tumbling into ruins, and machinery covered with rust in the midst of heaps and hollows all gray with marl-dust: a picture of arid desolation that struck even accustomed eyes.

'A' do believe,' said the man to himself, 'this may be the first bit o' the Valley o' the Shadow, where Christian met the children o' the spies. It's main like it: a "wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drougth, and of the shadow of death."' He did not finish the description, for men did pass through this place and dwell in it, learning to find their way, even at night, along the twisting

paths, and to avoid the deserted shafts and the wan pools that glimmered here and there. 'Aye,' he continued, 'it is a dreary sort ov a place, Mr. Son-of-a-Spy, and you're right enough when you say it's "overhung with a discouraging cloud of confusion." It is that; but, bless the Lord! "it's the way to the desired haven," and He knows why He lets it be so dooms ugly.'

His gaze passed to the right, where a cluster of iron furnaces shot their flames murkily through the mist and the fading glow of sunset.

'And that's Apollyon, belike,' he continued, turning again to pass between the monstrous banks of shale and marl that frowned against the sky. The conceit made him laugh to himself as he came out of their shadow and crossed a little bit of waste towards a street, or rather a lane, beyond. 'It's one Apollyon, anyhow, and a grim 'un, too. And a chap's got to face him every mortal week-day. Never mind! Old Apollyon mun stay on this side the Delectable Mountains, and 'll never be seen in the Celestial city, praise the Lord!'

And with that he began singing, as he crossed the waste to his home:

'Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.'

It was rather a ramshackle building that he entered, standing by itself at the back of the lane, amongst potato and cabbage plots, with a roof that almost touched the ground behind; but inside the poor place was as clean and cosy as patient, thrifty hands could make it. The grate and every bit of brass or pewter sent back the firelight that touched it. The white-covered round table was set for tea in a clean, neat fashion that might have tempted a very fastidious appetite to try the good home-made bread and the cheese or cold bacon. And Joshua Wanstall was not at all fastidious when he was hungry.

'What makes ye so lively to-night, Joshiway?' said the wife, a fat, easy-minded-looking woman in short clean winsey gown and woollen kerchief tied across her broad bosom; 'Joshiway' being somewhat of the broad school also, but tighter made and shorter. Both faces had a mild, open look, and the woman's had been decidedly pretty in girlhood.

'Naught new, old girl, excep' at I've took a notion of the pit-heaps out there being like a bit in The Pilgrim, and our furnaces being a sort of Apollyon: you mind how fire and smoke came out of his

belly, don't you? But let's get his dust washen off my face, and then for some tea to swill it out o' my throat.'

'A'll wager that poor fool, Tim Nollings, 'll be swilling his throat wi' beer,' said Susan, in a pleasant tone that gave a compassionate turn to the word fool.

'It won't be him if he hasna been doing that all day,' replied Joshua from the small scullery that served for bath-room. 'Tim never shows face in the pit when he's got a fistfull o' money. He'll be in one of the publics drinking it all up as fast as he can.'

'A wonder how the poor child's granny don't take her away from him,' said Susan. 'But if folks speak true, she don't even see that her's fed reg'lar. I've had it borne on my mind this long time to speak to her about it, but a person don't like to be thought meddlesome.'

'Nor to be railed at wi' a foul tongue,' added the husband. 'Her wouldn't mind the one so much as t' other.'

By 'her' he meant his wife.

'Well, I do b'lieve her mother had as much to do wi' the death o' Tim's poor gal as he had. Her might ha' borne wi' the one, but for certain no mortal creetur could endure the two. To think o' such a quiet, well-doing gal coming fro' such a mother! Her was so scorned an' abused at whoam 'at her were sort of driven to get married; an' then her mother scorned her for taking up wi' a tipsy collier, an' for believin' his promises, an' after they were wed she called her everything for not keepin' him to his word about drink, an' for lettin' him ill-use her. An' the poor thing could not bear up under it all—specially when 't were mixed wi' what Bet calls her religious views.'

All this in Susan's mild tones, while she carefully poured out tea and cut bread and bacon. There was no need to press Joshua to eat, since 'chapel went in' at seven, and he was the brother who 'set the tunes.'

'Well—it do seem—a mighty queer world—at times,' he remarked, with short pauses for satisfying appetite. 'There's so many Apollyons—now-a-days—Can't undercumstumble how Christian—only met one.'

This difficulty occupied them both for the rest of the meal, and they took it to chapel with them, as they took many another question, to find some good if not complete answer to them all. Going to chapel meant turning out into the cold night, but neither of the two regarded that as any hindrance. They rested the fire, hid the door-key under a loose stone in the little paved court before the cottage, and plodded down the uneven, miry lane towards a small square chapel, the win-

dows of which, feebly illuminated as they were, made it a beacon to the darkness of the village.

Dwellings were scattered along the lane in such irregular fashion that they contributed little to the lighting of it, some having gardens between them and the path, others turning their backs upon it, others their gable-ends. For the most part they were mean brick shelters, thrown aslant more or less by sinking of the ground, held together with iron bolts, and in no degree ashamed of their numerous pigsties and middens. A poor shop or two—Cratley, half-way down to the valley, being the market-town—made feeble efforts to light the steps of hoped-for customers, and two public-houses within a few yards of each other did, as usual, much bolder things in the same line and with more result. Their windows and open doors threw bright patches of light across the dark lane, and every now and then an ill-clad figure might be seen slouching into one of these spider-webs.

'Here's old Pope and Pagan, so to speak, lying in wait in their caves,' said Joshua, the story of the Pilgrim still running in his head. 'I wish their joints was stiff and they was biting their nails w' spite; but they're not come to that yet, more's the pity.'

The two halted within sight of those open doors and watched them for a few minutes.

''Tis just the sort o' night to blow poor, silly chaps into public's,' said Susan, pitifully.

'Most every kind of a night 'll do that. A wet night washes 'em in, and a hot night makes 'em so thirsty! And so they go on, making more bones for the old giants' dens.'

'There's so many excuses handy. How is it the Lord lets us find so many, d'ye think, Joshaway?'

'Well'—deliberated Joshua—'well—I should say—'twould be mighty slow work being sober and such-like if the devil didn't keep you argying about it and jeering at you. A chap likes a bit o' opposition, if he's worth his salt. Poor old mother used to say she'd rather fetch up a family in a street than in a wilderness.'

This went rather deep for Susan. Had there been light enough, 'Joshaway' might have seen her shaking her head in doubtful meditation. Tim Nollings, now. If there were a law forbidding public-houses, Tim would *have* to be sober; couldn't spend his money in drink; would probably have a right house and live comfortable. She suggested this, and Joshua, in his turn, shook his head, pondering the matter.

'Well—I *should* like to see them public's—pitched into old England's midden,' he said. 'But s'pose they was? It don't e-zackly follow 'at Tim Nollings 'ud go straight along the high road to glory.'

He might turn avaricious and stick in some hole, scraping a heap o' stones and straws, like the man wi' the muck-rake.'

'There he is,' said Susan, 'just a-going into *The Plough an' Harrow*.'

Joshua made a rush to the door, but he was too late. Tim, escorted by a very affectionate, because thirsty and penniless, crony, was swallowed up in the giant's den, and his better friend had to go on to chapel. When the Minister in his prayer that night spoke of those whose feet were descending the broad slope that led to the pit, a loud 'Stop them, Lord! Put the brake on!' came from Joshua's corner. He could at all events pray for Tim, and he held it matter of certainty that his prayer must avail. 'If I bid that little gal o' Tim's ask me for a apple, it would be 'cause I meant to give it to her, wouldn't it, master?' he might have said if you had asked a reason for his faith. 'And if the Lord bids me ask Him for Tim's soul, what does He mean, d'ye suppose? I say He means me to get it out o' the devil's clutch. Old Satan's no right to it, as I can see. He didn't make it, did he? And when the Lord says, "You ask for it, Joshua. I made it, and I've full right to it; you ask Me to take hold of it:" well, I'm just going to ask an' ask an' ask, 'cause I'm certain He means to do it.' That's pretty much what Joshua might have said if you had given him plenty of time; and if the metaphors are mixed and the logic appears lame, just tell him so when you happen to meet him. He won't mind.

When 'chapel came out' the night was colder, wilder than before, and flakes of snow whirled down the blast now and then. 'Pity them as lives where coals is dear, or are tramping the country to-night,' said Joshua, as he and his Susan buffeted their way up the lane homewards. Passing the *Plough and Harrow* brought back the thought of little Bessy Nollings, and he went inside to see if Tim could be lured out by some enquiry about his child.

'But I might have known how 'twould be,' he reported, coming back in a few minutes. 'Poor Tim! To think of a chap giving heed to such a crew as yon, an' their filthy jesting. I'll go round by his house an' see if it's open.'

'Do,' said Susan, 'and bring the little un back with ye.'

He struck off accordingly, near their own house, and went away to the east across that wilderness he had surveyed in the afternoon, which lay now a land of darkness indeed, where the wind and the night met together and wailed and seemed to fill the world. Roughly levelled old pit-heaps of marly stuff glimmered faintly in the gloom, and high black mounds increased the shadows in other places. Knowing these dubious signs, he could steer his way and keep the

track until he came to a deserted foundry and a row or two of cottages. More than half of them were empty, and Tim occupied the last in one of the rows. The houses—poor enough brick cottages—stood along the road, beyond them were the gates and enclosing walls of the foundry, and on the other side a hollow, half filled with water, waited to entrap Tim Nollings some night when he should be 'carrying his drink' less cleverly than usual. There was not a glimmer of light in the window Joshua sought. He pressed his ear to the door and listened, fancying he heard a child's voice crying feebly inside; but between the gable of the cottages and the foundry wall the wind whistled and yelled so angrily that the crying must have been very loud to rise above it, or get distinguished from it. He went down the row to the next occupied house, and put a question to a woman there.

The child had been in her house most of that day, she said, and she had taken it in to its father when she carried boiling water for his tea. Had he gone out and left it alone? It would most likely be asleep. No: its granny hadn't been near it for several days. Joshua went back and tried the door, but it was fast locked. 'Tim may ha' left it wi' its granny,' he finally said to himself. 'I'll go there and see.'

The granny's habitation was on the other side of 'the pit-heaps,' as the wilderness was called in local talk, and near those active foundries which Joshua had dubbed Apollyon. As he came near them their glare threw into weird relief the features of the scene, and especially one extraordinary object like a huge and dirty sugar-loaf, which by daylight was seen to be standing in a jumble of little garden-plots that sloped every possible way, and to be cut with windows at different levels up to the top, where a sort of dormers filled the apex.

In the basement story of this tower—a disused pottery-kiln—the woman whom Joshua sought had her residence, and followed her profession of laundress, by taking in washing and keeping a mangle.

It was pretty far on in the evening by this time, according to Shirlcot habits, and Joshua was not surprised to hear a voice call out, 'Who's there?' instead of having the door opened. He shouted back his name, and at last a hinged pane of glass in a window was opened, and the voice—considerably harder and coarser than Joshua's, yet a woman's for all that—said:

'What d'ye want wi' me at this time o' night, Joshwah Wanstall?'

'I'm concerned as it were about Tim's little gal, Missis,' replied Joshua, very respectfully and cautiously; for he knew Bet Scunnar.

'Tim's in the *Plough*, drinking hard, an' if we knew the little un was here 't would be satisfyin' to our feelings, you see.'

'Then ye can go and speak to Tim his-self, an' satisfy your feelings that way. It's remarkable kind of you to be so busy in other folks' affairs.'

And the window would have been snapped-to, but Joshua had his hand upon it and kept it back. The curtain fluttered, and he could dimly see the hand on the other side, which pushed impatiently.

'But, missis, have ye got the little un here?'

'What should I have it for? I'm not a Nollings; and I'd be glad if I'd never heard o' no Nollingses. If you want that brat Tim 'll sell it to you for a pot of beer, I'll swear. Will ye clear out, Joshwah, 'afore I raise the neighbours on ye for disturbin' a widow woman at this time o' night?'

'I wish your own conscience 'ud disturb ye a bit, granny,' he returned. 'It's enough to make that poor gal turn in her grave if she knows how her child's abused by them as should be dearly fond o' the baby.'

He had called her granny, he had lumped her together with Tim: two unpardonable insults.

'Name me i' the same breath with that sot!' she ejaculated roughly. 'I won't hear it done. I'll have naught to do wi' Nollingses. I hate them, the low, mean set!'

The hand on the inside pushed to the casement so sharply that to save his own from a pinch he was forced to withdraw it.

'Now, has she got the poor brat in her warm bed, 'spite o' all, or is 't crying its heart out down yonder i' the cold an' the dark?' said our knight-errant to himself as he went back along the path he was travelling when we first met him in the earlier evening.

He did not go home at once, but wandered down the village lane towards the *Plough*, on the chance—a very bare one—that Tim *might* tear himself away from his enjoyments, instead of waiting to be put out by the landlord at the last legal minute.

'Though where th' enjoyment is it beats *me* to see,' he muttered to himself. 'Seems to me 't would be more enjoyabler to know you was doin' your duty by your own child, an' teaching it to love ye an' say a prayer for ye.'

He had come in front of the 'public' when he said this to himself, and in hearing also of the wild merriment inside.

'Well, Tim's new master says—if folks speak true—at religion's naught better 'n witchcraft, an' that we're a passel o' silly ranters down at the chapel. Seems to me—it's more useful sort o' rant than this, anyhow.'

He had said this aloud to himself, not knowing, as he stood within the dark shelter of a gable, looking across to the windows of the *Plough*, that another man was close beside him, near enough to catch at least something about 'silly rant.' He was considerably startled to find his words caught up by a strong, impatient voice with an accent not familiar to him.

'Silly rant! I would say so, friend. I reckon if I were in there just now I'd hear some fine sentiments about one man being as good as another, and the dirty stuck-up airs of masters. I wish they'd believe in every man acting as good as another—acting like a man, and not like a pig or a lunatic.'

'Ah!' said Joshua. 'There's only one thing 'll ever make 'em do that, steady on.'

'And that's going to chapel, you would say, and subscribing to missions.'

'And I shouldn't be telling a lie if I did say so. One man acting as good as another 'll never bring the millennium.'

'In the sense I meant it would bring us a good piece nearer the millennium.'

'Begging your pardon, Sir—No. Old Apollyon 's a deal cleverer than to be chivied that way. "I'm as good as my neighbour" 's one of his favourite tricks. Tim Nollings 'll maintain that any day, an' so 'll his mother-in-law, but they can neglect their own flesh and blood for all that."

'Then they're not even acting like beasts, let alone men and women. It don't need a parson to prove that,' returned the other. 'Who are they neglecting?'

Joshua guessed who he was talking to, and told his story, ending with:

'And I'm a-feared the little un 'll have to take her chance to-night. I canna bide here any longer, but Susan shall go down after breakfast.'

'Never mind. I'll ask my sister to go. I want to get a pull over that man Nollings somehow; and you say he pretends to be fond of the child?'

'Is fond of it, an' no mistake, though in a mortal queer fashion. But there's only one way o' getting a pull over a chap like Tim.'

'Well, you've tried that way for a good bit, I dare say, and he's as wild as ever.'

'Mebbe. The Lord's way o' working is slow an' sure—slow an' sure. But it's grand to know 'at He's got the pull over the world, an' that we're tugging at the rope with Him.'

'Ah!' ejaculated the other, in a tone flavoured with contempt as well as impatience. 'Well, I'll send down my sister in the morning. Good-night.'

Joshua, going home, said to himself :

‘ Does he think a chap ’at don’t heed the Almighty ’ll give heed to *him* ? ’

* * * * *

In a dark, cold room a little child wakened from sleep groped about on its hard bed in the helpless bewilderment that so quickly brings wild terror. Awful wailings and moanings filled the darkness, the bed itself seemed an unknown region, falling away into horrible pits of blackness. The child-brain had no distinct ideas, formed no shapes to people the darkness, did not even know what it was that made the strange noise ; but it was alone, utterly alone and helpless, and the pitiful cry rang out : ‘ Daddy, daddy,—take me up ! ’

Sobs and inarticulate wailings followed, dropping off now and then as sleep or sheer terror overcame the little creature, but always waking afresh. Once there was a sound of voices near it, and a faint light gleamed for a minute, but the cry of ‘ Daddy, daddy, me *so* cold ! ’ did not bring that familiar sense of being close to a warm, protecting body which would have contented this child—unused to soft endearing tones or caressing hands. If only it could have felt daddy there, as usual, even though he answered no appeal, it would have been in its own world—not in a dark, howling void.

But the answer to the cry was a drunken laugh, a bump on the floor, and then loneliness and blackness again.

Granny lay snug in a warm bed, father lay drunk on the floor, just where he had tumbled out of the hands of his companions, and all night this plaint mixed with the sobbing and wailing of the storm :

‘ Daddy, me cold, me hungry—me want you, daddy!—O, me *so* hungry, daddy ! ’

Had God also forgotten this little one of His ?

O LOVE OF GOD !

BY E. A. WOOD.

O LOVE of God ! so great, so vast,	Striving to find an entrance through
Filling all space ;	The closed door.
Visiting every tribe of man,	O love of God ! upbraiding not
In ev’ry place.	For long delay,
O love of God ! surpassing thought !	Ready the opened heart to fill
Richly benign !	At once, with day.
Shining round every darkened heart,	O love of God ! stretching beyond
Illumine mine.	My utmost need,
O love of God ! than light more pure,	Till I, from sin and Satan’s power,
Than air more free,	Am fully freed.
Seeking each weary soul to bless ;	O love of God ! not shrinking from
Come succour me.	My sinful touch ;
O love of God ! so often spurned,	Rejoicing evermore to cleanse,
Yet evermore	‘ I owe Thee much.’



AN AFTERNOON'S RAMBLE IN A CITY WILDERNESS.

BY C. R. PARSONS.

A WILDERNESS of dreary courts, lanes and alleys—that is all. Tall houses reared themselves on both sides, with broken windows and shattered doors, shutting out the pure air, and the blue sky, and every view of hill and dale. There were no bits of living green, not even a gaily-painted sign-board to relieve the dull monotony of smoke-begrimed walls and dilapidated dwellings. At every few paces an unclean passage led to a filthy court, in which stood old tumble-down houses or sheds and stables plastered over and converted into ‘homes for the poor.’ The public-houses are the most inviting in appearance, and these are thronged with people all the time. Sundry rags hang out of the windows, and here and there a human head is seen overhead—thrust out ‘to get a breath of air,’ or to scan the passers-by. On every hand there are numbers of children, a few of them looking merry and healthy enough ; but the greater part abject and aged-looking little creatures, old and unhappy before their time.

Care and want are visible on their thin faces, and their bare feet patter in the rain and mud on the dirty and broken footpaths. Child-misery is one of the saddest features in this moral wilderness. Of parental care and tender affection they know but little. Brightness and mirth only come to them in fitful and occasional gleams. Their springs of joy are too often dried up by hunger and cold. 'Please, Sir, will you give me a penny to buy some bread? I'm so hungry.' Ah! little fellow, there is no need to question you about this statement. On our way to the baker's shop we learn that his mother went off to work in the early morn, and only left her three children a single meal for the whole of the day. Their father was out looking for a job. Let us see what this 'home' is like. On the door-step sits a little girl about four years of age nursing a baby only a few months old. She is rocking it in her arms and trying to get it to sleep. 'It is pleasanter like out here,' she says, 'and 'tis so lonely in there, Sir.' Lonely, indeed! A few rags in the corner, on which all the family lie down at night; two old meat-cans are all their cooking utensils; while a deal-box, turned upside-down, serves for all their furniture.

In a room close by stands a pale, thin woman, bending over a wee bit of humanity which lies wrapped up in some old garments in a rude home-made cradle. The mother scarcely knows I have entered. Her whole soul is absorbed in the child who lies there dying. I stand silent for a few minutes while it breathes its last. Presently all is over, and the mother gives a sigh of relief and says, 'Thank God!' She sits down on a chair and takes her other child into her lap, and as she presses it to her breast bursts out into a bitter cry. I soon learn that the little corpse is that of her only boy, that he came into the world eighteen months since a helpless cripple, that she has watched over him and tended him by night and day all this time, and now the end has come, and his sufferings are over.

The next room is one of great destitution and squalor. The woman has not always been accustomed to this state of things, so she makes an apology by saying, 'I hope, Sir, you won't mind the mess. We can't keep things straight like the quality.' By 'the quality' she means a few of the more decent people around her. In some of these streets and courts there is an aristocracy who are looked up to, and envied, in a manner which is quite astonishing. This woman calls her neighbour 'A proud mortal; I wanted to borrow her frying-pan only yesterday, but she wouldn't lend it to me; she's got up in the world a bit lately, and since she bought a new gown she won't so much as look at me.'

At another door a youth is standing with an infant in his arms. He is patting its cheeks and calling it by many endearing names. He is a stranger to me, and I say, 'I suppose this is a little brother

of yours.' 'O, no!' he answers, 'this is my own child, and I have one other inside, if you will please to walk in.' His wife is no older than himself; they seem a superior couple to many of their neighbours. They show me a large Bible which was given to them on their wedding-day, and its very presence on the table seems to exercise a purifying and beneficent influence. They are only twenty-one, and yet they have been married three years. How many young people have I known who have united themselves in holy wedlock without a home, or even a single article of furniture! The future and all its contingencies is to them a matter of profound indifference.

As I leave the court I encounter a man, who has been watching me most of the afternoon, and say, 'I think you live near here; I have often seen you.' 'Yes,' he answers; 'and what may be your business in this neighbourhood?' 'If you will tell me where you live, I will call on you, and shall be glad to make your acquaintance.' 'I do not want you at my house, nor any of the likes of you.' 'Indeed, I should like to have a little talk with you; I do not want anything from you, but would rather help you if I could, and do you good.' 'O! as to that,' he replies, 'you can keep your favours to yourself, and your religion too. I do not believe in such nonsense; and as to a God, if there was one He must be a cruel, selfish being to stand still and see such misery and inequality, and do nothing to put an end to it. And such as you are worse than Him, because you get your living by deluding people. Bah! it's only for what you can get—that's all!' 'My friend, I am very sorry your mind is so disturbed on my account; but I think you were a happier man once than you are now. There was a time when you loved and revered the Name you now treat so lightly.' 'Yes, I shook off that long ago: if there is a God, why does He not put things straight?' 'Why He put you straight once in every way, and now see how crooked you have gone; whose fault is that but your own?' He sullenly turned aside and went into a house where an hour later the conversation was renewed, and I think something was said which proved a blessing to him. This man was once a useful member of a Christian church, but for a long while he has been backsliding from God, and has sought to bring his neighbours into the same dreary path of infidelity.

I call to see a man who has been ill of a sore complaint for a long time. He is sitting by the fire with his legs propped on a chair. He was formerly a strong, healthy man; and is now anything but resigned to his affliction. Three children are at play on the floor. One has a big rag-doll, and the other a horse which the father has roughly carved from a block of wood. The mother has succeeded for three whole years past, with the help of a little parish pay, to

keep the wolf from the door by fancy mat-making. She often sits up to work through the whole night. 'If I can only keep my few things together till Jim gets well, I don't mind.' Hope buoys her up. In many a lonely room are found those who under the hardest circumstances are bravely fighting the battle of life. In the next room is a woman industriously mending sacks. She has to turn and darn them for three shillings per gross, finding thread and paying carriage! But she is thankful enough that trade is so brisk, enabling her to keep a loaf on the table, the rent of her room paid, and to clothe Johnny, who is at school.

In the next house I visit is a young man far gone in consumption. His face brightens as I enter. Ah! it is well with his soul. He is never tired of telling the story of his conversion. 'God bless that dear lady who pointed me to the Saviour! I was very wicked when I was first taken ill—that is, when I could work no longer. But she came to see me again and again. And she did not tire of me until I was brought to see myself a sinner, and could put my whole trust in Jesus for salvation.' The tears fill his eyes and the cough prevents him from saying more. I read to him a few verses telling of Immanuel's land, and the blood-washed throng before the throne. Any moment he may be called to join them.

As I am crossing one of the streets I meet with one of 'my friends.' 'Dear me, John, what, have you been breaking out drinking again?' John knows me well enough, and seeks to turn aside. He totters against a wall. 'Come, come, John, this won't do. O, how sad to see you like this again!' 'I wish you hadn't seen me; I would rather any one had seen me than you.' 'Come, let me take you home.' Arm in arm we walk along, and the people stare at us as with uncertain steps we wend our way to John's home. John had been brightening his humble abode since he had been a teetotaller, but now he has turned aside again into the paths of sin. At the threshold we meet his wife. 'He shall not come in here. No, he shall not.' I pleaded with her, but with a determined stamp of the foot she kept on repeating, 'No, I have told him so, and I will stand to it; I told him this morning if he went off drinking, he should not live with me, and now let him go where he's been already.' John's stammering only made matters worse, and I could do nothing but take him to his mother. Then I returned to the wife. 'I am very sorry,' she said, 'to say no to you. You have taken a great deal of trouble with my husband, and my home has been like a little heaven since Jack got to know you.' I did not attempt to argue with her; but before I left she said, 'Yes, I'll try him again.' I went after him, took out my pledge-book, got him to sign again, and left it with him in the house. That pledge hangs in a gilt frame over John's mantlepice to-day—a

memento of our meeting that afternoon and John's deliverance the second time from the curse and thralldom of drink. Soon after that he was led to yield himself to God, and is now a worker in the Master's cause.

Close by in the top room of a house lies a young woman whom I have been asked to visit. I climb the dark, rickety stairs, and when I reach the top quietly knock at the door. 'Come in,' says a shrill, weak voice. She partly lifts herself to look at the stranger, and then falls back as though exhausted with the effort. After pausing, I said, "Is Jesus precious to you?" She looked into my face with a heavenly smile and replied, 'Precious, O, so precious!' This girl had a remarkable history, into which we cannot enter; but a dying father's prayers had been answered, and she was now about to meet him in the better land.

The shadows of evening are now gathering thickly around, and I must bring my afternoon's ramble to a close. How vastly different to a ramble in the open country, beneath the sunny skies, over breezy downs and golden meadows, by the rippling brook and the rolling sea. May such rambles as these often be yours, gentle reader, while others are content to thread their way, not amongst the shades of copse and forest, but in the far denser shades of sin and sorrow. But even here, over the moral waste, we will scatter the incorruptible seed, with the humble hope that the fruit thereof may be seen in the last great day.

The Mission House, Ashley Road, Bristol.

LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

SECOND PAPER.

EARLY in the present century some volumes of Wesley's Works fell into the hands of a few God-fearing persons in Lerwick, and were eagerly read. One result was an earnest desire on the part of the readers to have Methodist preachers at work in the islands, which desire they attempted to realize; but the time was not yet fully come. Disappointed here, they next turned their attention to those devoted evangelists, the Messrs. Haldane, who responded to their call. From that time to the present Congregationalism has had a footing in Shetland. God's time for sending Methodism thither soon followed.

As has frequently happened, and notably in the history of Methodism, to lay preaching was given the honour of meeting the great need that presented itself. The preacher was a soldier. John Nicolson, the honoured pioneer, was born in 1792, at Queenseter, in

the parish of Aithsting. His home was a quiet little nook beautifully situated on one of the many sea lochs of Shetland. He entered the army, and served his king and country in the Royal Artillery for several years. While thus engaged, he was for a time located in London, and brought under Methodist influence. He sought and found the Saviour, and connected himself with our Society in Poplar. He gave very satisfactory evidence of conversion, and became a valiant soldier of the Cross. Consumption marked him as its prey, and he was discharged from the artillery as an invalid. He returned to his native islands, and his eyes being now open, he was deeply distressed on account of the spiritual destitution apparent on every side. He was very poor, but the islanders—though poor enough themselves—with their characteristic hospitality kept him above absolute want. He was very rich in faith, and being full of the Holy Ghost and of power, he went from parish to parish and from island to island—often in much pain and always in great weakness—preaching Christ. Wherever he went God gave him souls, and wherever there were converts he tried to band them together after the good old Methodist fashion. For seven years he continued his labours, and then departed this life in the joyful assurance of everlasting rest, at Gruting, February, 1828, aged thirty-six years. A neat and substantial stone marks the spot where his remains lie. This monument was provided at the cost of one of Shetland's most devoted sons—the Rev. James Loutit.

When John had been for some time at work, and God had been greatly blessing his efforts, he sent his statement and appeal to some friend in England. The letter was placed in the hands of the Rev. G. Marsden, President of the Conference, who, 'at a meeting of the Methodist Preachers of Scotland, held at Edinburgh in 1821, submitted it to the consideration of the Ministers then assembled.' They recommended that one of the Preachers of the Edinburgh Circuit should be deputed to visit the islands during the year, and report to the ensuing Conference. Their recommendation was accepted, and the Rev. Dr. McAllum was the deputation appointed. The Doctor visited Shetland. He saw that the picture of destitution had not been too highly coloured; that Nicolson's work had been greatly blessed; and that a strong desire for the appointment of Methodist Preachers showed itself among all classes of the people. On this last point he says: 'There was not an individual, high or low, Churchman or Dissenter, Minister or layman, with whom I conversed on the subject, who did not recommend the mission of a Preacher.' His report was presented to the Conference of 1822, Dr. Adam Clarke being President. That report was deeply interesting, and showed a case of very urgent need. Twenty-nine parishes, contain-

ing twenty-five thousand souls, were served by twelve Ministers only. Twenty-four islands expected no pastoral attention, and received none. The foot of the Minister never trode them. Some other islands were visited once in one, two, or three years. Many of the people never heard a sermon in their lives. Many others, in order to hear one, travelled over their pathless, rugged hills and boggy dells—in many cases with bare feet—for twenty or thirty miles. The benighted ignorance and spiritual destitution were most deplorable. The Conference felt that it was bound to do what it could to meet the necessities of such an urgent case. Dr. Adam Clarke became very deeply interested in the islands, and they were confided to his special care. The establishment and success of the Mission are largely due to that care, as shown in his visiting the islands, in his corresponding with the Missionaries, and in his kindling interest in the breasts of many who could and did render substantial help. He is very properly regarded as the father of the Mission, and as such his memory is very dear.

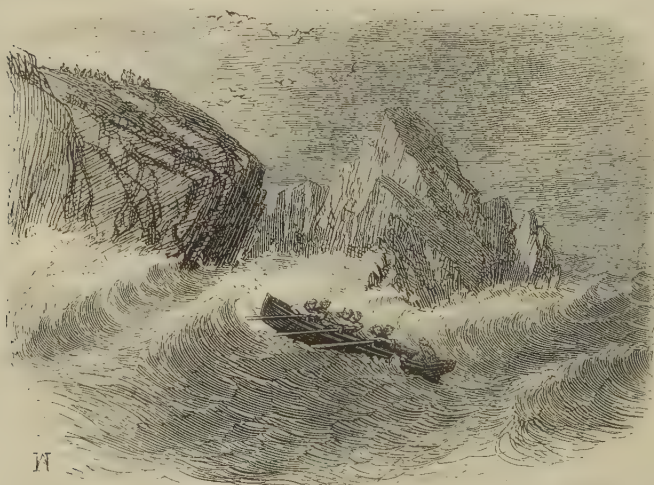
Several additional Preachers were sent out that year; some to give increased pastoral attention to those Circuits in which there had been a great increase of members, others to reap fields where the harvest was truly great, but the labourers were few. Among the latter were the two men who so nobly filled the position of our first Shetland Ministers—John Raby, who had already been in the Mission-field, and Samuel Dunn; and we find their names attached to the last Circuit in the Edinburgh District, ‘314, *Shetland Isles*.’

They embarked at Leith, September 29th, and on Wednesday, October 2nd, after a favourable voyage, arrived at Lerwick in the evening. Their vessel was boarded by many of the islanders who were anxious to obtain news, at which we do not wonder; probably no tidings of any kind had reached them for several weeks. On the next day they went ashore, and, after much searching, found a room to let, which they hired at ten shillings per week. This was bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room and study in one. It had to serve them both. Here they penned their first letters to Dr. Clarke, in which one says: ‘Lodgings are dear; victuals cheap. It is a mercy we got in last night. It has blown a gale of wind since;’ and the other remarks: ‘We can hardly yet form an opinion, though everything seems to favour our design, and promises success in our undertaking; but we are fully aware that it is “not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.”’

They had secured letters of introduction to some of the principal inhabitants of Lerwick, who, without an exception, received them courteously, and bade them God-speed. The Rev. Mr. Reid, the

Independent Minister, kindly lent them his chapel, in which they preached several times to large and attentive congregations. They saw at once the importance of making Lerwick the centre of their operations, but they saw too that other places were far more needy than was that favoured town. It had its Established Church and its Dissenting Chapel. In how many localities was there no place of worship? Accordingly they went forth to the villages and hamlets everywhere.

From the very first their labours seem to have been systematic. Mr. Raby's attention was turned to the North Isles. Mr. Dunn took charge of the Mainland, and the small islands adjacent. At the first opportunity, Mr. Raby proceeded to Yell, and at the earnest request of the people he took up his residence there. He soon had three preaching-places on the island for the Sabbath, and four for week-nights. The island of Fetlar was accessible to him in moderate weather. Unst was visited, though the dangerous Blue Mull Sound



(A bit of Coast, Shetland).

had to be crossed; and in this, the most northerly, and in some respects the most beautiful, island of the group four preaching-places were found. Mr. Dunn's labours were equally abundant. With Lerwick as his home he went east, west, north, and south. We find him preaching at Noss in the morning—where, by the way, he would *now* find no congregation save the ponies,—in Bressay church in the afternoon, and in the Lerwick Independent chapel in the evening. A good Shetland winter day's work, this! We again find

him leaving the hospitable manse of the Rev. J. Turnbull at Tingwall, proceeding to Scalloway, and taking boat for Sand, where he preached to a full house. Reawick, Skeld, Gruting, Walls, Sandness etc., on the west side are all visited; northward he pushes his way to Lunnasting, Delting, Northmavin, etc. They were not long in the islands before they had visited every part.



(Travelling in Shetland.)

Travelling is not easy in Shetland even now. Then it must have been difficult indeed. Excepting in Lerwick, a made road of any kind was not to be found. Pathless hills had to be traversed, and treacherous bogs; while the various voes and sounds, frequently made dangerous by strong winds and rushing tides, had to be crossed in the frailest of boats. We do not wonder at one of them writing: 'The blowing of the wind, the descending of the rain, and the thawing of the snow, rendered travelling this day very disagreeable, and so difficult that I was *three hours in walking five miles*;' nor at his saying: 'The sea was so rough, that I had several mouth-fulls of salt water.' We have had similar experiences ourselves.

They found a people prepared of the Lord. The spirit of enquiry was among them. Their lodgings, wherever they were, were continually besieged by those who were seeking Scriptural teaching and religious counsel. By the time this work had been attended to, and the preaching and house-to-house visitation, in which they were so diligent, there was little leisure left for study. This they mention as one of their heaviest crosses, but they cheerfully bear it. Labouring thus incessantly, they often knew what it was to be thoroughly worn

out. 'I am now quite ready for bed,' writes one of them, 'having walked this day seven miles'—and they were *Shetland* miles,—'preached three times, and visited twenty cottages, with only a few potatoes for dinner, and barley-cake for supper. But, O, how much better than I deserve! . . . It is now,' says he, 'eleven o'clock: many of my brethren in different parts of the world are endeavouring to improve this solemn season'—December 31st, 1822—'I am just going to lay myself down on a straw bed in the corner of a cottage, truly thankful to Him "Who never sleeps," that I am not in the storm which is raging furiously:

For, "lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep!"'

While they were thus toiling in Shetland, Dr. Clarke was as vigorously working for the Mission at home, and God was raising up friends through his instrumentality, who gave their prayers and sympathy, the latter being of a practical kind. The Honourable Miss Sophia Ward, Mr. Scott, Mr. Chappell and others, contributed nobly to the work of God; so that as sites were secured—and they were in many cases given by the Shetland proprietors—chapels were erected here and there throughout the islands. The foundation-stone of the first of these buildings was laid in Lerwick by William Gordon M'Crae, Esq., July 29th, 1823, and the chapel was opened May 6th, 1824. The cost of this erection was £425, of which the Shetlanders subscribed the—for them—very noble sum of £45.

In 1823 two additional preachers were sent, and in 1825 the number was increased to five. The islands were formed into a separate District, and the Circuits that now appear in the *Minutes*, with slight alterations in the names, were then shown. The Appointments ran thus:

XXXV. THE SHETLAND ISLES DISTRICT.—John Lewis, *Chairman*.

335. *Lerwick*,—Joseph Lowthian, William Wears.

336. *Walls and Sandness*,—John Lewis.

337. *Northmavin and Delting*,—William Langridge.

338. *Yell, Unst and Fetlar*,—James C. Hindson.

In 1826 the staff was increased to six ministers, who could with a clear conscience answer in the affirmative the question, 'Have all the preachers sufficient work?'

'NOT AS I WILL.'

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each
hand;

The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great laws unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,

'Not as I will.'

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy often seems the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long !

Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless Love are ordered still,
'Not as I will.'

'Not as I will:' the sound grows
sweet

Each time my lips the words repeat.
'Not as I will:' the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
steals

Likewise whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all unloneliness.

'Not as I will,' because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,

'Not as we will.'

—Helen Jackson.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

TWO OLD DISCIPLES.

HANNAH HOLMES, whose maiden name was Rogers, was born at Bassingham, in the Lincoln Circuit, on the 13th of April, 1800, about the time that the late Rev. John Hickling preached the first Methodist sermon in that village. Her parents were among the first Methodists, and public worship was conducted for some time in their house. By the blessing of God on a pious training, Hannah was led, early in life, to dedicate her heart, then her hands, her voice, her all, to God, and grew up a most consistent, earnest, though unassuming Christian.

In 1824 she was married to Mr. George Holmes, of South Scarle, afterwards of Stapleford, both places in the above Circuit; and through a long life was a most exemplary wife, mother, mistress and neighbour. One of her family says: 'Son never had better mother.' Another well remembers her instructions on a Sunday evening, when all except the mother and the youngest children were at chapel. Her reverence for the sacred Scriptures and the Christian Sabbath was strong and abiding. Kind, considerate and charitable to all, she was frequently heard to say:

'Of the absent and dead
Naught but good should be said.'

Her advice to all young people was, 'Live to God, and begin early in life!' The day before she passed away to the home above, one of her family visited her and read a few of the comforting words of Christ to His disciples from John xiv., when she caught up the words, and said, 'Yes, gone to prepare a place for *me*; He *will come again*, I am waiting *His* good time.' She exchanged mortality for life March 7th, 1883, aged nearly eighty-three years. 'Her children arise up, and call her blessed.'

J. S.

THE Wesleyan-Methodist Society at Bramham, in the Tadcaster Circuit, has recently sustained a very severe loss in the removal, by death, of MR. WILLIAM ROBINSON, on the 21st of July, 1883, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. In very early youth he was taken by his mother to the services which were held by the Wesleyans in the village club-room, and became the subject of very serious impressions. When about seventeen years of age, under a sermon preached by the late Rev. David Stoner, he was truly converted to God. He at once joined the people of God, and for the long space of sixty-seven years continued with them in happy, consistent and devoted fellowship.

He ardently loved the means of grace, and was most regular in his attendance thereat. He 'loved the habitation of' God's 'House,' of which he was the faithful Steward for thirty years; and even when it became painful for him to walk, nothing could dissuade him from going, with tottering steps, to the place where God had so often graciously blessed him. Having himself tasted of the joys of salvation while yet in early youth, he was deeply interested in the salvation of the young. The Sabbath-school was his joy; and for many years he acted therein as a teacher and superintendent.

His blameless life and consistent devotedness to the cause of God led to his appointment as a Class-Leader, in which office he continued for thirty-four years. He took a special interest in his Class, the members of which were the objects of his loving oversight, and wise and fatherly guidance. He was strongly attached to the Ministers and Local-preachers, who ever found in his hospitable house a true 'Preachers' home,' and in himself a tried counsellor and helper. He was careful of the reputation of others, and in his 'tongue' was 'the law of kindness.' He was irreproachable in character, blameless in life, 'adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

During the last four months of his life he was the subject of very severe affliction, which he bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Not a murmur ever escaped his lips. His confidence in God was very joyous, and his enjoyment of the Divine Presence and aid

constant. On many occasions—and especially on the last day of his life—he expressed himself as being very happy; and shortly before death he repeated his unwavering trust and his blessed experience of the sustaining grace of God. His end was eminently peaceful. He ‘fell asleep’ in Jesus.

W. PARSONSON.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE LEMMING.—The Rev. J. G. Wood, in the January number of the *Sunday Magazine*, gives the following curious account of the migration of the lemming: ‘Owing to its fecundity, conjoined with its voracity, it sometimes fails to obtain food in its own district, and migrates southwards. The strangest point about this migration is its exceeding uncertainty. Fortunately, there is seldom an interval of less than seven years between the migrations, and seventeen years have been known to pass before the coming of the lemming. Yet, whatever the interval may be, the whole of the lemmings of vast Northern districts begin their march southwards through Norway and Sweden in search of food. They are divided into two vast armies, which are kept apart by the Kiolen’s range; and it is very curious that they direct their course towards the south-west and south-east. Nothing seems to stop their progress. They only have one idea, namely, to press onwards. If a wall or a house be in their line of march, they will try to climb it rather than go round it, and if they come upon a stack of corn they will eat it, and then go forward. Rivers and even lakes are swum by the lemmings, thousands of which are eaten by the fishes. They are admirable swimmers as long as the surface of the water is smooth, but the least ripple is too much for them, so that if the day be windy very few of those which enter the water are seen to leave it alive. Their ranks are perpetually thinned by birds and beasts of prey which accompany their columns. These parasites are wolves, foxes, wild-cats, stoats and other weasels, eagles, hawks, and owls. It is said that even the reindeer feed upon them. Man eats them, and so obtains some trifling compensation for the destruction of his crops. But while its invasion lasts, the lemming is nearly as destructive as the locust itself, not leaving even a blade of grass behind it. Despairing of checking this terrible foe by ordinary means, the people turned to religion, and had a special service of exorcism prepared against the lemmings. The end of the migration is as unaccountable as its beginning. I have mentioned the instinct which forces the creature to proceed onwards on the line which it has taken. Now, Norway and Sweden form a peninsula, towards the apex of which the course of the lemmings is directed. It follows that sooner or later the animal must arrive at the coast. And having reached the shore, they still must needs go into the sea, where the waves almost immediately drown them.’

JUVENILE INDEPENDENCE IN AMERICA.—Mr. W. E. Adams, in his recent work, *Our American Cousins*, says: ‘An amusing instance of the independence which early in life takes possession of the American people, occurred at a friend’s house. My friend’s son—a smart, intelligent lad of some ten or twelve years—had been put to a good deal of extra trouble on my account. On the day I was leaving I called him aside. But the moment he saw my hand in my pocket, he turned on his heels and disappeared. Nor could I get speech with

him afterwards. I learned subsequently that his own explanation was, that he was too old now to receive presents from his father's guests. If this is the spirit of the youth of America, anybody can understand that the dignity of the elder people will forbid them from asking for what they have not earned. It is, perhaps, to this same spirit that the country is indebted for its freedom from another evil—beggary. There may be beggars in America; indeed, there is at least one State in the Union which has enacted penal laws against them; but I was never importuned for alms myself, nor did I see anybody else. What I did see, however, was a young lad who sold newspapers in the streets of Chicago, who kept and educated an orphan sister out of his earnings, and who was as proud of the girl as any father in the States of his own child.'

A GENEROUS GIFT.—The late Mr. Arthur Wells, of Nottingham, who died a short time since, left fifteen thousand pounds to the London Missionary Society. The Rev. B. Paton, of the Congregational Institute, Nottingham, who knew Mr. Wells intimately, attributes this munificent gift in large measure to the donor's interest in the works of Miss Gordon Cumming—*At Home in Fiji*; *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War*; and *Fire Fountains*,—which bear such striking and impartial testimony to the wonderful influence exerted by Christian Missions in the South Sea Islands. All who are interested in Missionary work should read and circulate these useful and charmingly written books.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.—The Report of the Council shows that last year 1414 congregations made collections, making in the aggregate £33,935 5s. 3d. The amounts of single collections vary from two shillings to £917 11s. 6d. The latter sum is the largest ever paid in by one congregation, and was collected in St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, of which the Rev. Canon Fleming is the Rector. The largest collection in a Methodist Chapel was made at Brixton Hill, and amounted to £68 10s. The Fund was distributed amongst one hundred and forty-eight hospitals, dispensaries and other institutions.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Go Work. A Book for Girls. By ANNIE F. PERRAM. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.—The author of this little book intends it solely for 'girl readers.' Its religious teaching is thoroughly good, and the story may be read with profit by girls of all ages.

The Soul's Communion with Her Saviour. T. Woolmer.—This is the second volume of the Devotional Series now being issued from the Book-Room. It consists of 'Devout Meditations' on the earlier part of our Lord's life and ministry. We earnestly hope that the publication of

these beautiful little books may help to deepen the spiritual life of many.

Marion Forsyth; or, Unspotted from the World.—Mistaken. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.—Two volumes of the 'Christian Life Series.' Miss Swan is a good writer, and the moral teaching of these little books is excellent. They are very suitable for Sunday-school libraries.—*Mistaken* teaches the very necessary lesson that a daughter's first duty is at home, and that even church-work must not unduly interfere with home claims.—*Marion Forsyth* contains some pieces

of poetry, all good in thought, some also in expression.

Preaching Tours and Missionary Labours of George Müller, of Bristol. by Mrs. MÜLLER. London: J. Nisbet and Co.—In addition to the work for which he is so well-known, Mr. Müller has travelled extensively, preaching the Gospel in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent. This volume contains a record of the places he has visited, the number of people he preached to, and the text or topic he selected. It contains also an anecdote or two, and a few descriptions of places taken avowedly from popular guide-books. The value of the book, except to personal friends of Mr. Müller's, is the characteristic *Introduction* from his own pen, and a life-like likeness—the only authorised portrait of George Müller ever published.

The Psalms in Private Devotion.—On His Day: a Morning Portion for each Sabbath in the Year. By the Rev. G. STRINGER ROWE. T. Woolmer.—Two beautiful little volumes, uniform in shape and style with *At His Feet*. They are very suitable either for personal edification, or as gifts to Christian friends. Mr. Rowe has struck a rich vein in these devotional works. We hope that ere long he will give us a second series of *On His Day*, furnishing Sabbath-evening portions.

Mattie and Bessie; or, Climbing the Hill.—Kitty; or, The Wonderful Love. By ANNIE E. COURTENAY. T. Woolmer.—Two pretty and touching little stories, recounting the sorrows and endeavours of little girls in the East-end. At this time, when we are hearing and reading so much about the condition of the poor in London, they will be read with additional interest.

Memorials of a Consecrated Life. Compiled from the Autobiography, Letters, and Diaries of Anne Lutton of Bristol. T. Woolmer.—We are

thankful to see this second and cheaper edition of these most profitable memorials of a truly consecrated life. The first edition was felt by many to be overloaded with extracts from Miss Lutton's correspondence, but here we have the cream only. A most helpful book to Class-leaders.

Life's Music; or, My Children and Me. By E. E. HORNIBROOK.—*Spoilt Guy.* By DARLEY DALE.—*Daintree.* By BERNARD HELDMAN. London: J. Nisbet and Co.—Messrs. Nisbet and Co. have recently published some admirable books for children and young people. *Life's Music* is a quiet, healthy story which reads as if it were an autobiography, it is so true to life.—*Spoilt Guy* is interesting, amusing, and pathetic; but we earnestly hope, and would fain believe, that there are few children, even amongst 'spoilt' children, who at six years of age possess and use pipe and tobacco-pouch! We are thankful that we never came across such an appalling child as Guy is said to have been, and hope we never may.—*Daintree* is a well-meant and thoroughly religious book; but it would have been better for a little more *life* and incident.

Kathleen. By AGNES GIBERNE. J. Nisbet and Co.—A pleasant, homely tale, full of wise hints and healthy lessons, especially to those who are tempted to lean much on others, till, forgetting their own duty and responsibility, they fall at last into utter selfishness. Mr. Jolliffe is a good specimen of this class. There is much diversity of character. Miss Jackson's plain-speaking is quite refreshing. We cannot but think that the continued and mysterious absence of Cleve Jolliffe is borne by his friends with unusual composure; and we cannot help regretting that the heroine's road to happiness could only be made plain by her father's second marriage. Yet we have read the book with profit and pleasure, and hope many more will do the same.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RISE AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	7 41	4 47	6 28m	7 42a	8 28m	7 22m	3 14m
Feb.							
10	7 24	5 5	6 14	8 14	7 40	6 39	2 35
20	7 5	5 23	6 15	8 45	6 52	5 57	1 57
March							
1	6 45	5 41	6 15	9 15	6 5	5 16	1 20

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Feb. 4th, First Quarter 5h. 57m. morn. | Feb. 19th, Last Quarter 3h. 13m. morn.
 „ 11th, Full Moon 4h. 48m. morn. | „ 26th, New Moon .6h. 35m. aft.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 4th . . . 9h. aft., Perigee . . . 230,064 miles.
 „ 18th . . . 8h. morn., Apogee . . . 251,206 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 240,635 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 1st 90,357,080 miles.
 Mar. 1st 90,900,800 „
 Increase of distance for the month . . . 543,720 „

MERCURY, which has been going backward among the fixed stars since the 11th of January, will be stationary on the 1st of February, and the apparent motion will change to direct. On the 14th it attains its greatest angular distance from the Sun, 26 degs. westward, and rises about an hour earlier than the Sun. On the 16th it crosses the ecliptic southward. It will be in conjunction with the Moon, 6 degs. lower, on the 24th, at midnight. On the 26th at noon it will be in aphelion, or at the point of its orbit most remote from the Sun.

Venus, still in the remoter part of its orbit and consequently gibbous, is a fine evening star, setting three hours and upwards after the Sun. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 29th, at 3h. in the afternoon, so close that in many parts of the northern hemisphere the Moon will come between the observer and the planet: four hours later the planet will cross the ecliptic northward.

Mars is in opposition to the Sun on the 1st, and is visible throughout the night. It is now in Cancer, moving backward towards Gemini, and is easily recognised to the east of Castor and Pollux. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 10th, but 10 degs. southward. On the 16th it

attains its greatest elevation above the plane of the ecliptic.

Jupiter will be on the meridian on the night of the 4th at 11h., and on the 18th at 10h., at an altitude of 60 degs., and thus very favourable for observation. At the beginning of the month it is about 14 degs., and at the end 9 degs., westward of Mars, and near Castor and Pollux. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 9th.

Saturn crosses the meridian on the 6th at 7h., and on the 22nd at 6h., in the afternoon, at 58 degs. altitude. On the morning of the 4th its apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct, and it begins to approach Aldebaran, which is only about 6 degs. eastward of the planet. It will be in close conjunction with the Moon on the 5th. On the 15th the extreme length of the ring will be 42 sec., the breadth 18 sec.

Uranus rises on the 14th at 8h., and on the 29th at 7h., in the evening.

Neptune will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 7th. It crosses the meridian on the 6th at 6h., and on the 21st at 5h., in the afternoon, at an altitude of 54 degs. It is almost due south of *Delta Arietis*, a star between 4th and 5th magnitude, distant between 3 and 4 degs.



MR. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.

THE present House of Commons contains a larger number of Methodist representatives than have ever before sat in the great national council. Seven constituencies are represented by men who not only able politicians, but also energetic and faithful members of the Methodist Society. Christian people of all shades of political opinion must rejoice in the fact that so many of those who make laws are devout and earnest followers of the One Master, and engaged in His service in connection with the various branches of Church.

MR. HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER is the younger son of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, who for forty years laboured with distinguished ability in the ranks of our ministry, winning the respect and affection of his brethren and people. In 1848 he was elected

MARCH, 1884.

Secretary of the Conference; and, but for the failure of his health, would have been raised to the Chair. Mr. Henry Fowler was born at Sunderland, on the 16th of May, 1830. He was educated first at Woodhouse-Grove School, and subsequently at St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, where amongst his schoolfellows were the Rev. Robert Newton Young, now Secretary of the Conference; Mr. F. W. Walker, M.A., late High Master of the Manchester Grammar School, and now Head Master of St Paul's School, London; and the late Cromwell Varley, the eminent electrician.

Mr. Fowler chose the law as his profession; and, settling at Wolverhampton, soon won a position of influence amongst his fellow townsmen. He was elected a Town Councillor in 1858, and two years afterwards an Alderman. In 1862 he became Mayor of Wolverhampton, and has ever since occupied a foremost position in local affairs. After the passing of the Education Act he was elected first chairman of the School Board, and at the last general election Wolverhampton conferred upon him its highest honour by electing him as one of its representatives to Parliament. Many men who have great influence in social and political life in their own neighbourhoods, find themselves of comparatively small importance in the House of Commons. But Mr. Fowler was soon recognised as a man of originality, force of character, and power of expression, and has won the admiration not only of his political friends, but also of those who are generally opposed to him. He has taken an active part in the ordinary work of the House. He was much

interested in the passing of the Burials Bill, which relieved many of the inconveniences and unfairnesses to which Nonconformists were liable, and one of his ablest speeches was made on this subject. Mr. Fowler is one of that section of Liberals who attach the greatest importance to the social improvement of the people.

The cares and interests of municipal and political life have not, however, prevented Mr. Fowler from taking his share in Church work. In the Circuit in which he resides he has held most of the stewardships, and has been active in promoting the interests of Methodism in Wolverhampton and its neighbourhood. Mr. Fowler's first public address was delivered at a meeting of Ministers' children, held at City-road, at which Mr. S. D. Waddy, now M.P. for Edinburgh, also spoke.

Mr. Fowler is a member of the principal Connexional Committees, and has been a Lay Representative to the Conference. He is also a Director of the Star Life Assurance Society.

Mr. Fowler married, in 1857, Ellen, youngest daughter of the late George B. Thorneycroft, Esq., of Wolverhampton, a good Methodist, and one of the leading ironmasters of South Staffordshire.

AN INFIDEL'S ADVICE.

THE REV. H. A. Graves, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, says that when he was a boy he boarded in a house in which a number of men were accustomed to meet for the purpose of gambling. They found out that he was a Methodist, and often amused themselves by ridiculing him as he sat reading his Bible at the table when they played cards. One evening they concluded their sport by a mock prayer-meeting, in which they made special reference to the little Methodist, and jestingly asked that their bad example might not lead him astray. One of the men, however, felt heartily ashamed of this profane performance, and meeting the lad privately, said that as he 'was away from parental counsel and among bad men, he was constrained to advise him.' He said: 'I see that you are reading the Bible. I am known in the city as an infidel; but I say to you, my little son, stick to your Bible. I see that men who read and follow the Scriptures make a mark in the world. I am a bad man. I formed evil habits in early life. Read your Bible, and try to follow its precepts.' Mr. Graves adds: 'That honest gambler's advice has followed me through the vicissitudes of nearly half a century.'

AONIO PALEARIO.

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

AONIO PALEARIO was born at Veroli, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, probably in 1503. Both the aristocracy and the peasantry claim his parentage. On the one hand, it is said that his father was of a patrician family, from which prelates and even princes had sprung; on the other, it is contended that his parents were humble mechanics. Both his parents died when he was a child; but they left behind them pious influences that were never forgotten. His father when dying commended him to the care of a certain John Martelli. The guardian showed himself exceedingly solicitous as to the education of the boy, and had him trained in the newer learning then beginning to revolutionize the intellectual life of Europe. Aonio was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the bishop, who took the greatest interest in his progress. The youthful scholar entirely satisfied his teachers and patrons. He manifested a peculiar aptitude for the acquirement of the Greek and Latin languages, and mastered the substance of the books he read, as well as the tongues in which they were written. His disposition was lovable in the extreme, and enthusiastic almost to a fault, while his mental powers prophesied his future eminence.

At the age of seventeen he quitted his native town for the city of Rome. The journey was undertaken solely that he might prosecute his studies at the feet of the celebrated professors who had been drawn to the papal city in large numbers during the magnificent pontificate of Leo X. Six quiet, happy years were spent in earnest study, in listening to the lectures of the most renowned scholars of the age, and in forming friendships with some of the ablest scholars and authors, and with ingenuous, cultivated young men like-minded with himself.

Early in 1527 he was driven from Rome by the tidings that the Emperor Charles V. had declared war against the Pope, and his army was marching upon the city. Thus he escaped the unutterable miseries of the occupation of Rome by a ferocious, licentious, ungovernable soldiery. Even the obscurity of Veroli, whither Paleario retired, did not exempt it altogether from the horrors of war. It was visited by at least one of the bands of cruel, avaricious, lustful troops that wandered over Italy, committing every kind of excess in all directions.

The moment the Imperial army withdrew from Rome, Paleario returned to it, to find the city deserted of both patrons and professors

of classical and philosophical learning. He resolved to travel, at any rate throughout Italy, in the double hope of adding to his culture and procuring some suitable employment. To obtain the necessary funds, he sold a small estate he had inherited from his father, the purchaser being John Martelli. After the price had been settled, Paleario insisted upon receiving one-fifth less in acknowledgment of the kindness of his former guardian. His affectionate spirit showed itself, moreover, in the presents he sent to each member of the family, robbing his loved library of its volumes, and distributing his scanty store of silver plate.

His affairs arranged, Paleario began his travels. He passed from city to city, forming friendships with the most eminent thinkers and authors of the land. His longest stay was at Siena, where he was treated with especial kindness and respect. He studied for a while at the University of Padua. His residence here introduced the diligent and successful student of secular learning to sources of knowledge of which he had hitherto tasted nothing. He began the study of theology in the light of the Written Word itself. I cannot say what was the immediate effect produced, but a foundation was laid upon which a goodly superstructure was reared in due time.

From Padua it was but natural to go to Bologna. Scarcely had he reached that city, when a message reached him which caused him to hurry back to Siena. His friend, Petrini Bellanti, stood in danger of his life, and Paleario might do much to save him. One of the noblest figures in the history of Siena is Petrini Bellanti, a patriot, upright, unselfish, statesmanlike. All the Italian cities were subject to factions, who cared everything for party, and nothing for the State. So furious were the factions in Siena, that it merited its name of 'the worst governed city in Italy.' Bellanti was specially obnoxious to the democratic faction. They attempted to assassinate him, and failing, furbished up an old and unjust law with which to accomplish his judicial murder. They accused one of his servants of smuggling salt into the city, and demanded that the penalty of death and confiscation of all property should be carried out upon the master. No one dared undertake his defence: for the dagger of the assassin might be employed upon counsel and prisoner in the very court itself. Would Paleario defend his friend? The request was granted without a moment's hesitation. His speech, while instinct with fire and earnestness and argument, followed the models of ancient eloquence. In adopting this style the advocate acted wisely. Close and elegant imitations of Latin orators were at that day held in the highest esteem, and the judges could not but give a respectful hearing to pleas decked in such clothing. Bellanti was acquitted, but the advocate found it

necessary to retire to Padua, lest he should fall a victim to his own triumph.

Shortly afterwards Paleario purchased a charming little property called Cecignano. It was situated near the little town of Colle, which had offered Paleario the freedom of its city. In his new domain he passed some happy years, beautifying it, and cultivating its fields. He lived the sort of life philosophers in all ages have agreed to envy, combining gardening and agriculture with diligent study, hard thinking and elevating conversation. In September, 1538, he married Marietta Guidotti, who proved in every way worthy of him. He shrank from marriage for long, because he had imbibed the popish notion of the superior holiness of celibacy. It was a sensible and devout Roman bishop who convinced him that marriage need not hinder the perfect service of God.

These peaceful years were not devoted entirely to out-door occupations, or to classical and philosophical study. During them the fame of Paleario's scholarship spread far beyond the bounds of Italy; but he was growing comparatively indifferent to it. His thoughts dwelt intently upon the corruptions of the Papal Church, and upon the pure doctrine of the Gospels, especially the doctrine of justification by faith.

There are few sadder stories to tell than that of the abortive Italian Reformation. Some years ago a tale was published, called *From Dawn to Dark in Italy*. The title expresses the sorrowful truth. At one time the prospect looked bright: it appeared as though a feather's weight would give to the Reformers preponderating power in the Church, but the then Pope threw the whole force of his energetic, resolute, bloodthirsty character into the opposite scale, and saddest night belied the promise of a glorious day. It would almost seem that God gave a final trial to the Papal Church, allowing it an opportunity of internal purification which, heartily and courageously used, might have made it a fit channel to convey Divine grace to the famishing souls of men. But it rejected the proffer as cruelly as determinedly.

Aonio Paleario shared the views and the hopes of the most enlightened and pious Romanists. He desired to remain in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, but longed for the banishment of abuses, and for the spread of a deeper spiritual life. None rejoiced more than he in the fervour, the evangelical purity, and the enormous popularity of the preaching of Peter Martyr and Bernardino Ochino. The freedom with which they were allowed to declare their doctrines gave him intense satisfaction. He must have seen most gladly the rise of less-known preachers, who went throughout Italy publishing the

genuine Gospel. But the Inquisition was scarcely set upon Italy before its terrible power and wide ramifications turned back the rising tide of truth. Peter Martyr and Ochino were compelled to flee for their lives. Many humbler preachers of the Gospel were swept into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and were heard of no more. For the Roman Inquisition, unlike its Spanish sister, delighted to seize and to torment and slay its victims in utter secrecy. M. Bonnet mentions a certain missionary of the Cross, Baldassar Altieri, who was proscribed by the Holy Office. The last sentence in his journal reads: 'Know that I am hourly exposed to the danger of death. There is not a single spot in Italy where I can find a refuge. The wicked will have no rest till they have devoured me alive; yet a voice from heaven whispers in my ear, "Be of good courage, for I am with thee."' Here the record ends abruptly. There is little doubt that the glorious doom the writer anticipated overtook him.

In one respect Paleario was more clear-sighted than the majority of the Evangelical Romanists. They hoped much from the General Council the Pope had promised to assemble, which did assemble at Trent. Paleario perceived that no real reformation could proceed from a Council summoned by and under the direction of the Pontiff and the Sacred College. He therefore issued a remarkable appeal to the theologians and princes of Europe. The civil rulers, he argued, might assemble a Council and guarantee its freedom. To this Council all parties should be invited, even the most anti-papal of the German and Swiss Reformers. They might arrive at unity of creed and discipline; at any rate, they could come to terms of fraternal agreement and mutual recognition. It is little to say that his notions of toleration were far in advance of his age: they reached the true New Testament standard. Particularly wise was his remonstrance with the antagonistic sects of Protestantism: 'If you differ as to the interpretation of some particular points, is that a reason you should tear one another in pieces? Let each keep his own opinion while respecting the opinion of his neighbour.' Paleario's encyclical created some stir, but it produced no practical effect. The combatants were too busily engaged to heed the voice of a solitary scholar.

Was this the only public service which about this time Paleario rendered to the cause of Christ? An answer cannot be returned with absolute assurance. In 1543 a small book of seventy-two pages was published in Venice. It was called: *A Most Useful Treatise concerning the Benefit through Christ Crucified, for the Use of Christians*. The printer announced that he issued it without the author's name or distinct authority. The Venetian edition was exhausted very rapidly. Other editions were published in swift succession from various print-

ing-presses. It rivalled the *Pilgrim's Progress* in popularity, and the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* in spiritual insight and depth. Forty thousand copies were sold in Italy alone. It was translated into several languages, and was circulated largely in most European countries. Our own Edward VI. esteemed it above all other books except the Bible. The Papacy employed every conceivable engine to suppress and destroy it; and, finally, with such success, that Lord Macaulay pronounced its recovery as hopeless as that of the lost books of Livy. A few years ago a copy was discovered in the Cambridge University Library, and English translations of it have been printed. It contains the very marrow of the Gospel, set in words of the utmost beauty and pathos and overmastering earnestness. Who wrote 'the little golden book,' the *Benefit through Christ*? Many answers have been returned to this question: Cardinal Pole, Cardinal Morone, Antonio Flaminio, etc.; an unknown author whose work was revised by Pole and his associates. Recent investigations have shown that, with the possible exception of the last, none of these replies are tenable, and that there is a high degree of probability that the writer was Aonio Paleario. There can be little doubt that he was in the secret of the authorship, and that the book had passed through his hands. One of the strongest reasons for crediting Paleario with the authorship of this book is that in the most dangerous circumstances he avowed himself the writer of a book exactly similar. Of such a book, except 'the little golden' one, no traces exist.

In 1542, during his temporary absence from Siena, he was accused before the Inquisition at Rome and the Senate of Siena of heresy. Paleario had friends in both quarters, and neither Senate nor Inquisition took up the charge very heartily. His enemies at Siena thereupon raised a tumult against him; and a vast crowd, led by the monks, appeared before the Archbishop of Siena, passionately demanding Paleario's death. The prelate, a personal friend of Paleario's, rejected the accusation with every demonstration of contempt. Nevertheless he was put upon his trial before the Senate. Italy scarcely ever heard a more remarkable oration than the one he delivered in his defence. For chaste eloquence and boldness of speech it stands almost unrivalled. He referred with unmistakable directness to two or three of the most striking passages in *The Benefit*, and prefaces them with the declaration, 'I said,' 'I affirmed.' He challenged his judges to pronounce their sentence, and adds: 'If I must suffer this punishment [death by fire] for the testimony which I have borne—for I regard my treatise rather as a testimony than as a book—then, gentlemen, nothing can happen more glorious for me. At a time like that in which we live, I do not believe that any Christian will die in his bed. What matter

if we are accused, beaten with rods, hanged, sewn up in sacks, thrown to wild beasts, or cast into the flames, if, by these sufferings, the truth is brought to light?' He did not scruple to avail himself dexterously of the political partisanship of members of the Senate, any more than St. Paul did to claim the protection of the Pharisaic party in the Sanhedrin (see Acts xxiii. 6). His oratory saved him. Carried away with its eloquence and force, the judges acquitted him.

He could not, however, remain in Siena. He accepted a professorship at Lucca, and by and by at Milan, pledging himself not to teach the new doctrines publicly. He continued to hold them without any concealment, and to teach them in private, for three and twenty years. The accession of Pope Pius V. in 1566, put fresh vigour into the persecutions, and the Inquisition sought for new victims. Among the rest was Paleario. First he was accused before the Milanese magistrates; but they entered with so little heartiness into the affair that Paleario was summoned before the Inquisition at Rome. He obeyed with alacrity. Trustworthy records of his examination do not exist, though the confessions of Papal writers show that he maintained his faith and constancy to the end, as his own last letters to his wife and son declare. On July 3rd, 1570, he was hanged, and his scarcely lifeless body was thrown into the fire.

THE 'THINGS TO COME.'

BY THE REV. T. ALEXANDER SEED.

'Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.'—JAMES IV. 14.

NO; but we should like to know. Many a man could make his fortune to-day if he only knew what was going to take place to-morrow. Besides, we are so made that there is in every one of us a curious desire to look into the future. We are made, as the poet says, to 'look before and after.'

We cannot entirely forget the past. Some hold that we never forget anything; and I incline to think so too. Strangely enough, since I took up my pen to write, I have had a confirmation of this opinion. While thinking over my subject, there rippled up from my memory a few lines that you will find at the end of this paper, and that I am confident have been buried there for many, many years; and I dare say you have often had a similar experience. We may lose sight of something almost for a life-time; but let suitable circumstances arise, and the fact or thought which seemed to have sunk into oblivion starts up vividly before the mind. We *must* look back; do what we will we cannot entirely forget the past; and it may be one of the torments of the lost, as it may be one of the joys

of the saved, to review the events and experiences of their earthly life. And if it be true that 'Son, Remember!' is one of the Creator's laws for every child of man, it is equally true that God has made us with a forward look. We cannot live entirely in the present and the past; we must anticipate the future: and there is in every man a strong desire to know exactly what that future will be. But this he cannot know, except in so far as it has pleased God to reveal it.

Many in the olden time, and some in our own day, have sought, by vain and curious arts—by watching the stars, by consulting oracles, by conjuring with certain numbers in the Bible—to foretell the coming destinies of nations and of men. An amusing instance of the way in which people are still deluded by these modern practisers of the forbidden art, came under the writer's observation during the late Egyptian war of 1882. A friend of his had read in one of the weekly prophetic prints that, according to some prediction in the Book of Jeremiah, Sir Garnet Wolseley (who was then at Alexandria) would not long stay there, but would storm the fortifications and effect a landing at Aboukir, a little further up the coast. And, sure enough, he did leave Alexandria for Aboukir Bay, as it had been predicted in the daily newspapers above a week before. But what was my friend's annoyance and perplexity to find that, on his arrival there, Sir Garnet, instead of stopping to fulfil the prophecy of the literary seer, weighed anchor under cover of night, steamed quickly round the northern coast of Egypt, entered the Suez Canal, took 'Tel-el-Kebir, and marched on to Cairo, while 'all the world wondered;' and left the enemy's garrison at Aboukir to surrender at their will.

Many of the Lord's people seem inclined to turn prophets in these latter days. But, with all their prying and trying, they have only succeeded thus far in proving their own folly and presumption; and to all such desires to share the omniscience of God, there comes the solemn and humiliating answer from the Saviour's lips: 'It is not for *you* to know times or seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.' Starting from this fact, then, that, for the most part, the future is hidden from us, and purposely hidden, suppose that you and I spend a quarter of an hour together in enquiring why this is so, and in what spirit we should look forward to a future so uncertain and unknown.

First of all, then, when we enquire into the reason why the things to come are veiled from us, I feel sure you will agree with me that this is a most wise and kind arrangement on the part of God. For, suppose now, that all our future life on earth were at once revealed to us. Suppose that we had read somewhere how that the bright hopes of youth would fade; how that sorrow, disappointment, loss awaited

us ; how that, even if great misfortunes came not, a dull gray cloud spread over our life, would tinge all things with its gloom—what then ? If all that we have to bear and do and suffer were at once disclosed to us, which of us could endure to live ? We should be smitten into despair at the outset. Whereas now we go on, calmly and hopefully—mercifully kept in ignorance of impending sorrows, often till the moment that they fall upon us.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I am afraid sometimes that I should not dare to pray any more if I knew beforehand how God would answer my prayers—how He would be obliged to answer my prayers if He answered them at all—perhaps by pain, perhaps by bitter disappointment and by heavy loss.

We should tremble at our coming trial ; we should shrink from the purifying fires, if we could see them clearly before us ; whereas now we enter them blindfold, as it were ; and it is the flame which purges us that burns the bandage from our eyes, and shows us the fire. How would children feel, if they were told that on such a day this year they would be carried to the grave ? How would parents feel if, in the family Bible, there were written the dates of their children's death, by the side of the dates of their birth ? or, if they were assured that they would live to know ' how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child ' ?

It would be a terrible thing if all our future ills were all at once disclosed to us. It is kind and wise, then, of our Father to hide them from our view. Nor would it be better for us to know for certain of a good time coming. We trust there is ; and may God grant it to you, if it will be really good for you. But think now for a moment, and you will acknowledge that it would most likely not be well if that prosperity were revealed to you. There would then be anxious and impatient waiting. Both you and I and all of us would be restless, discontented. We should put off our duties, many of them, till the good time came ; and when it did come, being unfitted by our previous state of mind for enjoying it aright, or for using its opportunities as we ought, we should thus be laying up for ourselves a complete and bitter disappointment.

Nor, once again, must we suppose that it would be well to be assured of our salvation at the end of life. We may all of us be sure of our salvation now. God has promised to every one that trusteth in His Son the ' knowledge of salvation . . . by the remission of sins.' But no one can be sure of his final salvation, because that depends entirely on his final perseverance ; and no man can be certain that he will endure to the end and be saved. And it is very questionable whether such a certainty, were it possible, would be a blessing.

It might lead to indolence, and carelessness, and presumption ; and it would be almost sure in some cases to lead to such a neglect of the means of grace as would make us less meet for the heavenly inheritance.

In no sense, then, can you and I be certain about the details of our coming life ; nor is it well that we should be. Its character will be largely determined by our conduct in the present life, and not least by the way in which we regard it. In what spirit, then, should we look forward to this unknown, uncertain portion of our life ?

1. *Without presumption.*—‘Boast not thyself of to-morrow,’ says the Wise Man ; ‘for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.’ He does not say : ‘Think not of to-morrow ; provide not for to-morrow.’ Nor did our Saviour say so in the Sermon on the Mount, though many still persist in saying that He did. In the Revised Version of Matt. vi. 34, you will find an exact translation of what He really did say, namely : ‘Be not therefore *anxious* for the morrow ;’ which is a very different thing. We must *think* for the morrow. Without doing so, we cannot fulfil our duty either to God, or to our neighbour, or to ourselves. We must form plans, we must make arrangements for the morrow, and perhaps for many morrows ; but be not too sure about it all. Admit the thought that everything may be different from what you anticipate, and you will be spared many disappointments.

‘Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into this city, and spend a year there, and trade, and get gain : whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. What is your life ? For ye are a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall both live, and do this or that.’—James iv. 13–15 (Revised Version).

‘If the Lord will!’ Let that temper and sanctify all your schemes for the future. Make your calculations and plans as wisely as you please ; only take into account the great uncertainty of life, and the overruling providence of God.

2. *Without despondency.*—You will of course expect sorrows and losses of various kinds and from various sources in the future as in the past. All who know anything of human life will expect these. But you do not need to anticipate them. Why should you meet trouble half way ? It will come soon enough. Why should you torment yourself by conjuring up before your mind imaginary griefs that never may exist ? The old proverb says : ‘The worst troubles are those that never come ;’ and there is a good deal of truth in it. Besides, since the future is unknown, there may be better things in store for you than, in your fears, you think. Look forward, then, with confidence and hope.

3. And, lastly, *be sure that you look forward far enough.*—Take into account, in forming all your plans, those things which may especially be called 'The things to come,'—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. Many men take into their reckoning the uncertainty of life; but they stop there. They will readily make their wills, and ensure their lives: all wise and prudent men do this: but they stubbornly refuse or carelessly neglect to look beyond. Be you more prudent and far-sighted. Lift up the eyes of your soul. Look through the mists of this little valley of life to those great realities that rise up before you like the distant mountains, glorious and terrible.

For, after all, we do know something about the future. God has revealed to us what it most concerns us to know. We know that we must die. We know that, after death, we must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Nay, farther still our eyes can penetrate, beyond the Great White Throne, and (in the light of revelation) see what there awaits the sinful and the saved.

On the one hand, we can see a city large and beautiful and full of happy life; and, on the other, the dense shades of darkness and of desolation. Here, are pastures green, and waters still by which the Shepherd leads His flock; there, a pit of woe in which are worms which die not, and the fire which is not quenched. Here, harps, and crowns, and palms of victory; there, 'adamantine chains and penal fires' for those who 'durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.' Here, every tear is wiped away, and neither death nor pain nor sorrow shall be tasted any more; but there, is weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth—the second death. Here, light and joy and sweet companionship; there, gloom and misery.

We see all this. We know all this. We believe all this. But do we realize it? Do we ever really think of it? Do you? And do you know how near you may be to that great event that seals your doom? A gentleman of my acquaintance was once speaking to a congregation on this very subject, and he was impressed with the thought that some of his hearers were listening to the Gospel for the last time. He therefore spoke as pointedly and kindly as he could, and urged the unsaved instantly to think, and tremble, and prepare against the fatal day. That very week, one of his hearers, without a moment's warning, was called to his account. Poor fellow! He was working on the line; a train came round a curve quite unexpectedly; and he was killed in a most shocking way. Little did he think when listening to my friend that he would be so suddenly cut off. O, what a mercy if he took the warning and obeyed the exhortations of that Sabbath-day! And you, reader, what

shall I say to you in parting from you, after this brief talk? What but that life is just as uncertain in your case and mine as it was in his. Shall we not therefore listen to the Saviour's voice when He says to us: 'Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.'

If you *are* ready, you may go forward with a light and cheerful heart. Long life will be an increasing joy; and early death, a longer heaven.

'Nor love thy life, nor hate,
But what thou liv'st, live well;
How long or short, permit to heaven;
And now prepare thee for the life to come.'

AN INVALID'S SABBATH PRAYER.

JESUS my Lord, Thy grace impart
To me, upon this hallowed day
With heavenly influence cheer my
heart,

O give me power to pray!

A happy throng have hastened by,
Thy courts with gladness ent'ring in:
Help me to quell the rising sigh,
Let faith the vict'ry win.

Thou Lord, within Thine house art
found,

Thou dost among Thy saints appear;
Yet let *this* spot be holy ground,
I ask Thy presence here!

In solitude on Thee I wait,
Believing Thou wilt hear my prayer;
Wilt not forget my poor estate,
But chase away my care.

Speak through Thy Word, whilst o'er
the page

With rev'rent love and faith I bend;
Thy voice shall all my grief assuage,
My faithful God and Friend!

Then songs of grateful praise shall
rise

From this low couch to heaven above;
And whispered blessings from the
skies,

Shall tell me, 'God is Love!'

—E. A. Wood.

'MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.'

AN INVALID'S EXPERIENCE.

AFTER a lengthened absence from England, I returned, at the urgent entreaty of my friends, to London, to undergo an operation of a most painful nature.

After a consultation between several eminent doctors, it was decided that the operation was to be performed without my having chloroform administered, as the state of my lungs, it was thought, would not admit of my taking it with safety. One of my medical advisers felt it his duty to tell me that it was a most difficult and trying operation and to prepare me for the worst.

In three days it was fixed the operation was to take place. When I was informed of the fact, my courage gave way completely, and I exclaimed, 'I cannot bear it, I would rather die!' Seeing what pain I caused my friends by this, I asked to be left alone for an hour. I then fell on my knees and told my Heavenly Father all about it; gently and gradually such a holy calm overspread my soul that I felt like a little child hushed to rest on its mother's bosom, and I heard whispered into my soul these words: 'My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in' thy 'weakness.'

From that time forward, during the whole of the three days, such a wonderful peace overspread my soul, that I could but repeatedly ejaculate: 'Most gladly therefore will I rather *glory* in my infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.'

Once, but only once, I faltered, when Satan was permitted to whisper into my mind: 'This calmness and peace is all very well, but just wait until your hour of trial comes;' but I 'gat me to my Lord right humbly,' and again I seemed to hear, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' During those three days I felt as though Jesus were at my side: when I walked about, an invisible presence seemed to be continually with me, and my soul was kept in perfect peace. I felt no anxiety or care as the day approached, it seemed to be a something outside of myself that had suffering before it. At last the hour arrived; it is true I was conscious of a *slight* sensation of pain, but words cannot describe the ecstatic vision that flooded my soul! It seemed as though for one brief moment heaven opened; but the glory and the joy of what I saw no words of mine could describe. The sound of the voice of one of the doctors telling me the operation was over, recalled me to myself. My first impulse was to break forth into singing, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever;' but this my doctors strictly forbade, enjoining perfect quiet; so I lifted up my heart in silent prayer, thanking the dear Lord for His unspeakable goodness to me.

Gradually I recovered my strength, and taking my place in my family again, the old worries and anxieties seemed as of old to get the ascendancy. Having a spare and quiet half-hour, I resolved to search out how it could be that I could actually look back with longing to the days that had preceded my operation. On prayerful examination of my own heart, I soon found how it was. During those three days I was conscious of *abiding* in Christ; as I sat at my sewing, while my fingers were employed, ejaculatory prayer or sweet communion with my Heavenly Father engrossed my mind; and when such communion or prayer were, for the time, interrupted by active employment, I

returned to it, as a child, after a temporary absence, runs with joy into its mother's arms.

And I thought, can this sort of life to which I have returned be the one my Father in heaven intends His children to live? Surely not. I remembered the words of the Psalmist, 'O that My people had hearkened unto Me, and Israel had walked in My ways.'

What, too, could be the meaning of knowing 'the breadth and length, and depth and height' of the love of God, if it was not something of what had been revealed to me during those three days. Then, too, I thought of the words which bid us to 'pray without ceasing,' and 'in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving' to let our 'requests be made known unto God.' So I resolved, with God's help, that as I had done with the great trial, so I would do with the little every-day cares and worries of life,—I would bring them all to Jesus. Well, dear reader, instead of being worried and fretted with trifles, I seemed again to be transported into the tranquil haven that my spirit had known during the three days I have mentioned. I was not without care and suffering also; but instead of repining, I could thank my Saviour for 'the fellowship of His sufferings.'—C. B.

'OLD CHARLIE'; OR, THE MUSICAL FISHERMAN.

BY THE REV. OWEN DAVIES.

I CANNOT tell why they called him '*old Charlie*,' for, at the time of which I write, he certainly was not more than thirty-five years of age. But that was what his neighbours did call him. Even men twice as old as himself spake of him as '*old Charlie*.' His surname was not required at all to distinguish him from the other Charlies of the village—it had fallen quite out of use.

He was a thick-set, ruddy, open-faced man, who spent half of his time on the sea, and knew, he used to say, every billow between Plymouth Sound and the Eddystone Lighthouse.

'Old Charlie' may, or may not have been, a better fisherman than his neighbours; I am not qualified to speak about that; but he had the advantage of them in one respect—he had a talent for music. He sang in the church choir on Sundays, and he taught himself to play the clarionet.

He was rather proud of his instrument; and, although he did not venture on anything classical, he was regarded by his neighbours as an uncommon man. Some of them thought he ought to go to



(“OLD CHARLIE,” GIVE US A TUNE.)—See page 114.

London, and make his fortune right off. His tunes were for the most part hymn tunes. His fingers rose and fell on the instrument with a precision that excited the wonder of novices, and moved the envy of rivals; and he blew in at the mouth-piece with so much force that lookers-on almost expected that his whole being would ‘ooze away at the keys.’

‘Old Charlie’ had a wife and three sons. They lived in a small house in a court, and on Sunday afternoons the instrument, carefully wrapped in a dingy, green-baize bag, was taken out of a cupboard, and the playing began.

It is astonishing what an effect the music had on the other dwellers in the court. The older people opened the windows wide that the full volume of sound might float into their houses, and the children gathered round ‘old Charlie’s’ door, which was not shut, and looked with wondering eyes on the player. Sometimes the tune was very cheerful, almost racy enough to set the children singing and dancing; and then, in a moment, he would sink into a solemn strain, and old and young alike felt as though they could cry.

One or two of the neighbours thought ‘old Charlie’ a bore, and

even went so far as to say that they wished both the player and the instrument were at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. The majority, however, often confessed that the music was 'as good as a sermon.'

Without knowing it, 'old Charlie' often put a stop to many a small family feud, and helped to reconcile many a poor man to his humble lot. 'How cheerful he is,' they used to say; 'no weather comes amiss to "old Charlie"!'

In winter, when the sea was too rough for fishing, his mates would drop into his house on a week-evening and say, "'Old Charlie," give us a tune.' Then the veins would swell in his neck, and the strong fishermen would join in with their deep, bass voices, until the court rang with the music.

One Sunday no music issued from 'old Charlie's' house, and the clarionet lay untouched in the bag for many weeks after. His eldest boy, while playing with other boys had fallen over a high cliff, and was taken up, not dead, as everybody said he would be, but unconscious, with a fractured leg and sundry cuts and bruises. The surgeon had his fears about the brain; but said that if the lad could be kept perfectly quiet, he might pass through the terrible crisis with no worse result than lameness. It was a sad time for 'old Charlie' and his wife. Even the most unneighbourly of the inhabitants of the court had their sympathy aroused, and said that the Sunday afternoon silence was harder to bear than the music of which they had so often complained.

When the boy began to recover, his pale face soon won him many friends. They brought him pictures illustrative of Scripture subjects. There were Abraham offering up Isaac, two men carrying a huge bunch of grapes (which made the lad's mouth water), Daniel in the den of lions, Jonah just vanishing out of sight in the mouth of a whale (which made him shudder), and our blessed Lord bending under the weight of the cross (which made the tears gather in his eyes). They also brought him little books. *Early Days* was a great favourite, and so was *The Peep o' Day*. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, too, was read again and again.

The boy soon knew more of Biblical history than his parents; and 'old Charlie' was in the habit of saying to visitors, that it would be no surprise to him if his son made a preacher; for, in all his life, he had never met with such a memory for Scripture. The accident was made a blessing in this respect.

By-and-by, with the aid of a crutch, the lad began to walk; and quiet was, of course, no longer imposed. The instrument was brought to light again, and every note was a note of grateful praise. Our beloved Queen, kneeling reverently in the great cathedral, was not

more thankful for the recovery of her son, the Prince of Wales, than 'old Charlie' and his wife were for the restoration of their boy, though his agility was never quite brought back.

Some time afterward 'old Charlie's' clarionet was silent for many weeks for another reason. I am sorry to make this confession, but the truth must be told. At the time of which I write, it was customary (I am not sure that the custom is yet abolished) for the buyers of fish to pay the fishermen weekly, on Saturday evening, at an inn, and some money was expected to be spent 'for the good of the house'—as they called it. This custom often proved disastrous to a feeble and limping morality. The *White Lion*, the *Brown Cow*, and the *Swan with two Necks*, often swallowed a large proportion of the earnings of the fishermen. No one meant to spend much; but who could resist the blazing fire, the comfortable bench, the smiling host, and the festive company?

'Old Charlie' did not often indulge in liquor, but on the occasion to which I refer he drank more than was good for him, and returned to his home intoxicated. He was very merry, and thought he would play two or three tunes. The clarionet was soon in his hands, but his fingers trembled, he had no blowing vigour left, and the sounds were discordant. Vexed with his instrument, for he blamed it rather than himself, he flung it on the floor, and spoilt it for further use until it had passed through the hands of a maker of musical instruments. It was a great trial to him when he became sober to remember how foolish and wicked he had been. He thought of the pleasure that his instrument had given him hundreds of times. He thought of God's goodness to him in supporting him when his boy was brought home pale and bleeding. He thought of promises which he had made in secret that, God helping him, he would be a better man. He thought of his obligations to God for restoring his son. And his act of last night had brought to the ground the work of years. He was utterly ashamed of himself. The tears soon began to fall, and he sobbed as though his heart would break. He was like his broken instrument. He had no music left in him. He needed re-making. His heart was very sore, and very sad.

One of 'old Charlie's' neighbours was a Methodist, a man accustomed to deal with penitents, a man who had pointed many distressed sinners to the Atoning Blood, and he soon saw that all was not right with the clarionet-player. Taking him by the arm one day he told him that he knew of a medicine for sick hearts, and earnestly and lovingly he preached unto him Jesus. It needed no argument to persuade 'old Charlie' to accompany his friend to the Methodist Chapel on the next Lord's Day evening. The service was made a

blessing to him. Many members of the congregation left their pews, and knelt in penitence at the Communion rail. 'Old Charlie' was one of the first. The Saviour soon took away his sins, and doubts, and fears, and gave him pardon and peace. He could not tell what to do with himself in his new rapture. He waved his handkerchief, clapped his hands, and shouted. It was a season which I, who was present, can never forget.

Where he got his spiritual life and light he resolved henceforth to worship. His clarionet was repaired and consecrated to the service of God. 'Old Charlie' was honoured with a place in the choir; and he played 'with the spirit,' and 'with the understanding also.'

I see the square pew now, in which he and his associates sat. There were two or three instruments of music besides the clarionet. How lustily the players blew! How loudly the singers sang! They never seemed tired. After singing six or seven verses, they looked towards the preacher, as much as to say, 'Don't give over; we are quite ready for you; go on;' and when going on was impossible, because the hymn was quite gone through, they repeated the last two lines with an energy that made the very pulpit shake.

It is a comely thing when gifts or talents of any kind are consecrated to the service of God. Let him who can sing, sing to God's glory; let him who can play on an instrument, play to God's glory; let him who has the gift of speech, speak to God's glory; and let him who can write, write to God's glory. It is thus that heaven begins on earth.

Most of 'Old Charlie's' fellow-choristers have passed away. C., the flautist, has gone; G., the trombone-player, has gone; R., the treble, whose high notes made listeners hold their breath anxiously, has gone. Let us hope that they are in the heavenly choir, and helping to swell the chorus of the skies. But 'Old Charlie' is living still. His face has not lost its ruddiness, but his hair is white; and when he plays on his clarionet his airs have a plaintiveness that tells of the end of life rather than the beginning.

He wonders if he shall feel at home in a world where there is no sea; but he consoles himself with the thought that heaven is a place of music, and that he shall find some congenial work in the land of blessedness.

'Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
'All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

'A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

'This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.'

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,
Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.—A ROCK IN A POND.

'I'm a terrible radical, Miss.'

A LONG low room, with curtained bow-windows at each end, and furniture that spoke of many years' clean and tranquil house-keeping; drapery of old-fashioned chintz and damask, spindly chairs and tables, capacious sofas, quaint old mirrors and fire-brasses; and amongst these well-kept belongings a few figures—three young ladies, two clergymen, and the mistress of the house, a handsome, stately old lady, with kind, bright eyes, calm brow and lips, and little white curls pinned up under a widow's cap. Candles in antique silver brackets made a soft light, and one of the young ladies, seated at the cottage piano—which had grown aged, too, and tremulous—was tinkling a few notes as an accompaniment to her voice in one of Tennyson's songs.

This was the picture into which Charles Martin brought his friend, and for the second time that day Roger Haigh felt an unusual influence. The fragrant, graceful home seemed as much a consecrated place as the church enclosure; and here, too, his bold foot was stayed. The dignified hostess welcomed him, courteous people bowed to him; he responded awkwardly enough, and slipped presently into a corner rather apart, where he sat for some time behaving, as Martin afterwards said,—'really behaving for once like a bashful young man.' He was looking as it were into a dream-world; and it was a beautiful dream, an altogether new experience. Little groups formed here and there under the low painted ceiling; there was a murmur of subdued voices, and now and then a strain of gentle music; from one of the window recesses came the odour of hyacinths. There was witchery in the glow of the fire upon tile and brass, in the soft lights and shadows, in the low sounds and sweet perfumes that blended with all. And for a while he gave himself to the spell, dreamily watching the groups, dreamily hearing broken murmurs of their talk. By degrees this

talk dissolved the enchantment, the dream-world grew out of mist into prosaic clearness, and Roger lost the sense of witchery, and began to recollect himself.

In the centre of the room Minnie and Fanny Paget and the curate were gathered about a long piece of needlework spread over an ottoman. The sisters were tall, slim, blonde young women—'light-coloured and stylish,' to use Haigh's description; the curate was a round-faced, beaming, boyish little fellow; they were discussing colours and 'significations' with intense seriousness.

What would happen in the universe if a lily were embroidered where a violet should be on that carpet, or the proper shade of crimson or gold were missed?

The young ladies would simply have said that 'dear Mr. Little would be vexed: his taste was wonderful!' They scarcely understood yet that their strip of splendid carpet for the 'altar'-steps was to assist the 'Catholic revival' in Eadminster. The curate's learned zeal in design and colour seemed purely a matter of 'religious art;' and when he moved anxiously round the ottoman, viewing their work in different lights, comparing their silks with some patterns in his pocket-book, and knitting his smooth, round forehead in doubtful concern, they had no idea that it was a question of doctrine rather than of taste that was to be settled.

'No; it won't do!' he decided at last; 'I am sure it won't. You must take out that passion-flower.'

'O!—Mr. Little! Take it out!'

He was quite unmoved by this cry, and would only consent at last, after much discussion, to 'have a good look at it by daylight, before deciding.'

'But you know I saw it first in daylight, and I said then that I feared it would not do. That is not a Catholic purple!'

With this authoritative utterance he laid against the purple which was not Catholic a piece of silk—which must, of course, have been the true dye. At least the young ladies accepted it without question, and only begged him to defer the final test until next day. From these enthusiasts Haigh's dreamy regard passed to the group nearer the fire.

There was the vicar, a tall sandy man, with cold blue eyes, presenting a marked contrast to Charles Martin. There was Letty Paget, the blondest, shortest, prettiest of the sisters, turning round from the piano to face the company. There was the hostess, as beautiful in her age as the girls in their youth, occupying in stately uprightness her own special seat between the hearth and the piano.

The vicar was in the chair here, so to speak, and was discoursing

on the miserable state of the lower town, where he had spent the whole day.

‘And have the poor people lost much?’ asked Mrs. Wynn.

For the Wyvern had come down in flood two days ago, as it often did, especially when spring was thawing the snow upon Welsh hills; and there was the usual deposit of mud and the usual commotion in what was known as the lower town,—Riverside, namely, and two or three steep, narrow lanes between High-street and the bridge.

Out of sight of the wide, clean market street and the pious order of the Close were these lanes, with their picturesque but very unsanitary old houses, the abode of a dirty, thriftless population, that looked to the upper town, and particularly the Close, for perpetual doles of blankets, flannels, coals, and kitchen physic; or, in time of flood, for relief-funds.

‘The losses will be heart-rending, I have no doubt,’ said Martin, with a twinkle in the eyes that rested upon Letty Paget’s lightly-clasped hands. He had been a member of the Relief Committee last year, and was recalling some incidents of the work. ‘The things that are carried down the Wyvern in these floods are always so valuable! Boatman Griffith has probably lost his dear old pipe again—a pipe] no money can replace; and Tabitha, the toffee-dealer, will be lamenting the loss of her big kettle, ‘which she’s had it ever sin’ afore she married her second husband; and you must know it’s bin new-bottomed twice and new-spouted once, and only wanted a lid to be better ’n new, and she’d lay it had cost her from first to last as much as a sovereign.’

Mrs. Wynn smiled in company with the rest, but must put in a gentle apology for the Friar-gate and Riverside folks. She never would admit that any of them deliberately imposed upon her. Nor did the vicar confess that the professional losers had swarmed about ‘the new parson’ that morning as children about a rich uncle with pockets never known to be empty. ‘But,’ as he truly said, ‘the scandal is that all this is allowed to go on from year to year, as though it were the will of Providence that people should live in filthy dens within flood-tide.’

‘If you can turn the Riverside people out of their dens, you’ll have accomplished a miracle, Mr. Præst,’ said the Master. ‘They will live there, in spite of all we can say.’

‘It is the business of the Church to perform such miracles,’ said the vicar.

‘Well and good. It is high time. Only the lower-town people will not regard you as a benefactor. They make a trade of misfortune and subsist upon losses. It’s so profitable to be drowned out

occasionally, that the worst houses are always in demand, and will be occupied as long as they hang together. And consequently, the owners never think of rebuilding: it wouldn't pay!

'Wouldn't pay!' repeated the vicar, severely. 'And we have to let this sort of thing go on because the State is "a mere matter of police," and the Church only "a branch of the Civil Service,"—a degraded and impotent branch! A tithe of the faith that armed the Church when she planted houses of light and refuge through the forests and fens of Saxon Britain would enable her to heal the sores of rich, unholy England.'

This was eloquent and earnest, but Martin could not subscribe to it.

'I dare believe,' he answered slowly, 'that there is vastly more Christianity in England to-day than there was in what are called the Ages of Faith; and that the Church may do deeds far more noble than any she achieved then. It is her business to perform miracles: the world demands that of her! She must take her sling and the pebbles from the brook and go forth to meet Goliath. It will not do to stand in the camp, fumbling with the king's armour, and wishing it would fit.'

'Which means——?'

'That I will be glad to help you in a movement to rouse the town and get Friar-gate and Riverside purged.'

'I am happy to find that we may agree on some practical points,' said the vicar rather drily. 'The Church alone has the true remedy for all these evils. Until her shackles are removed, and men bow the knee again in reverence and obedience, things will get worse and worse, until there comes such a flood as never yet swept through the Wyvern valley.'

This was strong talk for Eadminster, which had not been used to think of Friar-gate and Riverside as at all dangerous to the upper town, except, perhaps, by breeding a fever occasionally; and there was some concern on Mrs. Wynn's face as she looked about her pleasant room.

'Perhaps it is not right for us to be so comfortable,' she said gently; and yet many of these things are here because I have had good ancestors. That is why I am fond of them: they speak of the care and taste of past generations. Surely Mr. Prest——'

'My dear Mrs. Wynn,' said Martin, more abruptly than usual, 'Mr. Prest does not mean that you ought to give away all your cherished objects to people who would pawn them for drink next day.'

'I often think,' said Miss Paget, in a low, soft voice, 'that the sort

of people you are talking of would rather not be clean and nice : they don't like the trouble of it. We have taken girls from the Friar-gate once or twice, but it is very difficult to make servants of them. They can't understand why we are so particular about things.'

'Well,' repeated the vicar, 'Catholic doctrine and Catholic methods can meet all these social problems, and solve them . . . We must have some guilds established in the parish.'

'There have been some in operation for a long while,' said the Master ; 'otherwise the lower town would be a good deal worse than it is.'

'Indeed ! I have heard nothing of them.'

'I think you must. There is a Methodist and a Baptist, and another calling itself Reformed Primitives, or something of that sort.'

The vicar would make no reply to this.

'Many of the members I know to be pious, well-doing people, living clean, sober, kindly lives among their neighbours, and praying for the kingdom of God. Boatman Griffith, for example, is a dreadful old sinner himself, but he has a nice good girl who is a Methodist, and a bit of "the salt of the earth." Perhaps she is Catholic without knowing it.'

'But they have not reformed the district ? It is still very dirty and considerably drunken, and calls the Church a club for the gentry. Schism cannot heal schism, Mr. Martin : that is surely evident by this time.'

Before Martin could remind the vicar that many people regarded the Anglican Church itself as a 'schism' from Rome, another voice broke into the discussion, and gave it quite a new turn.

'It's evident enough to my mind that you parsons are not going to do the job ! I don't blame folks for calling the Church a gentry club, what else is it ?'

This fell like a rock into a pond,—a placid old fish-pond in a priory garden, say, where the pike have fattened peacefully, undisturbed by man or boy, for many a year. Splash went the big stone, and the dwellers in the pond shivered with consternation. Where did it come from ?

They had quite forgotten Haigh, who had been sitting behind them all this time. When he spoke, the vicar actually started, and the ladies stared in horror. No bashful young man was this. What could he be ? A Dissenter of some violent pattern, surely ! And with the thought a thrill of indignation passed through Mrs. Wynn. A live Dissenter there, in her drawing-room ! Such a thing had never happened before, and what to do she knew not. Surely the fellow did not look his real character, or else she had been very blind ! And

Mr. Martin?—He could not know what sort of a person he was introducing to her and her friends!

Mr. Martin was considerably annoyed, and the more because when Haigh got up steam it was not easy to check him; ‘and he may run over me as well as the rest before he stops.’ Still, he could not help being a little amused by the ripples of alarm and disgust that went over the circle. For anything the vicar or Mrs. Wynn knew, Roger might be a devoted member of some Baptist or Independent ‘guild;’ yet their disgust could hardly be greater if they discovered—as he feared they might presently—the young man’s real opinions. He tried to convey a warning glance, but Roger had drawn his seat forward, and was looking alternately at the vicar and at Letty, who, for her part, sat quite dumb-founded, as before a specimen of an unknown, unimagined animal.

‘I wonder Church folks don’t think shame to brag as they do about their concern being so ancient, when it’s done so little,’ was the next shot. ‘You’ve had a rare chance these hundreds of years, and what have you made of it? The Friar-gates o’ the country are as dirty and drunken as ever they were, I reckon, in spite of all your catechisms and chants ——’ A sudden recollection of that afternoon’s experience—the hush that fell upon him as he entered the Church fold, the sweet organ music that breathed peace and hope in the ear of the little town—this rather confused the end of the sentence, and broke it off as abruptly as it began.

‘Well,’ said Martin, putting his word in quickly, while the vicar was drawing breath—and as he spoke there was a marked warning in his dark eyes, if Roger would only have seen; ‘well, the Church has the misfortune to be imperfect, as parliaments are, and trades-unions, and other societies which I know you admire. Town Councils and Houses of Parliament have had their chance, too, these hundreds of years; and why have they not improved dirt and poverty off the face of the country, and made everybody “healthy, wealthy, and wise?”’

Roger would not own himself caught.

‘Because it’ll take a good few generations to work out all the superstitions and infirmities that you parsons have encouraged, and to make a free, healthy race.’

‘Believing nothing, hoping nothing, enduring nothing, *except* for this life,’ said Martin, turning round, and speaking in a low tone, not distinctly audible to the others; ‘and yet contriving, somehow or other, to be of all creatures the most happy? It won’t do, lad!’

The vicar had got breath by this time, and found something weighty and, as he supposed, crushing to say about the enemies of the Church

taunting her with not using a power they had taken away; and how, in the old days, she had mediated between rich and poor, and held a rude, violent society together with sacred links. It was a fine dream of what he thought had been, of what he hoped would be again, but it was a dream; and poor Mrs. Wynn looked at Martin as much as to say, 'Why don't you interpose?' But Martin knew very well that no argument would stop Roger, if he did not choose to be stopped.

'Well, I've always said the Church of England wer' a daughter of Rome,' was Haigh's blunt reply to the vicar; 'but if you're right she mun be th' old mother herself, new-christened.'

Mrs. Wynn felt that this must be stopped.

'Our dear old Church is not new-christened, or new-fangled in any way, I hope,' she said in her stateliest manner, 'but is just what it always was—a branch of the true Catholic Church, and a bulwark of Protestantism against many errors. We have no fear for our Church. She has done her Lord's work nobly in the past, and she will continue to do it.'

The old lady's voice had a little tremble in the last words, and she ended by asking Letty to sing. What a strange, terrible evening! Why did not Mr. Martin take away his unpleasant acquaintance? What did he mean, indeed, by bringing him? Never had she spent such an hour. But the music soothed her, as Letty's music always did; and while she sat softly beating time with one mittened hand upon another, her face settled into its usual tranquillity again—the tranquillity of one whose beloved Church is 'a part of the British Constitution'; and better, the calm of a Christian woman who knows Whom she believes, and on what Rock her house is built.

'O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him!'

It was the beautiful air in *Elijah* that Letty had chosen; a favourite with herself and Mrs. Wynn, and perfectly suited to her voice and musical style. Charles Martin stood beside her as she sang, and when her delicate tones ceased, he turned and looked across to Mrs. Wynn:

'It seems a long and a tiresome day until He comes in power to His world, does it not? He keeps us so long waiting in camp for Him, and we are always wrangling about our banners and our places.'

'But He is on the road!' she replied, softly.

'Yes; *He is on the road,*' repeated the Master, slowly and emphatically; his dark, thoughtful eyes travelling round the circle of faces. 'And whoso will go outside the camp and lay ear to earth will hear the mighty tramp of His battalions as they march across the hills.'

He is "glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, . . . mighty to save !"

And in a lower key he murmured again :

'O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him !'

Roger, gazing at his friend, and then at the other faces, owned the tokens of a hope, a power, of which he had no experience. The glow of it was on every face. They had differed rather sharply a few moments before about 'banners and places ;' but a word was spoken, a look cast from the camp-lines to the far-off horizon hills, and the eyes of each were moist with one thrill of confident expectation. 'Hark to the tread of His armies ! He is coming : He is pushing on to victory. Wait for Him, for He will surely come !'

He had explanations ready to hand, but they did not work so well as usual. He tried not to be impressed, but had to be. For it was evident that they all expected to share in the victory when it came.

After this there was more music, in which the curate and the young ladies joined ; but Roger paid little attention to it. He sat quietly in the background again, and Mrs. Wynn congratulated herself that he had been subdued. When the party broke up she was able to bid him good-night with her wonted courtesy, although that did not enable her to say that she would be happy to see him again. She meditated a remonstrance with the Master on the first opportunity. A rank Dissenter brought into her drawing-room to insult the Church ! Surely he could be no friend of Charles Martin !

Miss Paget's opinion, however, was the one Charles Martin was most concerned about, and as they all went home he contrived a brief opportunity of letting her know the early beginning of his intimacy with Roger Haigh, and what circumstances had brought them together again.

'The long and the short of it is, I'm a terrible radical, miss,' said Haigh himself ; 'and I dare say I'm more suitable to Badger Forest collieries than to Eadminster Church-premises.'

Letty privately agreed. She had visited the colliery district once, and a desolation of grim heaps and hollows and queer groups of ramshackle dwellings had been her mental picture of it ever since. Certainly, if this young man had any fit place in the world it was there, and she hoped he would not often revisit Eadminster. When the two parted from her at her father's gate, she only bowed to the one, and gave the other a less cordial hand than usual.

It was a calm night, with light clouds filming the stars. Haigh and Martin went round to the Cliff Walk and paced it for some time. Roger praised Mrs. Wynn and her house and Miss Paget's 'rare style ;' and was surprised at first on getting only the briefest

of replies. But he knew he had behaved badly, and was so unusually meek as to accept quietly a little punishment.

More than once this day altogether unwonted influences had moved him ; gleams of a light, breathings of an atmosphere quite different from the air and light of his common day. Now, as he walked there on the height, between shadowy valley and glimmering vast of space, the multitudinous stars and the night-breeze and the unseen hasting river, all seemed to murmur something, and there came back upon his ear the echo :

'He is coming : Hark to the tread of His armies !'

So Martin's final words had more than ordinary force.

'You talk about churches and parsons and the little they do for all their brag. Can you show me an infidel orphanage or a secularist hospital, or a slave whose fetters have been struck off by an Epicurean? And yet you persist in hoping to regenerate the world by preaching that comfort is godliness, and that the kingdom of heaven consists in a free house and garden !'

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

THERE is always something peculiarly interesting and pathetic in the history of those who, having great gifts, consecrate them to God's service in arduous fields of labour, and after brief toil are called to early rest. The China Inland Mission has recently suffered what, from its earthward side, seems an irreparable loss by the death of one of its most devoted, cultured and useful Missionaries, a man whose memory should be lovingly cherished by all Christian people.

ROBERT HAROLD AINSWORTH SCHOFIELD was born in 1851, his father being the late Mr. Robert Schofield, of Heybrook, Rochdale. He was educated at a school near Manchester, and afterwards at Owen's College. He chose the medical profession, and was most successful in his studies, taking the degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. in the London University, and of M.A. and M.B. at Oxford. A writer in *The Lancet* speaks thus of Mr. Schofield's career at Oxford :

'He obtained an exhibition to Lincoln College, Oxford, and began residence there in October, 1870. He graduated with first-class honours in Natural Science, and afterwards filled an appointment in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy under the late Professor Rolleston. Gaining the Open Scholarship in Natural Science at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, he began there in 1873 the study of that profession to which he had always intended to devote himself as his work in life. He so vigorously prosecuted his work that he won successively the Foster Scholarship in Anatomy, the Junior and

Senior Scholarships, in their respective years, the Brackenbury Medical Scholarship, and the Lawrence Scholarship and gold medal. About this time he gained the Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship in Natural Science at Oxford, and, having graduated, he proceeded to Vienna and Prague to follow his studies there. On the war between Turkey and Servia breaking out, he offered his services as a surgeon to the Red Cross Society, and was put in charge of the hospital at Belgrade during the campaign; and the next year he served in a like capacity in the Turkish army during the conflict between that kingdom and Russia. On the expiration of his Radcliffe Fellowship he returned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and filled successively the appointments of house-surgeon and house-physician.'

Mr. Schofield also gained the Greek Testament prize at Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. Professional success at home seemed easily within his reach, but his heart was set on higher service and a nobler reward than any earth could give. The reading of the memoir of Dr. Elmslie who did such faithful work as a Medical Missionary in Kashmir, led Mr. Schofield to choose a similar service in China, so he gave up all thoughts of ease and wealth at home, and volunteered his services to the China Inland Mission. He married early in 1880, and with his bride set sail for China. His first station was at Chefoo, but after a few months there, he went on to Tai-yüen Fu, in Shan-si.

Dr. Schofield gave himself to his work with great earnestness and diligence. He acquired the language with special rapidity, and was able shortly to preach the Gospel to his patients. But his life on earth was soon to be ended, and that in a way which seems peculiarly sad. A man came to the hospital who was suffering from virulent diphtheria, but the accommodation was not sufficient for such a case, and the doctor was obliged to refuse him admission. He succeeded, however, in deceiving the porter, and without Dr. Schofield's knowledge secured a room. He died the next day, but the terrible disease had yet another victim. The physician received the disease germs, and in a short time Dr. Schofield was attacked by typhus fever, and in a few days he entered into the joy of his Lord. All that could be done for him by Christian friends and members of other Missionary Societies was done, and the Rev. T. Richard 'nursed him night and day;' but God had some better thing in store for His servant, and called him home on the 1st of August, 1883. The same day his body was laid to rest 'in the eastern hills overlooking the city.'

Thus one more was added to the long roll of those who, counting not their lives dear unto them, have offered themselves upon God's altar, and have been accepted—a living sacrifice. In some respects Dr.

Schofield's career reminds one of that of the late Bishop Coleridge Patteson—they were both Oxford graduates; both men of great intellectual ability; both gave up the apparent certainty of honour and success at home for perilous service among the heathen, and both died in their work whilst yet it seemed only begun—though in Bishop Patteson's case the service was longer and the end even more tragic.

Mr. Stimson, an American Missionary at Tai-yüen Fu, thus speaks of his death:

‘Dr. Schofield's sick-bed was one of rich spiritual comfort. He had no thought of regret for his choice of work, but often said: “The last three years of my life have been my happiest.” He felt that God was his help, and would sustain him, and to Him committed, in loving faith, his wife and children.

‘Our friend loved his work. He was large-hearted and kind. He fully believed the promises of God toward the heathen, and healed and preached in glad hopefulness. Few unordained medical missionaries preach as he did, at Sunday services, in the street chapel, and on the streets. Almost always, at our union prayer-meetings, was his voice heard in earnest petition for a greater endowment of spiritual power, for an increase of labourers, for the awakening of the people. He went to all his duty with prayer, and when he achieved success devoutly gave God the glory. ...

‘So one in whom we had confidence of great things is taken, in the bloom of manhood and the beginning of a successful and exceedingly useful work. Upon whom shall his mantle fall? Where are others who stand in full view of earthly honours and emoluments, and are glad to make them a sacrifice to Christ for the extension of His kingdom? They are the men needed to awaken the world lying in wickedness. The civilization of China, boastful upon its false pedestal, calls for such men, skilled in science and fitted to command admiration from the bigoted and proud. We pray that this life, so early terminated, may, by the blessing of God, prove to be His call to more than one such, that not only the present breach may be filled, but that this work may be extended into other needy fields.’

To which prayer let us each add our earnest Amen.

By his own desire, the following verses were printed on the Memorial Card:

‘A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.’

‘A little while, for winning souls to Jesus,

Ere we behold His beauty face to face;

A little while, for healing soul-diseases,

By telling others of a Saviour's grace.’

We trust that before long a more full account of Dr. Schofield's life and work may be published. Such a life should not be left without a permanent record.

THE PRAISE OF OTHERS.

My sins and follies, Lord, by Thee
From others hidden are,
That such good words are spoke of me,
As now and then I hear.

For sure if others knew me such,
Such as myself I know,
I should have been dispraised as much
As I am praised now.

By me some good perhaps hath been
Performed in public view,
But what corruptions are within,
Ashamed I am to show.

My brutish lusts, my secret pride,
My follies yet unshown,
Which from Thy sight I cannot hide,
To others are unknown.

The praise, therefore, which I have
heard,
Delights not so my mind,
As those things make my heart afraid,
Which in myself I find.

And I had rather to be blamed,
So I were blameless made,
Than for much virtue to be famed,
When I no virtues had.

Though slanders to an innocent
Sometimes do bitter grow,
Their bitterness procures content
If clear himself he know.
And when a virtuous man hath erred,
If praised himself he hear,
It makes him grieve, and more afraid
Then if he slandered were.

Lord, therefore make my heart upright,
Whate'er my deeds may seem,
And righteous rather in Thy sight
Than in the world's esteem.
And if aught good appears to be
In any act of mine,
Let thankfulness be found in me,
And all the praise be Thine.

—*George Wither, died 1667.*

EXCUSES.

I HAVE often wondered at the cleverness with which people make excuses for neglecting heavenly things. A poor woman was explaining to me why her husband did not attend church. 'You see, poor working folks now-a-days are so holden down and wearied out, that they are glad to rest a day in the house when Sabbath comes.' An unopened letter was lying on the table, which she asked me to read, believing that it was from her sick mother. It was a notice to her husband that the football team, of which he was captain, was to meet on Saturday at 3.0 p.m., and that, like a good fellow, he must be forward in good time. And that was the man for whom my pity was asked, as being so worn out with his work that he could hardly creep up to the church! Another woman admitted to me that she never read her Bible, but pled that she was too busy, and had too many cares. My eye caught a great bundle of journals above the clock. She confessed that these were novels, on which she spent 2½d. every Saturday, and that she read them on Sabbath. If you wish an excuse, the smallest thing will give you stuff enough for the weaving of it. —(From Rev. James Wells' *Parables of Jesus*.)



Nummulites.—See page 134.

MILIOLA.

A RAIN-DAY SERMON.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

‘Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains ascend; the valleys descend.’—PSALM CIV. 6—8.

IT is a wet and woful day: more woful than if it were wetter. A rush of rain swills away the cobwebs, both mental and otherwise, together with mud and soot and garbage generally. But drizzle chills and damps everything and washes nothing. Here on this southern coast, over miles of deep gravel-beds, where fog is supposed to be unknown, the evil genius of our English climate, all in a ghostly shroud, has hovered about us for days together. For one whole week we never saw the sun. And when for one brief Sunday he did look

out upon us, it was only to change the mist into this fitful, dribbling rain. So let us keep holy-day in-doors, and try to believe that mist and wet and all the wofulness of dreary days are serving some good purpose; that in due time the 'watering' will 'weary the thick cloud,' and that meantime the rain doeth 'whatsoever He commandeth it upon the face of the world in the earth. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for His land, or for mercy.' We can neither wander through the woods, nor climb the Purbeck hills, nor explore the shore, nor dredge the bay. Shall we 'stand still,' as Elihu advised Job when he was low and miserable, 'and consider the wondrous works of God?' Who knows? The Lord may answer us, as He answered Job, and preach to us a grand Nature-Sermon about the laying of 'the foundations of the earth,' and the shutting up of 'the sea with doors,' in the days long past, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

If you want a hymn for your Rain-day Service, let William Cowper give out the 667th; for prayer read the 104th Psalm; for lesson Job 38th; and for sermon, if this is not a sermon, tell me what it is, for I know no other name by which to call it.

Stir the fire into a blaze; pull down the blinds; draw the curtains; set up the microscope; bring out our treasures. Let us create for ourselves a little world of light and life and beauty. In half-an-hour we shall forget all the outside wofulness, and shall be quite content to let the 'small drops' which Elihu believed came from God, as well as 'the great rain of His strength,' do its appointed work, while we do ours, or at all events win from Nature-musings such freshness of spirit as will fit us the better to do it when our holy-day has come to an end. Do not think I am going to tempt you to Sabbath-breaking. No. This is not a Christian Sunday: only a Rain-day which we are going to sanctify unto the Lord, just as we sanctified a Jewish New-moon-day a few weeks ago.

Here, in the centre of the drawing-room table, is a small bell-glass aquarium. The water therein came from the sea months ago, and is quite pure, though it has never been changed. At the bottom there is a little gravel from the shore. Resting on the gravel are a few stones from Swanage, covered with bright green growing-weed from which, when the sun shines, you can see the bubbles of oxygen rise which aerate the water and keep it pure. Rooted in the gravel is a lovely bunch of red weed coated with the white cases of an extinct colony of Polyzoa. In the coming spring-time the water will teem with beautiful forms of infusorial marine-life, which some day I may describe for you. Just now, however, I ask you to watch while I fish up a near relative of our mythical prophet, Proteus, who, with

multitudes of her sisters, I dredged last November from Poole Harbour, where, by countless myriads, they are working out an eventful destiny. She is a curious little creature, of ancient lineage—none more so—and worthy, if only for the sake of the mighty work wrought by her ancestors, to have a niche in the *Miscellany* all to herself. It is fitting, too, that her turn should come on a wet day; for water, and water only, has been her home from time immemorial, even the waters of that deep under which God laid down the mountains of which our text speaks.

To the naked eye our little friend—or rather her house—is simply a minute oval speck of white chalk. And chalk it is, pure and simple; in chemical composition, and with physical properties, exactly like the chalk of which the ‘Old Harry’ rocks are made, as a microscopic fairy-schoolmistress would find, if she tried to write with it on her tiny black board, or used it experimentally in a lesson on carbonate of lime.

With a camel-hair brush transfer the speck of chalk to a sunk cell full of sea water. Cover it with a square of thin glass, and place the slide on the stage of the microscope. With an inch power what do you see? A shell of opaque porcelain, built up apparently of three chambers arranged around a small central cell, the whole structure terminating in a mouth at one end. We will call the shell *Miliola*, after the millet-seed which it roughly resembles; and to distinguish it from other microscopic chalk shells of the same general shape, but having more, or fewer, chambers, we will give it another name, *Triloculina*.

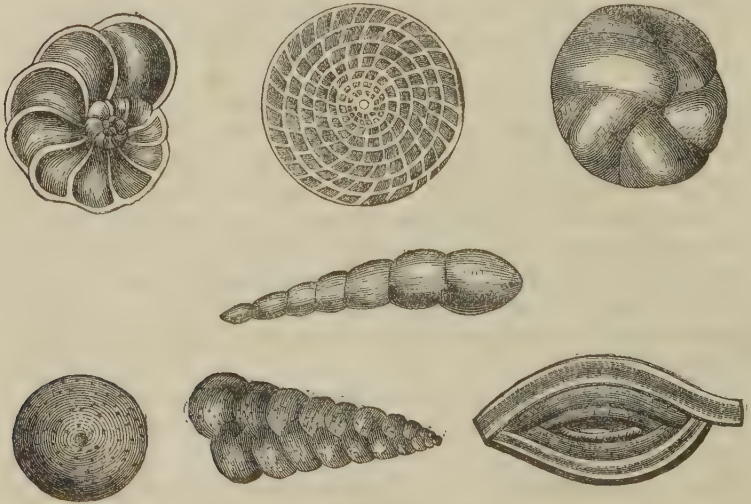
And now we will put our slide on one side for awhile, until we have explored the contents of this box of prepared slides. I take out three specimens:

No. 1 looks like a pinch of fine sand scattered upon the glass slide under a circle of cover-glass. Whilst I am adjusting the microscope, let one of the girls sit down to the piano and sing Charles Kingsley’s beautiful song:

‘Mary, call the cattle home, across the sands of Dee.’

For these grains are sands of Dee, literally. On a certain day, when the tide was low, the son of one of our Ministers went far down the estuary of the Dee, and found on the smooth sands thin white lines, left by the wavelets of the retreating tide. Scooping up the sand along these lines he carried it home, baked it thoroughly dry, floated out the empty shells, mounted them in Canada balsam, and here some of them are, perfectly clean, and so transparent that you can easily make out their structure. Some are like our *Miliola*, others resemble nautilus shells, and others Florence flasks. All the varieties, however,

fall into two classes: some have one orifice; others are perforated with minute holes, either all over, or along certain lines. The 'holes' have suggested a name, *Foraminifera*—a somewhat stupid name, inasmuch as the hole-character is not universal, nor is it in every case the most striking feature; and directly you have given it, you demonstrate its unsuitableness by dividing the creatures into two classes, and calling one *perforate*, and the other *imperforate*. That is to say, some of the *Foraminifera* are 'hole-bearers' without 'holes.' It is only fair to add, however, that far the greater number of those which belie their name do so in appearance only. For, with the exception of a very few, they all 'bear holes,' if not externally, internally. For instance, every one of the chambers into



FORAMINIFERA.

which *Miliola* is divided is pierced, as you might prove by gently dissolving the lime shell in dilute muriatic acid, when it would be found that the protoplasmic contents of the chambers were all linked together.

Another mode of dividing the *Foraminifera* is dependent, not on the *structure* of the shell, but on its *substance*. And this mode of classification is interesting, because it reveals this remarkable fact, that if the creature cannot find a sufficient quantity of lime wherewith to construct its home, it has the power to use minute grains of sand, the result being a rough copy in sand of the delicate porcelainous structure proper to the creature. You find the same power of adaptation to circumstances in much more highly organized forms of

life. A caddis-worm, which in its native home builds its case of reeds or shells, will, if placed naked in a vessel containing small pebbles, instead of bemoaning its sad fate, work with the material at its disposal, and build a handsome house of stone. Happy those still more richly-endowed creatures who, finding themselves in untoward circumstances, fling vain regrets to the winds, and resolutely set themselves to 'do what they can, until they can do what they would.'

So we have *perforate* and *imperforate* : *arenaceous* and *porcelaneous* Foraminifera.

And now suppose we replace *Miliola* under the microscope. From the one orifice of the shell a mass of finely-divided film has poured forth, which, spreading out into occasionally interlacing rays, is more like a fan-shaped spider's web than anything else, only that this network is not merely from the body, but part and parcel of it. These fine lines of living light are not merely poured out for the catching of prey which they will convey to a digestive apparatus inside the chambered shell: they are themselves digestive and assimilative. Indeed, it is a question whether very much of the creature remains in the shell after so much has been sent forth. In a favourable light, and under a moderately high power, you may see, as my children did five minutes ago, the flow of protoplasmic granules up and down the lines, while here and there are thick spots which are probably identical in function with the nuclei and vacuoles of the *Amœba*. In other words, *Miliola* who, when we fished her out of the aquarium, lay compact inside her shell, has silently run herself out into a living net which is fully equal to the task of hunting, dining, building, and reproducing. She has gone through the gates, and like her ancestors for millenniums past, according to the measure of the gift in her, is preparing the way of the Lord. The particular work which this *Miliola* is doing at this moment is silent sermon-preaching. She is saying to you and me, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come." Go through, go through the gates. Gather up all that God places within your reach, and mould it for use—it may be in God's great and distant future. My ancestors worked on and on, generation after generation, and now you men have built pyramid and temple and guardian walls and harbours and houses out of the treasures which they slowly accumulated. And thousands of sheep browse upon the Chalk Downs, and sterile soils are fertilized, and a thousand other uses are found for the fruits of their "simple, silent, selfless" lives.'

Placed in a perfectly clean cell, and well illuminated on an intensely black background, *Miliola* presents a very attractive appearance. But, compared with some of her cousins, she is a very plain and simple sea-fairy.

The first specimen of living microscopic Marine-zoology seen by the present writer, was one of the loveliest perforate and hyaline Foraminifera from the coast of North Wales, with all its multitudinous ramification of inconceivably fine pseudopodia fully extended, streaming in glittering rays from a transparent shell of exquisite form. The setting up and illumination were perfect. And I was not surprised when a friend told me that one of the greatest living authorities on the Foraminifera had been to Chester on purpose to see the same sight. Nor did I wonder when, afterwards making the friendship of the man who showed me that vision of beauty, I found in him a man—reverent, simple, loving and lovable—who feared God, and could read in a true light the mysteries of His wondrous works.

Looking at a number of Foraminifera, you might suppose that each shell contained in life a microscopic snail. Such you now know was not the case. They were all filled with life in its simplest form, with no other shape than that given to it by the containing shells, and without any organization of which we can be cognisant. They differ from one another, not in the structure of their living substance, but in the shape—in the simplicity or in the complexity—of the lime houses which they build. In the 'Sands of Dee' I counted eight varieties. But these are only a small proportion of all the known varieties. One adds chamber to chamber, each one a little larger than its predecessor, and all arranged spirally, and resulting in an imitation of a Nautilus shell. A second builds antique vase on vase, and so raises a kind of inverted tower, consisting of perfectly regular sections growing larger from base to top. Across the water at Alum Bay, where the richly coloured sands, the London and Barton Clays and the Bracklesham beds rest against one another in vertical columns, you may find, after storms have washed the face of the cliff, certain little white disks, smaller than old-fashioned silver pennies. 'Little coins' is the English of the name (*Nummulites*) by which they are known. Each disk contains an incredible number of chambers, all laid side by side, and layer upon layer, like the cells of a honeycomb. The wildest romance is outrivalled by the history of the Nummulites: 'From the Pyrenées, through the Alps, Carpathians, Caucasus, Asia Minor, Northern Africa, Persia, Beloochistan, and the Suleiman Mountains, into China and Japan,' these little creatures have built, sometimes to a height of several thousand feet, under the waters of ancient seas.

Hold up this slide No. 2 to the light. You see nothing but a circle of fine dust. But seen through the microscope each atom takes shape as an aggregation of globes of different sizes, cemented together, and pierced externally with minute holes. They came from the

bottom of the Atlantic, dredged at a depth of about two miles. In every longitude, to a distance on each side of the equator of 55° , a continual rain of globigerina is taking place. Where the water is of a depth of from one to two thousand four hundred fathoms, the sea-bottom is covered with a gray ooze, which consists mainly of these shells. Dry the ooze and you get chalk, differing from our English chalk in chemical composition only so much as may be accounted for by the fact that the one was laid down in shallow seas, and the other in deep seas. It has been computed that if one-tenth of an inch of globigerina ooze is deposited every year, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans have been in existence one hundred thousand years, there will now be eight hundred feet of chalk underneath their waters.

So still God, by means of these tiny masons, is building mountains. Who knows? Some day it may again be true: 'At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains ascend; the valleys descend.' Do not think I am wresting Scripture to my own purpose. As Dean Perowne says, the Psalmist regards God's creative work not only as something past, but also as still continuing: 'That which is done is that which shall be done.'

Ah! you little people—you who painfully feel yourselves to be little and feeble and quite unequal to the doing of great things. In the unknown reaches of time countless myriads of us are born, and, not one brief year, but all eternity lies before us. See what may be accomplished if every one does the whole of the little within his power. Like the small rain which imprisoned us to-day, you may help to wear down the old mountains. Like the tiny Foraminifera you may slowly but surely build up new mountains. Be not restless, scornful, impatient, because God grants you no part in the occasional catastrophes of His work, no place on the arena of tragic drama. Be content to remember that from of old, as all Natural Science is now demonstrating ever more and more clearly, the Creator's mightiest and most beneficent works have been done slowly, silently, and by humblest agencies. The huge Megatherium in its day did a certain work, but Miliola and her friends did a greater.

How long have the Foraminifera been at work? This slide, No. 3, contains a very thin section of limestone from North Wales. It consists of nothing but foraminiferal shells, and it carries us back to a period long anterior to the days when our Chalk Downs were made. But in Canada, near the St. Lawrence, there are rocks older still—older than any known rocks except those which have been crystallized from molten fire, and in the *Eozoön* of these Laurentian rocks geologists have identified the unmistakable foraminiferal structure—

the oldest known fossil! How vast the period! How inconceivably great the work done! and done, 'not by might nor by power,' but by means so simple, so far beyond human power of analysis, that, next to wind, rain and fire, it might surely serve as an emblem of the Spirit of God Whom the first sentence of our Bible reveals to us as 'moving upon the face of the waters.'

LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

THIRD PAPER.

DIFFICULTIES in connection with the Shetland Appointments were not unknown in the early days of Methodism in the islands. Dr. Adam Clarke was urged by his friend Dr. Bunting to attend the Conference of 1832—'for the sake of getting proper preachers appointed for Shetland.' These difficulties have been perpetuated. For reasons—some real, others imaginary—few men are found ready to volunteer for this so-called hyperborean District. Pressure has to be brought to bear—as gently as possible—year by year. But for this fact, and the additional difficulty arising from a scarcity of preachers' houses, I should scarcely have been transferred from the Exeter District to Shetland in 1867.

The Walls Circuit, in which my acquaintance with Shetland began, is not the easiest to be found. The journeying is incessant, and is very difficult from lack of roads. In those days, too, home inconveniences were many, and home comforts few. On seeking advice from the Rev. W. Parsonson, whose ten years' residence in the islands had well qualified him to give it, I was tolerably well informed as to the character of my new Circuit; and to the information and wise counsel he gave me, he added: 'I am not in the least sorry for you. It will do you good. But I am very sorry for your wife.'

On reaching Walls we found that the sympathy thus expressed with my better half was not without sufficient ground. The home provided for us was simply wretched. The sitting-room had no carpet, no hearth-rug, no fire-irons, and no grate. It had a fender made of hoop iron, six chair frames, a sofa skeleton, two rickety tables, a tall desk and a meal barrel. The study was rather better furnished. There were supposed to be three bed-rooms, but there was only one bedstead, and not a complete change of bed linen. The house, thus poorly furnished, was damp and unhealthy.

The welcome we received on our arrival, after several days' travel and in the midst of a heavy storm, was at the hands of a woman who

was left in charge of the house, and who afterwards proved invaluable to my wife. Such preparation as was possible she had made for us. A good cup of tea had been brewed, some very coarse and tough ship biscuits had been purchased, a superannuated fowl had been boiled, and thus our table had been spread. Our enquiry for bread brought out the fact that we were at least twenty-five miles from a baker's shop. Further enquiry taught us that no butcher lived at a shorter distance; and that if we would have the luxury of wheaten bread, we must send to Leith for flour; and as to animal food—if we would have it, we must buy the beasts alive and slaughter for ourselves. One bullock per year was thus dealt with, in November usually,



The Old Chapel, Walls, Shetland.

which was to us a very delightful month, notwithstanding its frequent gales and snow-storms. From that time until August fresh meat was an unknown delicacy. A considerable improvement in these matters has taken place within the past ten years.

The chapels were as wretched as the house. That at Walls was decidedly the best. Its architecture has been described as ‘antediluvian.’ Its exterior was plain to ugliness. The interior was as

uninviting. Its floor was of the bare earth. Its benches were narrow, uncomfortable, rickety. Its gallery—for low as the building was it had one—was scarcely safe. Its windows were an after-thought. Its walls were damp and mouldy; and not unfrequently the rain poured down over them and reduced the earthen floor to a state of plastic mud. This wretched building was crowded at every Sunday evening service, and often in the morning too. I am thankful to say that some years ago it was converted into a carpenter's shop, and a neat, substantial building, accommodating more than three hundred people, took its place. That chapel is the best in the parish, and one of the best in Shetland. By its side stands a comfortable little manse.

We found the outposts of the Walls Circuit to be distant and difficult of access. In every case the chapel or other preaching-place was situated some miles away from the solitary high road. In some cases the entire journey had to be taken over the pathless moor. In fine weather this is pleasant enough. The sweet-scented thyme and violet and other wild flowers—of which there is a great variety—fill the air with their perfume; the lark carols forth his music far above; the sea-birds float gracefully on the wing; the extensive views of land and loch and sea are charming; the heathery or mossy carpet is soft and comfortable to the traveller's feet, and the beautifully clear atmosphere is exhilarating. Travelling to an appointment—though very distant—is enjoyable then. But unfortunately for the pilgrim the summer is short in those regions, and fine weather is the exception, rough the rule. Winter holds sway during most of the year, and its drifting snows and drenching rains convert the mossy carpet into a swamp. The wild winds whistle, and the borean blasts blow with fury unknown to dwellers in more favoured lands, and the traveller has to battle hard for every inch of the way. That is wearisome work. With sodden feet and wet and weary limbs he presses his way onward mile after mile, and is sometimes scarcely equal to the flying leap which must carry him across the rapid burn, or to the succession of light, hurried steps which will take him safely over the trembling bog. A false step in either case will prove uncomfortable at least. All is not bog, however. The morass gives place to hard, rough, jagged rocks, for which the sodden feet are ill-prepared, but which in hill-travelling must be expected. To avoid one of these hard and uncomfortable paths, a brother leaped down to what he thought to be a nice greensward, wondering that his guide had not made use of it, when—flop! Rapidly sinking in the 'well-eye,' his wonder was of another kind. He never discovered the bottom, though he went far deeper than he wished. His guide's friendly hand

saved him. That evening he appeared before his congregation in a borrowed and ill-fitting suit of homespun, and was prepared to warn his hearers against seeking the by-path of ease. An overflowing congregation at the end of such a journey was very welcome, and it not seldom was ours; but to find only four or five present, as we occasionally did, and to be told that the weather was so bad that people could not come out, was depressing in the extreme.

The journeys are not only tedious and wearisome, but sometimes dangerous. If blinding snow overtake the traveller on the moors, obliterating all land-marks and shutting him in so that he can see but a few feet before him, as it frequently will, he is scarcely in a safe position. Several people met their death on the moors during our stay in Walls. A friend and I, one dreary winter night, were very likely to add our names to the list of those who have thus perished. We wandered for hours; once we lay down, wrapped in our waterproofs, but renewing our struggle with the elements, we at length reached a cottage some miles from our home and a considerable way out of our true course. We were thankful to avail ourselves of its friendly shelter.

The journey which is generally regarded with least favour is that to Sandness and Papa Stour. The ground is of such a broken character as to make it more than ordinarily trying. On his arrival at Sandness, one of my predecessors was asked by an old lady as to his welfare and as to his journey: 'Did you walk, Sir?' quoth the dame. 'No, Madam,' replied the Minister. 'Did you ride, then?' 'No,' was again the reply. 'Did you come by sea?' Still the answer was, 'No.' 'Then how *did* you come?' asked the old lady in great surprise, to receive the curious answer, '*I jumped.*' This reply was literally true of much of the journey. Having jumped to Sandness, we always made our way to Melby Hall, where we received a most hearty welcome. Thence we proceeded by boat to Papa Stour. This in fine weather was very delightful, but Papa Sound *can* be very unpleasant. I am bound to confess that on more than one occasion a certain feeling, which some might call cowardice, has stolen over me as I have been tossing about on its troubled waters. But the island once reached, that was all forgotten, and the society of good James Scott and his sister, and old Father Isbister, who has long since passed away, more than atoned for the inconvenience of the journey by land and sea.

Cottage-services engage the preacher pretty much during the week. Several of these were regularly held. Others were occasional only. Many a hallowed time have I experienced in those miserable huts. Sometimes strange scenes presented themselves. On one occasion a

calf of very tender age tried to get nourishment by sucking the tail of my coat while I was bowed in prayer. On another, a little pig was making itself somewhat familiar, when the good woman of the house took it into her arms with, 'O, the little darling!' But the most amusing incident occurred at one noon-tide service. The fire was taken off the hearth and deposited on the green outside the house. The forms and chairs had been brought in and duly placed. The people had gathered. The first hymn had been sung. While prayer was being offered an unusual commotion prevailed and unwonted sounds were heard. Yielding to temptation, I opened my eyes, when the secret was revealed to me. A dog, a cat and a pig were quarrelling as to the possession of the warm hearth; scratching and biting and squealing were the result. Hence the strange responses with which we were favoured.

One of our main difficulties was the lack of suitable lay-helpers. Class-leaders were few; Local-preachers fewer. Of the latter there was but one in the Circuit—good old Scott Robertson, who for half a century served his God and Methodism in Walls, and who, after a prolonged illness, has just gone to his reward. We owe much to him. Sabbath after Sabbath he was found in his place. The Minister was necessarily in distant parts of the Circuit frequently, and the morning service was conducted] by Mr. Robertson, perhaps five Sundays out of six. The evening service was frequently his too. Assisted by Thomas Scott, who was marvellously powerful in prayer, he well discharged this duty. At Sandness, James Christie, though he was not called a Local-preacher, took the lead, and his addresses were marked by a rugged grandeur and true eloquence which, had he been in any English Circuit, would have given him a wide fame. John Tait, while health permitted, was the Leader at Aith. He still lingers, the subject of very painful affliction, of which he has been the victim for many years. His cottage was to me a welcome, happy home. His conversation was a treat. His contributions were real sacrifices. If any man could say with Paul, 'To me to live is Christ,' it was he. At Gruting we had a strong Society, with several Leaders, in the fore-front being Andrew and Janet Yell. West Burrafirth, Reawick and Skeld were poorly off for Leaders, and the Societies were very weak as a consequence.

The hospitality of the Shetlanders is proverbial. Of their best they gave to me. But sometimes that best was but poor. A cup of tea and a hard biscuit, or a piece of home-grown, home-ground and home-baked oat-cake, rather gritty and rather coarse, was all the sustenance to be obtained at more than one of the preaching-places. In some cases the procuring of this tea and biscuit had necessitated a

journey of several miles, and the bartering of hosiery which had cost some hours of work, or the spending of the only cash my poor hostess had. I should have been ungrateful, indeed, if such hospitality had not been highly appreciated. At Reawick, and at Melby, the homes of Andrew Umphray, Esq., and the late Dr. Scott, we had very choice accommodation and a most hearty welcome.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE TEN PIECES OF SILVER.—In the January number of the *Expositor* Miss Agnes Grace Weld suggests that the lost piece of silver in our Lord's parable (Luke xv. 8—10) was probably not one of the woman's store of coins, but a portion of her head-dress. 'The women of Bethlehem, and of other parts of the Holy Land, still wear a row of coins sewn upon their head-dress, and pendant over their brows. And the number of the coins is very commonly *ten*, as I, in common with other travellers, have ascertained by counting. The custom reaches back far beyond the Christian era.....A piece of money in her purse might easily be stolen or spent; but a coin from the head-dress could not be so much as touched by any stranger, nor even taken from its wearer by her husband, unless she cut it off of her own accord and placed it in his hands. It was safe, sacred, dear. It was a strictly personal possession, and might very well be a heirloom, —like the "silvers" of the Swiss women—hallowed by many fond and gracious memories.' The Rev. James Wells, in his recent book on The Parables, makes a similar suggestion: 'In a picture of a Syrian woman's head-dress I notice two lappets with five pieces of silver on each...These ten pieces might be all the riches and all the ornaments this woman had, and the loss of one spoilt the set, and made her head-dress unsightly.'

LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.—Speaking at a meeting of shipowners at Newcastle, the President of the Board of Trade said that during one year some three thousand five hundred lives had been lost amongst sailors in British vessels of commerce. This number represents one in sixty of the men employed! Surely this is a matter which needs careful enquiry and speedy attention, especially as those who are best informed declare that a large proportion of deaths arise from the unseaworthy condition of the vessels.

MRS. MEREDITH writes concerning the PRINCESS MARY VILLAGE HOMES: —'Two days since a little girl arrived there, and the nurse told the infirmiry maiden to undress her, for the rags have to be taken off and burnt the first thing. So she began the operation, but presently left off, and starting back, exclaimed, "O, nurse! I am afraid." "What of, child?" said nurse. "O! but she will tumble to pieces if I go on; look here!" Nurse looked, and ceased to wonder that the plump, well-fed child was frightened at the bundle of bones the rags had just managed to conceal. Probably they represented to her some old doll she no longer ventured to undress, lest the saw-dust should tumble out and the arms and legs come off!'

DOWN IN THE DEPTHS.—Under this title the Committee of the London City Mission have issued a little pamphlet of 'facts not recorded in the *Bitter Cry*.' It contains some very terrible and striking stories showing the awful

condition of *Outcast London*; but gives also a very hopeful account of the work accomplished through the instrumentality of the City Missionaries. Bad as London is, it is a good deal better than it was twenty years ago. There is, however, urgent need for immediate, earnest, persistent work; for there are many parts of the metropolis which are a scandal to any civilized, not to say Christian, land.

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.—‘Tell your people,’ exclaimed a Buddhist woman, ‘how fast we are dying, and ask them to send the Gospel faster.’ ‘How is it,’ a missionary was asked by a Chinaman, ‘that if no one can be saved except by Jesus Christ, you have been so long in coming to tell us? and why is it that there are not a hundred of you instead of one or two?’

GAMBLING.—If we could trace a thousand instances of wrong-doing by clerks, bank-tellers, cashiers, treasurers, trustees, speculators and others, we should find that in nine cases out of ten—perhaps nineteen out of twenty—the first step was a game of cards ‘for a mere trifle.’ It may be a total misapprehension on my part, but I think cards have wrought more evil in the world than any other device of the Evil One to tempt men to their ruin. All games of chance have the dangerous element of gambling in their nature, and should be avoided.—*New York Observer*.

DOUBT.—Doubt is, so to speak, a twilight, including, therefore, in itself two elements. It is a state of transition, in which two opposite convictions are contending together. Doubt implies a movement: all depends on what quarter it starts from, and what goal it is aiming at. It may be black night that is approaching in the twilight, but it may also be the brightness of day. Accordingly, doubt need not always be the budding seed of unbelief, it may also be the emergence of faith. Suppose a man who has hitherto lived in unbelief begins to doubt; *i.e.*, to concede the possibility of the Being of God, in this case unquestionably doubt denotes an advance in his spiritual life. Christ once revealed Himself to doubting Thomas. Just so the grace of God may still reveal itself to a doubting soul, and that during prayer. Let no one, then, be held back from prayer by his doubts. Certainly it is best to pray with a believing mind; but if thou canst not pray in faith, then pray as thou art, even as a doubter.—*Bishop Monrad*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Choice Sayings. Being Notes of Expositions of the Scriptures. Revised by ROBERT C. CHAPMAN. New Edition. Morgan and Scott.—This attractive little book contains some really beautiful and well-expressed thoughts on religious subjects. One or two sentences are awkwardly put, and baffle our poor wit to unravel, but the author is evidently a godly man, and we may well pardon a little obscurity in the putting of his pious thoughts.

Christ's Example and Precepts about Baptism, contrasted with His Disciples' confounding thereof. By JAMES JOHNSTONE. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.—The author of this pamphlet describes himself as a ‘Theologian, Electrician, and Engineer.’ He has discovered that when St. Peter and the other apostles spoke words which contradicted his theory, they must have been wrong—perhaps because they were only inspired theo-

logians, and knew little of electricity or engineering! Going on this principle, it is, of course, easy to establish anything you please to your own satisfaction; but to convince sensible readers some firmer ground must be taken.

Tina and Beth; or, The Night Pilgrims. By A. E. COURTENAY.—*Left to Take Care of Themselves.* By A. R. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-Street, City-Road.—Both these stories are of little street children whose ways and words seem to have a never-failing interest to story writers and story readers. *Tina and Beth* is a well-written tale, in which the reader's interest is fully sustained throughout; and if the fortunate coincidences are somewhat more frequent and fortunate than in real life, the reader will probably not be over particular, but be content that sunshine should come after the long storm.—*Left to take Care of Themselves* is more true to life, and is a very touching story, typical of many a child-life in London. Happy lads and lassies in bright Christian homes will feel their hearts warmed and their eyes filled as they read it.

Precepts for Preachers in the Pulpit and out of it. Compiled from many authors by the REV. W. GRIFFITHS. T. Woolmer.—This is a well-made collection of earnest words and helpful thoughts uttered by men of various Churches and times with reference to the preacher and his office. No preacher whose heart is in his work could help profiting by these precepts. Young men will find this book a valuable addition to their stores, for it abounds in useful and suggestive thoughts.

The Contemporary Pulpit. No. I. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.—The attractive style in which this new monthly is got up makes the reader

prepared to appreciate it. This first number has some very good matter in it, especially Bishop Lightfoot's admirable sermon to young men on Ambition, and Dr. M'Laren's characteristically beautiful and practical exposition of Psalm cxxx. The shorter papers are not so good; and we cannot help thinking that fourpence would be a more reasonable price than sixpence.

John Wesley: His Life and Work. By JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D. Morgan and Scott.—This is a wonderful sixpennyworth. The author of *Buy your Own Cherries* has told the story of Wesley's abundant labours in such an easy and interesting way, that no one, even though familiar with the oft-told tale, can help enjoying it as Dr. Kirton tells it over again. We heartily wish for the book a wide circulation.

The Enquiry Room. By GEORGE SOLTAU. Morgan and Scott.—Many Christian workers have felt the need of such a handbook as this, and Mr. Soltau's wide experience makes his advice specially valuable. In one or two minor points we should be disposed to differ from him, but heartily agree with him in the prominence he gives to the use of Scripture truth—in the very words of Scripture—in directing anxious souls to the Saviour.

Comfort in Sorrow. With a Preface by the REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A. London: W. Satchell and Co.—This is a beautiful collection of letters, poems, etc., from the consolatory writings of many wise and good men and women. To those who have been bereaved—and who has not?—this book will be most helpful and precious; and every thoughtful reader will find in it much to touch his heart, and lead him to higher and purer life. Mr. Watkins' Preface is most suitable and devout.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MARCH, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	6 45	5 41	6 15m	9 15a	6 5m	5 16m	1 20m
11	6 22	5 59	6 9	9 46	5 20	4 35	0 44
21	6 0	6 16	5 59	10 17	4 39	3 55	0 9
31	5 37	6 32	<i>Sets</i> 6 37a	10 46	4 1	3 16	11 31a

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Mar. 4th, First Quarter 1h. 33m. aft. | Mar. 19th, Last Quarter 11h. 13m. aft.
 „ 11th, Full Moon 7h. 40m. „ | „ 27th, New Moon 5h. 48m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st . . . 6h. morn., Perigee . . . 228,102 miles.
 „ 17th . . . 5h. morn., Apogee . . . 251,577 „
 „ 29th . . . 1h. morn., Perigee . . . 224,808 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 239,016 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st 90,900,800 miles.
 April 1st 91,685,190 „
 Increase of distance for the month . . . 784,390 „

THE Sun crosses the Equator, northward, on March 20th, at 5h. in the morning, and the Spring Quarter commences.

On the 27th, in regions near the North Pole, the Sun will be partially eclipsed between 5h. 11m. and 6h. 54m. in the morning. The greatest obscuration will only amount to one-seventh of the diameter.

Mercury rises before the Sun until the 30th, when it will be in superior conjunction. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 27th.

Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are all visible in the evenings.

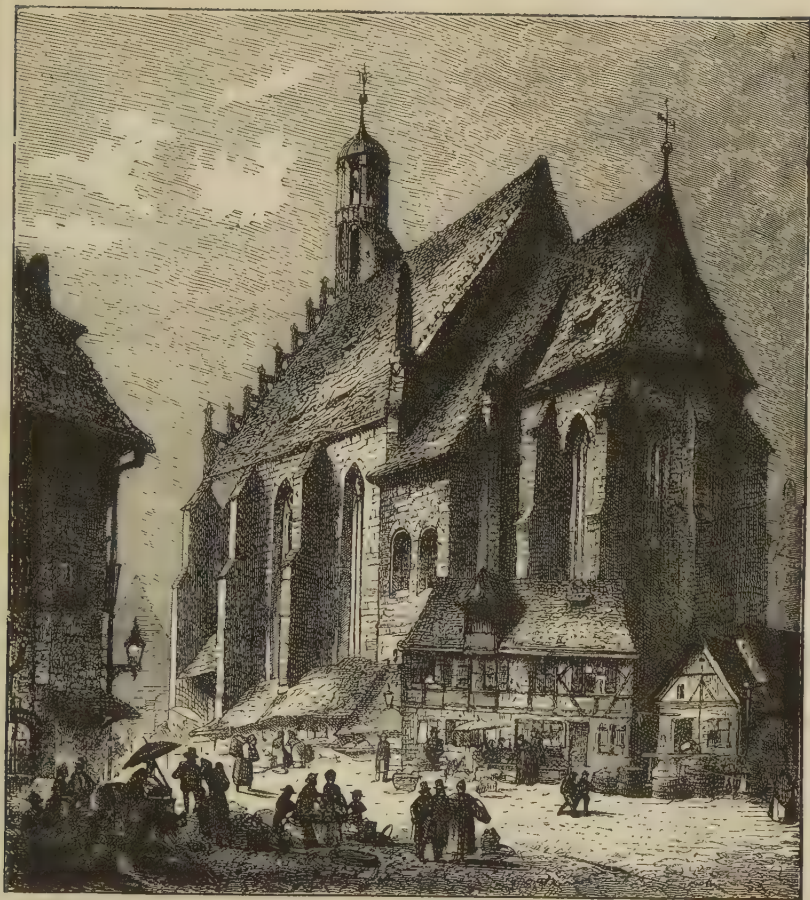
On the 26th the distance of Venus from the Earth will be equal to the mean distance of the Earth and Sun. Its diameter then subtends an angle of 17 sec. The distance is diminishing, and consequently the apparent diameter is increasing. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 30th.

Mars is in Cancer, about 10 deg. eastward of Pollux. It crosses the meridian on the 12th, at 9h., and on the 29th, at 8h. in the evening, at altitudes of over 60 deg. On the 8th it will be in conjunction with the Moon,

On the 13th the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the 22nd it will be in that point of its orbit most distant from the Sun.

Jupiter is in Gemini, westward of Mars, nearly in a line downward from Castor and Pollux, about 7 degs. from the latter. It will be near the Moon on the 7th. On the evening of that day, Castor, Pollux, Jupiter, the Moon and Mars will form a splendid constellation; the names are given in order from West to East. On the 20th the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. This planet, as well as Mars, is now very favourably situated for observation. It crosses the meridian on the 3rd, at 9h., and on the 18th, at 8h. in the evening, at an altitude of 60 degs.

Saturn is in Taurus, approaching Aldebaran. The angular distance of the two bodies, which is 6 degs. at the beginning of the month, will be reduced to 4 degs. at the end. It will be very near the Moon on the evening of the 3rd and on the morning of the 31st. The appearance of the rings continues nearly the same as last month.



(Market-place at Nuremberg.)

HANS SACHS, OF NUREMBERG:

SHOEMAKER, POET, AND REFORMER.

‘In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
 Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.
 Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
 Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng :
 Memories of the Middle Ages, when the Emperors, rough and bold,
 Had their dwelling in thy castle, time defying, centuries old ;
 And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
 That their great, imperial city, stretched its hand through every clime.

* * * * *

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
 Fountains wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart ;

APRIL, 1884.

L

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald, sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze, the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust.'

LONGFELLOW.

FEW German towns have had a more interesting history than the free city of Nuremberg, a busy and important place even in our time, but more important, and probably even busier, centuries ago. It was one of the many free towns of Germany which owed their freedom, for the most part, to the necessities of successive Emperors, who were only too glad to sell liberty to the towns which could furnish them with much-needed treasure. Many of these cities might say, 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.' Yet the money was well laid out, and brought an ample return of comfort and satisfaction. Nuremberg was raised to the position of a free city by the Emperor in the year 1219; but long before then it had been 'no mean city,' for here in 938 the first Diet of the Empire was held.

At the time of the Reformation, Nuremberg was in full prosperity, and its skilful artists and manufacturers, as well as its preachers and poets, make it well worthy of our remembrance to-day. The town is divided into two nearly equal parts by the river Pegnitz, and was, before the invention of the mariner's compass, on the great high road of European commerce. The city, too, was famous for the many branches of its industry. Here, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, watches were first made, and received the curious name of 'Nuremberg eggs;' air-guns and the clarionet were also invented here; and the doubtful honour of having first manufactured gunpowder is claimed for a monk, Bernard Schwartz, who lived at Nuremberg in the fourteenth century. To-day it is known as the 'toy-shop of Europe;' and in olden times its varied industries and wide connection with other places gave rise to the proverb :

'Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.'

The quaint city is surrounded by two lines of walls, studded with seventy round towers, and is a paradise for all who delight in sculpture and architecture. The cathedral and the church of St. Sebald are the most interesting ecclesiastical buildings, and both witnessed many an earnest gathering of the Nurembergers in the days when Luther was engaged in his struggle with the tyranny of Rome. Here the great Reformer found many faithful friends and helpers. The Secretary of the city, Christopher Schenol, was one of the first to recognise his powers, and to express sympathy with him. It was from Wenceslaus Link, a monk of Nuremberg, and afterwards a true

Protestant, that Luther borrowed the frock in which he appeared before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg. Andrew Osiander was another of his disciples, who preached the pure Gospel to eager crowds even whilst the Diet of 1522 was sitting, under the presidency of Archduke Ferdinand, at the Rath Haus, or town-hall.

Albert Durer, the famous engraver and painter, though he never seems to have completely severed himself from the Church of Rome, was at heart a Protestant, and an avowed friend of Luther's, concerning whose death he wrote: 'O God! is Luther dead? Who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the Holy Gospel? O, all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray God to send us another enlightened teacher!' Of Durer, Longfellow sings, in his poem on Nuremberg:

'Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art:
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies.'

And last, but not least amongst the worthies of Nuremberg, we must mention HANS SACHS, of whom a quaint old couplet says:

'Hans Sachs was a shoe-
Maker and a poet too.'

Of whom Longfellow, in more poetic fashion, says:

'Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sung and laughed.'

Hans Sachs was born on the 5th of November, 1494. His father was a master tailor, but the son was apprenticed to the flourishing trade of a shoemaker, and continued in that calling all his life, and probably made as good shoes as any man in Nuremberg. He was educated in the Grammar School of the town, and must have made good use of such teaching as the establishment could give him. When seventeen years of age, he travelled through various German towns, and at Innsbrück joined the hunting-train of the Emperor Maximilian.

Wandering from place to place, he had many adventures, and made many acquaintances. Already he was a poet, and in 1514 he first breathed out his soul in song, his theme being, *The Mystery of the Godhead*—a subject which shows clearly enough the bent of his mind.

In 1518 the providence of God led the young shoemaker to Augsburg, where the Diet of the Empire was assembled. Here he met, for the first time, the man whose influence was to be stamped upon all his life, Martin Luther—and it was from him that he 'received

his final consecration to poesy, and his thorough resolve as to the way he was to take to reach a crown of immortal glory.*

He returned to Nuremberg in 1516, and having proved his skill in his craft, was admitted a member of the Shoemakers' Guild. He married shortly afterwards, Kunigunde Creutzer, of Wendelstein, who died forty years after, and he then married Barbara Harscher, who outlived him. All his seven children went before him to the unseen world.

When a 'prentice boy, he had attracted the notice and kindly interest of a linen-weaver, Leinhard Nunnenbeck, who was the chief 'master-singer' of the time, and to whose position Sachs himself succeeded in due course. The 'master-singers' of Nuremberg were a large and—at least in their own day—an important body, numbering between two and three hundred men.

Sachs was a most prolific writer, and his 'huge folios' contain more than six thousand separate poems. He never forgot his meeting with Luther, and the general tone of his writings is deeply religious; but he had a keen sense of humour which could not be always kept in the background, so satire and fun frequently relieved his more serious moods. It is a curious fact, that most of his humorous poems were written in later life, when the merry-hearted old man felt perhaps that the great battle of his time was won, and so he might the more freely give himself to pure and Christian gaiety.

Soon after he settled down to his trade, he began to collect diligently the works of Luther, which he regarded as the pearls of his precious library. 'All these books,' he writes, 'have I, Hans Sachs, collected, to honour God in His Word, and to benefit my neighbours. 1522. The truth abides eternally.'

In 1523 he published the poem by which he is best known. It was called *The Nightingale of Wittenberg*, in which he recognises Luther as the sweet singer who heralds the coming of the brighter day. 'It described,' says Miss Winkworth, 'the state of Christendom by picturing the miseries of a poor flock of sheep which have fallen among wolves, and are especially exposed to the rapacity of a lion (Leo X.), who had craftily undertaken to defend them. Suddenly they hear the clear notes of a nightingale, foretelling the day-dawn, and the sheep who follow his voice are led out into a lovely, sunny, safe meadow.' Such a conception exactly suited the temper of the times, and the poem was read all over the Fatherland, helping not a little the cause which the poet had so much at heart. Its tone is that of earnest conviction, and of Christian hope:

* See Dr. Ranke's Life of Hans Sachs, in *Leaders of the Church Universal*, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in this paper.

‘Wake! wake! the dawn is near!
A wondrous song I hear
In green hedge rising clear,
It is the nightingale!
It sounds o’er hill and dale;
Night shall no more prevail.
In east the day draws nigh,
Morn’s rosy red climbs high,
The clouds and darkness fly;
The broad sun gazes down
Now pales the setting moon
Before the coming noon.’

From this time his sacred songs have a genuine Lutheran ring, and indeed he felt himself to be in some sort the poet of the German Reformation, and the songs of Luther served as a model for his own. He revised many of his former poems, and changed the name of the Virgin Mary for the Name that is above every name. No one knew better than Luther the value of religious song. ‘Next to theology,’ he said, ‘I give the first place and the highest honour to music.’ He gladly recognised the importance of the addition to his forces of the singer of Nuremberg.

Dr. Merle D’Aubigné speaks of the songs of Hans Sachs as a ‘powerful help’ to the Reformation, and says: ‘It would perhaps be hard to decide who did most for it—the Prince-Elector of Saxony, administrator of the Empire, or the Nuremberg shoemaker.’ At any rate, we may be sure that the homely, rugged songs of the shoemaker had much to do with the sturdy Protestantism of the free citizens of Nuremberg. They soon learned to scorn the pretensions of the Papacy, and openly mocked the Pope’s ambassador as he rode through their streets. The very monks embraced the new doctrines, and forsook their monasteries. A good story is told concerning one friar. As he was going his rounds, he ‘stopped with the box in his hands begging alms at a blacksmith’s shop in Nuremberg. “Why,” said the smith, “do you not gain your bread by the work of your own hands?” At those words the sturdy monk threw away his staff, and seizing the hammer, plied it vigorously on the anvil. The useless mendicant had become an honest workman. His box and frock were sent back to the monastery.’*

This incident must have been much to our hero’s mind, for he used to say that monks were as truly born to work as birds to fly.

Whilst such things were passing around him, the cheery shoemaker’s spirit was stirred within him, and song after song poured forth, to be sung far and wide by the thousands whose thoughts he

* D’Aubigné.

was putting into verse. One of these hymns was entitled, 'A Fair Melody, to be sung by good Christians,' and is characteristic of the gladness with which men hailed their deliverance from the bondage of error and darkness. We quote a few verses:

'Awake, my heart's delight, awake
Thou Christian host, and hear
These tones that lovely music make,
God's Word most pure and clear,
That now is sweetly sounding,
While dawn is piercing through
the night,
Through God's dear love abounding.

'The prophet's message now at last
Our ears may hear again;
Locked up therewith in silence fast
Long had the Gospel lain;
But now we hear their voices,
And many an anxious, burdened
soul
In freedom now rejoices.

'For conscience lay oppressed and
bound
By bans and men's commands,
Soul-traps and nets were all around;
But now our German lands,
Behold the sun is risen,
And those foul shapes were ghosts
and lies,
And dare to burst their prison.

'Christ sends us many messengers
His Gospel to proclaim,
And all the realm of darkness stirs
To work them death or shame,
And quench the Truth in error;
O Christendom, thou Bride of God,
Fear not for all their terror! '*

Sachs also wrote several prose works, amongst them four dialogues, the first of which was entitled *Discussion between a Canon and a Shoemaker, wherein the Word of God and the true Christian character are maintained*. In these dialogues he earnestly maintained the Reformed faith, and gave most sensible advice to those who professed it.

His fellow-townsmen were justly proud of him, and he was made a member of the City Council, in which position he took an active part in the social and political affairs of his time. He lived on into a green old age; 'sticking to his last' almost to the last, and breaking forth into song many years after he had made up his mind that he was too old to be still a poet. He died on the 20th of January, 1576, and was buried in St. John's Cemetery, lamented and honoured by all men in the town he had loved and served so well and long and faithfully. An old portrait, taken when he was in his prime, represents him as a strong, intelligent man, with a cheery smile lighting up his honest, workman-like face. His house—now a tavern—is still shown at Nuremberg, No. 969, Flour-street, and a tablet commemorates the fact that he lived and worked there.

An engraving of the year 1617 represents him in old age, and has beneath the portrait this verse:

'Of a maker of shoes a sweet singer has grown,
And grand poet to teach us that "great is our Lord;"
For He chooseth as pleaseth Him, knowing His own
The poor cobbler He showeth His grace-giving word.'

* Miss Winkworth's *Christian Singers of Germany*.

Dr. Ranke thus aptly sums up his life and character: 'Beautiful, rare example of one who fulfilled his life and work in the noblest way, and royally met the demands of his twofold occupation! His character corresponded to the views of his life. From youth, his heart avoided corrupting influences. Even in the jest and humour of which he was so fond, he never let anything escape him which would incite to sin. When he approached such thoughts—and his use of secular books furnished too frequent occasions—he used ever to add a word of excuse, saying, "I pray lay not the blame of this to me, Hans Sachs." At times, indeed, the patriarch of minstrelsy is a child of his generation, and speaks in a popular way, with a wit inclining to coarseness and rude jest; yet he is, for the most part, kept therefrom by his evangelic thought and pure frame of mind. He was very modest in his estimate of his own morality, as he shows by his censure of himself, near the end of his life, in his poem, *The Works of God are Good*.'

His deep personal piety and manly trust in God were the strength of his life, and his portion for ever. In times of trouble or joy, he was alike trustful and calm, and breathed forth in holy song the deep faith which dwelt in his heart. Let us conclude our brief sketch of his life with a portion of a hymn, written in time of anxiety, possibly during the siege of Nuremberg in 1561:

'Why art thou thus cast down, my heart?

Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er nought but earthly wealth?

Trust in thy God, be not afraid,
He is thy Friend Who all things made.

'The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;

Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that He hath taught—

Who trusts in God shall want for
nought.

'Yes, Lord, Thou art as rich to-day
As Thou hast been, and shall be aye,

I rest on Thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 'tis enough for earth and heaven.

'What here may shine, I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,

That through Thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for
me,

For this, for this, I cry to Thee!

'All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,

Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

'I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That Thou hast taught me by Thy
Word

To know this truth and Thee
O, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly Kingdom not to miss.*

‘HE WAS SPEECHLESS.’

BY THE REV. J. T. LAWRENCE MAGGS, B.A.

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment : and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment ? And he was speechless.—MATTHEW XXII. 11, 12.

THIS parable is in its earlier incidents very similar to a parable uttered by our Lord at an earlier period of His public ministry, and recorded by St. Luke. There is between them this distinction: the parable recorded by St. Luke is a warning, this recorded by St. Matthew a judgment. During the months between the two utterances, Jewish malice against our Lord Jesus had deepened, and now had formed the resolve to slay Him. And while before the Master had spoken only of the ingathering of the outcast and the exclusion of the invited, He here, in sadder tones, tells of a kingly wrath, which commissions armies, and destroys murderers and burns down their city: a prophecy of judgment before long fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem. And when again, and in these darker colours, He had painted the picture of the neglected and despised feast, our Lord uttered the brief event from which our text is taken,—the coming, the discovery, and the punishment of the man without a wedding garment. Let us consider some of the lessons taught.

I. *God insists on one thing as indispensable for every man: there is emphatically ‘one thing needful.’* The circumstances of the parable bring this home to us with unusual force. There is no parable which bears more clearly the impress of the Gospel freeness. After the chosen and invited guests have been bidden, and bidden in vain, the feast is thrown open. Not only is it free to those that will come, but the servants are sent into the highways, into the principal streets of the city, that every one—the heedless loiterer, the busy passer-by—may hear the call. So they go forth, gathering together all, as many as they find, mingling them, the good with the bad, till ‘the wedding was furnished with guests.’ Surely no direct statement could more clearly show the freeness and fulness of the Gospel invitation. Yet, thrown into greater prominence by its contrast with freeness which seems to run into indifference, is the lesson that one thing is indispensable: no one must be there without ‘a wedding garment.’

Or, take the parable as teaching this truth in another light. All that came, except one man, seem to have fitted themselves for the feast. The time for preparation was brief, the opportunity given small. The oxen and fatlings were killed, all things were ready before the invited guests refused to come and the servants were sent

into the highways. Men summoned as they hasted through the city, or called from their tasks or leisure, had little chance of elaborately attiring themselves; yet, save one, all wore wedding garments. The preparation required could have been but slight,—a garment readily procured, easily put on. Not less truly is the Gospel apprehended in a moment of faith, than did men quickly befit themselves for the feast. Yet slight as this preparation seemed, it was all-important, and upon the want of it the king's eye immediately fell. There was a fitness of appearance and dress without which no one might sit at that feast; there is a 'holiness' of heart and of life 'without which no man shall see the Lord.'

The absolute indispensableness of a true conversion, of a pure heart and a pure life, may be seen in this parable. All might be guests; the great and the mean were invited. The highways were scoured, and neither poverty nor riches, neither age nor youth, stood as an obstacle. No long preparation was required, the wedding garment put on was adornment enough. Enough; but nothing less would do; that was indispensable; each must have 'a wedding garment.'

II. We learn also that *apparently this one thing needful may long be dispensed with.*

No servant had esteemed it his duty to deny entrance to this man. If human eyes had noticed the garment's absence, they had failed to discern its significance. Men so strangely called from the streets to the palace, were too dazzled with bounty to mark such a seeming trifle; while the duty of the servants was to *invite*, not to *exclude*.

Now the course of the parable suggests that this needful thing was for a time dispensed with, until 'the king came;' and nowhere does the seeming possibility of doing without conversion, without renewal of heart and sanctification of life, seem greater than in this parable. There are many men who regard religion as a refuge in death, not a thing requisite for life. And the parable lends, as it were, a momentary consent to the idea. A man, it seems to suggest, may do without godliness in youth, may put off conversion far into the future; let him only put on the garment in time for the feast, no one will detect the need. The Psalmist tells us of men in whose death 'there are no bands;' as if even then they could slight the one thing needful and not discover their danger. But the parable takes the thought yet further, and presents a man who, void of true godliness, passes the gate, enters the banqueting-room, and takes his seat among the guests. So long may the dream of security without Christ, of satisfaction apart from God, dwell in the heart; so long continued and comparatively successful may be the attempt to do without the 'one thing needful.'

Yet, just at this point at which indifference seemed successful and carelessness triumphant, the scene changes, the dream is rudely broken in upon, and things real and true appear. *Unconcern, in the end, is ruin.* Among all that throng the hall, the one careless guest is discovered; and in the hour when he might be boasting his success, and like another be saying to his soul: 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' the king's command is uttered, 'Bind him, . . . and take him away.' The discernment which man did not possess, God exercises; and that man whom no servant forbade to enter, He commands to be cast out. Very solemnising is the individual character of this judgment. None may escape the eye of the King. No single blemish is permitted at the feast, no carelessness overlooked. Though among all those gathered in from the highways but one be unfitted, he cannot be hidden, he cannot be endured. The failing which in the servant's eyes may have appeared trivial, was not a thing of little importance to the Lord of the feast; and in the very moment of seeming success, negligence and daring disregard paid a terrible penalty.

III. *We see also how God ends this unconcern by an unanswerable question.*

Observe how God throws Himself upon the testimony of the conscience. The king does not avail himself of his right to eject intruders from his feast. He does not denounce the man, as a prelude to bidding the servants cast him out. In gentle tones, addressing him as 'Friend,' he appeals to the man for whatever justification of his conduct he can give. Can any good reason be given for this breach of etiquette? Can he name some circumstance that will excuse his neglect? Either he must justify his conduct or that of the king, for the king must be justified in his saying, and be clear when he is judged. God is not only ready to hear any word of excuse, to weigh any plea we may make; He seems even to stoop down, calling man to the proof, challenging him to utter his excuses, to produce his justification: 'Friend, how camest thou in ^hither, not having a wedding garment?'

It was a question seemingly easy to answer, yet no answer was given: 'He was speechless.' Commentators upon Holy Scripture have been busy to explain the matter, and some have supposed that an invitation carried with it a present of suitable raiment, a most common present in the East. But the point is uncertain, and still more unimportant. The very mystery is suggestive, forbidding too close scrutiny; the silence of the man is the best answer to objections, he whom it most concerned 'was speechless.' Others may have been as ready with explanations as they are to-day; he, at least, had none. Excuses suggest themselves to us in a moment. Did the king expect

guests gathered from the streets to be dressed like courtiers? Did the time admit of elaborate preparation? Must guests so suddenly and strangely brought in fulfil all conventional proprieties? Was it not a better thing to do the king's will than to trouble about such trifles as dress? Thus might others have pleaded his cause; but no plea, or excuse, or defence left his lips: 'he was speechless,'—*gagged, muzzled*; for such is the meaning of the word.* In the clear light of conscience, all excuse had departed, all justification had forsaken him. His own conscience had condemned him, even before the king had pronounced sentence.

What, then, is the bearing of our text on modern life? In the hour of sickness, in the hour and article of death, a question like our text is being asked of religiously-unprepared men; a question to be asked again in the great day of judgment. Think you those whom God asks the question are readier with an answer though nineteen centuries have nearly gone, than the man of the parable when first it left Christ's lips? Are men *unmasked* less ready with answers and excuses than we can imagine his fellow-guests to have been? Many to-day are without the wedding garment, not perchance of religious profession and Church-fellowship, but of vital godliness. They pass into the great future, and we make excuses for them; ere they pass we urge the one thing needful upon them, and to us they make excuses, valid, as they suppose. Will they hereafter make them to the King when He challenges men to justify their life on earth, or rather their condition of soul for eternity, saying: "'How camest thou in hither"—out of the gate of life, across the stream of death, through the portal of eternity, into My presence—"not having a wedding garment?"' Will they plead that coming at the servant's call, hastening from the highways and mart, no time was allowed? Will men argue then, as they do now, that life is too brief, one trial too little probation? Will they represent the wedding garment a trivial thing, godliness of little moment among the present claims of business, or the claims of family life? Will men assert that such punctilios about dress are not to be heeded, that the offence is beneath the King's notice? Will they assert they never knew the value of a soul, the importance of religion, that they needed to learn the real meaning of the word *eternal*, and in another life, by penal or purging fires, need to be taught that no man can do without the wedding garment? These are the excuses and phrases one now not infrequently hears, but the parable suggests that then they will be unuttered. Cleverly as we may frame them, glibly though we utter them, confidently though we pass them current among us, Jesus Christ

* See Archbishop Trench *On the Parables*.

represents them as unuttered and nothing worth in that day when 'every mouth shall 'be stopped,' and every one without the wedding garment shall by speechless guilt confess himself 'guilty before God.'

And to no class has this parable a more solemn message than those who pass in the world as religious persons. They belong not to the wholly indifferent who slight the message, going to their farm or their merchandise, and perhaps spitefully entreating the messengers. But it may be that among those brought in from the highways at the call of the Gospel, seated in the sanctuary as in the banqueting-hall of God, many may be found without the wedding garment, never convinced of the absolute necessity of this robe of righteousness, of a renewed heart; never convinced 'that one thing is needful.' Such persons do long escape detection, almost, as the parable suggests, to the very moment when they would partake of heavenly and unending joys. But though through all the years of life, in the searching hour of death, right up to the King's palace, men pass without this vital godliness, there must at the last be an arrest. The King will face them; either He or they must be justified; and He challenges each to make whatever defence or excuse each has. But of that challenge there is no acceptance; to the question, 'How camest thou in hither?' there is no answer: 'he was speechless.' Wise and happy are they who seek deliverance from this guilty shame, and through Jesus Christ are made welcome to the palace and banquet of the King:

'His righteousness wearing, And cleansed by His blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.'

GOOD FRIDAY.

TWAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the guilty cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentile hate and Jewish malice,
Lift the royal Victim high,—
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the Prophet once uplifted,—
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied:
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of Sorrows!
From Thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus;
While exalted there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer, victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred symbol be.
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to Thee.

Still to Thee, Whose love unbounded,
Sorrows deep for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Glory to Thy cross for ever!
Star that points our high endeavour,
Whither Thou hast gone before.

—*Frederic Henry Hedge.*

EASTER THOUGHTS.

BY THE LATE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

GOD has taken care to fence round the death of Christ with evidences which no sceptic can gainsay. The cross was reared in the very midst of the ages, when men with sharpened intellects had begun to weigh evidence, and to guard against fraud; when the schools had fostered an inquisitive spirit, and when there was a general avarice for knowledge. There was history when Christ was crucified, and that history records the fact from the pens of writers who were unfriendly to Messiah's claims. Even men's evil passions were made to subserve the purposes of Divine attestation. The imperious Roman and the jealous and cruel Jew were equally interested in the frustration of imposture, and they join with swarthy Cyrenian and cultured Greek in witness of the death of Jesus. The soldier who pierced Him bears testimony as important as if Providence, and not malignity, had poised his spear; and the sepulchre hewn out of the rock, with its quiet clay and rich embalmments, with its imperial signet and its pomp of guards, authenticates, so that all the world may receive it, that Christ did actually die. The resurrection rests upon evidence equally, and if possible more convincing. Sophistry itself might well be silenced before the vast accumulation of testimony which crowds around the forsaken tomb. It is right therefore that we should comfort ourselves as we stand by the grave of Jesus—a grave now emptied of its tenant—with the expectation of the blessings which His death was undertaken to procure.

During the time of His incarnate life, His announcement of His coming fate, and of the purpose of expiation which it involved, fell often upon the ears of His disciples like a startling rain; and on several occasions, He taught them to anticipate His resurrection as the completion of His work, and that which was to vindicate His character and approve Him to have come down from heaven. And we too, upon whom there has come fuller light from the descent of the Spirit and from the fulfilments of the interpreting years—we too may rejoice in this Easter-tide, even with exceeding joy. Jesus is risen!—then there has come a reversal upon the olden curse, and this noble nature of mine shall not cease in the tomb from an existence whose rapture and whose resources it will but just have begun to feel. Jesus is risen!—then that terrible shadow which has clouded life and kept the soul in bondage, is not invincible, as I feared; for He Who has conquered death and spoiled his goods is my Surety and my Friend. Jesus is risen!—then the fear which has crept about my heart, like the mortal faintness about the life-springs of the dying, need be my master no longer. Jesus is risen! and out of His tomb, into whose

gloomy guardianship I cast my old despairs, there rise for me acceptance and comfort and blessing, as the young lightnings are born out of the blackness of the cloud; and subdued and humbled beneath the unmerited mercy, I walk freely on, 'begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.' But the resurrection of Jesus is also the sweet token of the acceptance of His offerings on high. It was necessary, in order to assure the hearts of those who might believe on His name, that the prevalence of the Saviour's sacrifice should be publicly declared. *He* knew that it was accepted when, in the agonies of the cross, He spoke those meaning words: 'It is finished;' so close was the harmony of counsel between the Son and the Father. But how was it to be manifested to the world—to the heedful multitudes who awaited in wondering suspense the issue—to the few true-hearted who had ventured on Him a faith which was the common wonder and the common scorn—to the disciples who laid down their hopes in obsequy, in the same sepulchre which held their Master's body—to the future ages, whose trust it was to secure, and whose hopes it was to enkindle for heaven? To these the only attestation could be by the resurrection from the dead. Without this there would have been absolute uncertainty—unending conflict of faith with feeling, a blank earth and a frowning heaven; and even the most loyal of the adherents of the Nazarene might be excused if He spoke of the trust regretfully as a dear relic of the past, upon which the hateful tomb had closed: 'We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.' But the great triumph of the resurrection chased all doubts away, and the three days' suspense for the fortunes of the world was broken by an achievement of wondrous victory, which exceeded the loftiest thought and fondest dream of men. Hence the apostle, in the exulting consciousness of privilege, asks: 'Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea *rather*, that is risen again.'

The argument in the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians goes even further. In that magnificent burst of mingled logic and eloquence, which has been selected by the Church as the requiem, in whose words Christians express—in their last fond lingering by their dead—at once their triumph and their sorrow, the apostle says: 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain, . . . ye are yet in your sins.' It would seem from this that we are shut up to the resurrection of Christ as a necessary preliminary to our salvation. And so it is: if death had triumphed over our Champion, our doom must have been sealed for ever. Dark indeed would have been the destiny of a world of sinners, if the Second Adam had lain powerless in the sepulchre which had entombed the first. 'But

now is Christ risen from the dead.' The chains of the olden bondage snapped when it was sought to bind them upon Jehovah's fellow, just as the withes which would have fettered common men, were as gossamer when Samson woke and tried them. 'Now is Christ risen;' and therefore there is hope for the sinner. Our preaching is not vain; there is a power in it which stirs the souls of the listeners. Sometimes gentle as the snow-fall, and sometimes resistless as the cataract, its influence descends; but it is the influence of Jesus and the resurrection. Your faith is not vain; it rests upon sure promises, and compasses mighty ends. Bravely does it unbear amid surrounding evil. Keenly does it pierce the invisible as a land with which it dares to be familiar; but it is faith in a risen and exalted Saviour. Ye are not in your sins, those of you who believe in Jesus—for the victory of His cross, declared by the marvel of His rising, has purged your every stain. Nay! they also that have fallen asleep in Christ are not perished, as the scoffers slanderously affirm; the first-fruits have been waved before the Lord, and the whole harvest of the immortal shall follow—'they that are Christ's at His coming.' The whole ransomed universe, present at the death of Death, shall swell the triumph of Him Who hath abolished him, and creation in all its circle shall echo to the one song, bursting from hearts which are glad in the fruitions of redemption: 'Begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.' *

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—STOLE AWAY!

'Let's have the millendyouem.'

IT was somewhere about noon when Tim Nollings began to 'come to hisself,' as he would have said; and he was sensible that he might have come to a better man. He was pretty well used to this fellow, certainly; but the difference between him and Tim Nollings of the *Plough and Harrow* company last night was so aggravating! At the *Plough*, Tim was a judge, an orator, a gentleman. He settled cases which had puzzled the Chancellor and the House of Lords. He abolished the game-laws, and divided the wealth of Britain amongst poor colliers and such-like without any trouble at all, in five minutes. He abused masters and parsons, and all Methodists, quite fluently, feeling himself much better than any of the lot; while he prophesied

* *Sermons by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. Second Series. T. Woolmer.*

that the working-man should have a free glass yet, in spite of 'em all. O, that Tim was a mighty fellow !

But this morning's Tim was of a different size altogether. A gentleman, an orator, a judge ! He was a penniless ignominy, and somewhere in the miserable inside of him he knew it. He was a dirty, thirsty, head-achy wretch ; a prodigal who had forgotten even the name of his Father, and lay prone among the swine, possessed by one hot craving,—more drink,—more drink,—more drink ! He was in hell till he got another drink !

Raising himself on one elbow upon the black floor, his bleared glance hunted round and round. The feather-bed had gone long ago ; so had the chairs and the chest of drawers and the fire-irons, and all the little things Polly was so proud of when she first began to keep house. O, get away ! What was that Polly always coming back to him for ? He hated to have her pale face popping up. Round and round went the hungry, craving look. Was there nothing left that would furnish a pint of beer ? One pint would do something towards reviving the Tim Nollings who was at least 'a jolly fellow,' and 'never did nobody no harm.'

No harm,—not a bit : leastways, not meaning it. He'd never have hurt Polly if she hadn't been a fool and a worriter. And pawning little Bessy's frock and shoes a few weeks ago was no harm. The child did just as well without 'em. As like as not she'd get more from some of the neighbours. Mebbe the frock she had on was worth summut. He'd rig her out fresh as soon as he had some wages in his hand again. But beer he *must have* just now !

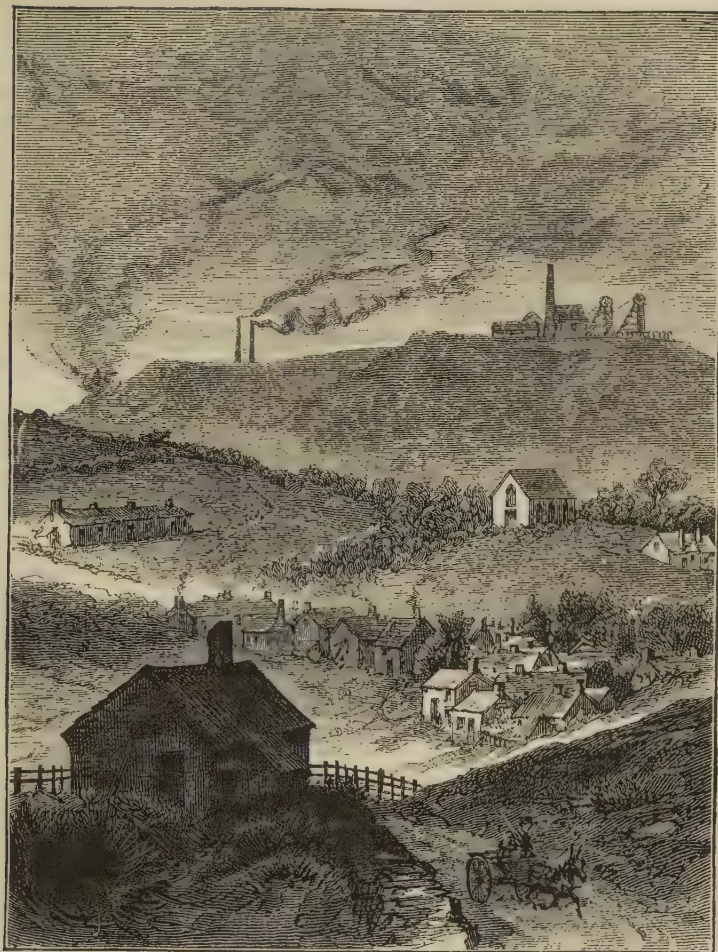
He scrambled up and went to the side of the poor bedstead. There was no child coiled upon the dirty straw mattress under the yet filthier old blanket. The neighbour woman had taken her away, he supposed, and he went out to see.

'I know what you want with the little 'un, and if she was here *you* shouldn't get hold of her, that you shouldn't, you mean-looking object !' the woman assured him. 'But she's not in this house. I put her to bed last night afore you came home, you brute, and I'd a given her a bite o' breakfast this morning if I could a found her.'

'Ye'd better keep a civil tongue in your head, missis, and call no names,' muttered Tim, sullenly, shuffling out again. 'I'm not your man, I'm glad to say.'

'You can't be gladder nor I am,' she retorted, following him. 'But if ye were, ye wouldn't dare be i' that state, I promise ye. I've no great opinions o' Granny Scunnar, but I hope she's seen fit to take the little 'un home at last.'

Tim had had quite enough of these unfavourable opinions. As he



(Shirlect.)

was not this woman's 'man,' he could hardly give her a black eye, so he slouched away, a limp, blear-eyed, grimy 'object,' shivering in the March air. He need not go across to the old Pottery after little Bessy. In fact he never did willingly go near Granny Scunnar. She had threatened more than once to heave him into a pit-hole, and was quite strong enough to do it. Even if Bessy's frock had any value as a pledge, he would never be able to lay hands on it while she was in her granny's custody.

Ur—gh, when would he get that beer?

Ten minutes afterwards the neighbour woman saw Tim slouching

away towards Shirlcot village, carrying in one hand his last chair, in the other the iron kettle, poor articles enough, both of them, but pawnable, he hoped.

As he went on this manly and sensible errand, he had a vague feeling of missing the child. The little thing was fond of him, and even when he was drunk he had never given its fondness any brutal check. He was proud to have Bessy toddle after him. The touch of the little hands, the shrill cry, 'Daddy, daddy!' were a demonstration to all Foundry Row that Tim Nollings was really a good sort of a chap at bottom, though he might have his failings. It even helped the oratory at the *Plough*, to know that when he stumbled home and threw himself upon his hard mattress, little Bessy would turn round, half waking, and cuddle up to him with a murmur of satisfaction.

He worn't going to let the child be took away, he growled to himself, as he slunk along back lanes to the pawn-shop. Nobody had any right to interfere betwixt him and his own gal, and they shouldn't do it. He'd get a message sent to Granny Scunnar that would settle her impudence.

Coming out of the pawn-shop with this valorous resolution in his mind, and the wretched price of his last bits of furniture in his hand, who should he meet, in the middle of Shirlcot village, but Mrs. Scunnar, carrying home a basket of clothes. There was no pit-hole near, and he made up to her.

'What do you mean meddling with my gal?' he demanded; 'you as wouldn't come near us to so much as wash its face.'

'Nor so I wouldn't; you're telling the truth for *once*, Tim Nollings,' she returned, setting down her basket. If he wanted a row he should have one; she was quite ready for him, or a dozen like him. 'I'm not a Nollings, I thank the stars, and I won't ever demean myself by havin' aught to do wi' 'em, as I've said many's the time.'

She certainly had, as Tim scornfully attested.

'But you'd demean yerself to any mortal thing if it was to rile a fellow, you would. Hows'ever, I've the right to the youngster, and as long as she likes her daddy I'll keep her; d'ye hear?'

'O, I hear! A person 'at's in your company hears a deal. But what we see is another pit's coal altogether. We can see you keep the child i' the same way as you kept her mother: that's in dirt an' rags. I dare say it's quite good enough for Nollingses.'

Her voice was hard and coarse, but she did not raise it, and her tone was contemptuous and sarcastic rather than abusive. She was a big, stout woman, her mouth a short, thin line in the bend of a hard jaw, her eyes small, greenish beads with a surly glitter in them. For

dress she wore a rather greasy black gown, nearly covered with a big apron, a Paisley shawl pinned awry, and a horribly rusty crape bonnet perched upon some untidy gray hair. She was not quite a slattern, but came rather too near that description. To do her justice, it must be said that she did at least make clean and glossy the linen of her customers.

‘Then why don’t you let Nollingses alone?’ Tim growled. ‘They won’t be any the better o’ what you do for ’em. The child gets her bite an’ sup somewheres, and anyhow she don’t get beat, as she will wi’ her granny.’

To himself he muttered:

‘That’s true, it is! I never lifted a hand to the babby, nor give her a bad word. Polly might be content, and let a fellow alone.’

‘Let you alone, indeed! That’s what I certainly *will* do, Tim Nollings,’ said his tormentor, just catching the last word. ‘It’s a disgrace to be seen talking wi’ the likes o’ you.’

She stooped to her basket—slowly, that he might have time for a reply, which in its turn would require another. She was in no hurry.

‘Fetch the little ’un back, then. How come’d ye to disgrace yerself by taking it away?’

‘Never did, an’ never would. *Me* take that brat!’

It really began to seem that she had not taken the child. But who had, then? A thrill of actual alarm shot through Tim’s muddled soul; horrid stories of abductions by gipsies came to mind.

‘Look here, you Bet!’ he exclaimed, with a coarse oath, and a kick to the basket. ‘You tell me plain out whether you have the brat, or I’ll send them traps o’ yourn ——’

She flung as coarse a reply at him, snatched up her basket, and marched up the village with it, sending this shot back to where he stood, a ragged, shambling figure in the middle of the road, glaring stupidly after her:

‘Haint seen the little plague for a fortnight. Better look in the pond for her.’

She went her errand with a look of wicked satisfaction on her face, and Tim, scared by two ideas—‘gipsies,’ and ‘the pond’—actually turned from the tempting door of the *Plough* and went back to Foundry Row, which he roused into considerable excitement by his assertions. One of them was soon disproved—the pond being no deeper than a person could wade through; so the other was adopted as the finding of the Row in the case. Little Bessy was certainly stole away by tramps or gipsies.

Tim did not say to himself that he deserved this. No ; it was his bad luck : the last stroke of spiteful Fate. There was naught for him to care about now—nobody left who cared a button for him. He might go to the devil as soon as he liked.

So, after an hour or so of aimless lounging about and abuse of everything and everybody, he sauntered off to the *Plough* at last, to make himself miserably, stupidly drunk, and forget it all—for one night. What a curse it was that a fellow couldn't forget altogether ! What a wretched world to be in !

Bet Scunnar, meantime, was enjoying *her* favourite stimulus,—a sort not procurable at the *Plough*. She 'liked her beer,' certainly, and she also liked stronger liquor ; but there was another kind of excitement which she found more amusing than that of alcohol. Secrets, mysteries, tit-bits of gossip ferreted out by her own cleverness, were to her what the rare wine is to the toper who prides himself on his taste. Her bitter contempt for Nollingses only made her the keener in this instance. Who could tell what that Tim might ha' done ?—But she'd be on his track till she knew all there was to know.

So, for the rest of that day, she hovered about Foundry Row and Shirlcot, putting questions, dropping laments, playing the character of an anxious grandmother whose advice had always been scorned, but who would still wish to do her duty, so far as a poor woman could.

And what, then, had become of you, little Bessy ? Who came across the waste this morning and found you sleeping beside your drunken father (a father !—*he ?*) and carried you home to her own warm, well-provided hearth ?

* * * * *

In the narrowest part of the Wyvern valley, where Edge fronts Edge in bold height cleft by deep, verdurous rifts of lane and dell, is the opening of a larger glen known as Cratley Dingle, the town of Cratley being perched upon the steep sides of it. Narrowing and thickly planted above the town, the dingle ascends through the skirts of the upland to break above on a bit of moor,—veritable heathery, gorsey moor, from which you may look across to green Brockanedge and Caerliffe, or up the graceful windings of the river to crests of blue Welsh hills.

On the other side of this scrap of moorland, just where it merges in the perplexing jumble of heaps and hollows, lanes and hamlets, dirt and greenery, that make the Badger Forest of to-day,—here, about half a mile from Shirlcot village, was an old house called Holywell Farm yet, although its water-spring was no longer thought of as 'the

holy well,' and the fields were mostly covered with the workings and refuse mounds of the colliery Roger Haigh had chartered.

'If I wer a drawer, Roger,' said his sister when he brought her to their new house, and she looked at the over-hanging cross-timbered gables, the lozenged casements, and the great masses of ivy that overflowed all, from the high chimneys to the ground, 'If I wer a drawer, Roger, I could amuse mysen painting this place' (sketching it, she meant); 'but for housekeepin' I'd a deal rather have a good four-roomed cottage, wi' hot an' cold water laid on.'

Four-roomed cottages of that sort being unknown in Shirlcot, she had to make the best of the quaint old dwelling, its uneven floors and cracking walls, and even to confess that 'happen yon mess of ivy' was of use in holding the concern together. Sarah Maria Haigh, you understand, was quite a practical person.

Yet a warm-blooded woman, too. She was like her brother, physically and mentally, and they were both dowered with the fervour of their Methodist father, although they had come out from Methodism, shaking its dust off their shoes. They did not know that it was a vital heat inherited from Christian ancestors which made them so eager to regenerate the world out of Christianity. It did not occur to them when they repaired two empty cottages in a by-lane behind the Methodist chapel, and in these rooms held the meetings of 'The Shirlcot Society of Progress,' that they were acting a parable—that unless the chapel had come first, the Society could not have followed.

Sarah Maria Haigh, then, was just the sort of woman to be in a fury of indignation with Tim and his respectable mother-in-law; just the sort of woman to lie awake half the night hearing the moaning of the wind about chimney and gable as if it had been a child's voice; just the woman to rise soon after day-break and speed across the pit-heaps to the old Foundry and the miserable den where Bessy lay sleeping at last for sheer exhaustion. No one saw her come or go. She stepped over the prone object on the floor, wrapped the child in an old blanket brought for the purpose, and when Bessy awoke it was in a world all strange and yet all delightful—a world fairly bewildering to her little brain. A hot bath; warm, plentiful, delicious food; kind, unfamiliar eyes, wonderful shining objects all round: she saw and felt, wondered, and was in luxury, and slept again.

In the afternoon of this day a message came to Tim that he was to go across to Holywell; the master wanted to speak to him.

Tim naturally supposed that he was going to be 'sacked,' instead of beginning work again next morning; and he declared that he wornt a-going to put himself in the way of a preachment as well. If the master wanted to be rid of him he might be. For his part, he

meant to be out of Shirlcot soon : it was a place only to be described in profane and unpleasant words, of which Tim was not sparing.

For all this, he did set out after dark, and when it was clear that no more credit was to be got at the *Plough* or elsewhere. Down through Shirlcot, and up through Shirlcot Lane, he made his way, passing with great reluctance, and many wishes that publicans were more generous, *The Cross-keys* and *The Lion*. The road to Holywell went off at the top of Shirlcot Lane, and a few steps along this by-track Tim's uncertain feet stayed again, opposite some well-lit windows and an open door that sent across the dark path a bright shaft.

'The master's here, belike, carrying on some of his games,' was Tim's audible reflection ; and he added a strong wish that the 'games' had included a free provision of beer.

Failing that, there might be some 'fun' to be got out of the performance, whatever it was. He went into the little lobby and opened the inner door an inch or two.

It was the evening when the young men of the Shirlcot Society of Progress met for mutual improvement, and they were discussing 'False notions of progress': that is to say, Haigh was expounding to half-a-dozen lads, who listened with more or less interest, the wonderful advance the world was to make when it had come out of the dens and caves of superstition into the glowing daylight of true freedom. Men were poor and oppressed, sick and miserable ; yet always dreaming of some heaven that was to make up for everything. Let them be done with such dreams. Of what was to come they knew nothing, but they did know that they could live clean, decent lives where they were, and so help the progress of their neighbours and the world.

'What may the progress come to, Sir ?' said Tim, putting his head inside the door.

Of course everybody looked round, but Haigh did not recognise him for a moment.

'To what folks call the millennium,' he said, hoping to entice the man in.

'The mil-lend-youem,' echoed Tim. That sounded promising, but it was too vague. Would it mean as much as two pound a week and short hours ? Haigh, not seeing his drift, replied that he hoped it would mean a free house and garden beside that, for every working man.

'Then let's have the millendyouem,' said Tim, coming up the room and sitting down on a bench. 'When 's it a-going to be passed ?—I'll vote for ye, Sir, plump and square.'

He had quite forgotten about the 'sacking' and the expected 'preachment.' Haigh burst into a laugh.

‘I reckon the millennium won’t be passed by Act of Parliament, and when it comes it ’ll happen not suit you, my fine fellow. You’ll have to progress yourself, a good bit, Tim Nollings.’

Tim cursed that sort of progress. That was parsons’ talk, and he thought the master hated parsons. ‘I don’t want no interference: I want the millendyouem,’ he repeated. ‘I’ll vote for ye if ye pass that, Sir. So ’ll lots o’ chaps, Sir.’

‘I dare say. But I’ve a good few words to say to you, yet. Just stop where you are till these lads are gone.’

There was no help for it, since the master had got between him and the door; but Tim stopped very unwillingly, especially as it now seemed doubtful whether all that fine talk meant anything. He wanted no parsons’ stuff; what he wanted was a big wage and short hours; as short as possible, with frequent election-times and holidays.

Dismissing the class, Haigh set to work to convert this prodigal, who thought swine the finest company in the world.

And while he was so occupied, his sister was watching little Bessy fall asleep in a clean, soft bed, and dropping a kiss upon the innocent child-brow. ‘She’s right bonny when she’s fettled up, the bairn,—and I’m turning soft already over her. She mun either go away to-morrow, or stop for good.’

And which it had best be, Sarah Maria could hardly say. She went to the parlour and sat down to make a frock for the bairn, jibing herself all the while for being so soft over a child she never saw until that morning. ‘If she bides, she’ll rule us all in a week wi’ her bits o’ fingers and her blue eyes. I reckon it won’t suit.’

Yes, Sarah Maria, you are fairly drawn within the magic circle that surrounds the child; the spell of the clinging, helpless creature, with its unworn eyes, its unwithered trust, is upon you. You look at the tiny round face in its frame of white pillow and flaxen hair, and tears spring into your eyes at the thought that to-morrow this tender bud may be cast back into the mire, to be defiled and battered as only childhood and womanhood can be. You would save it from that; foreseeing, as you do, that Love means Travail, you would yet, for pure love’s sake, cast your arms about ‘the bairn,’ and hold it up, resolved not to weary. And yet,—and yet—you have folded the little one in her bed to-night without teaching her baby lips one word of prayer to the great Heaven-Father Whose love enwraps you and her and all His worlds—without Whom you had never cared for her.

A 'SPIRIT OF BONDAGE.'

BY SARSON.

'They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.'—JER. L. 5.

MANY enquiring ones on being assured that their faces are Zionward, go on their way rejoicing; but there are always some plodders in the narrow way who ask in doubt, refusing to be comforted. Wearily and tearfully they press forward in what others find the paths of peace, fearing that for them it will not open into the land of Beulah, but that it will bring them to some enchanted ground where they must fall on deathful slumbers or—equal sorrow—into the grim territory of Giant Despair.

They will never 'see the King in His beauty,' they will never 'behold the land that is very far off,' say these doubters; yet nothing daunts them from seeking the marks of those blessed feet that eighteen hundred years ago trod the wilderness track before them. If they have not hope, they have the patience of hope, and the love they dare not confess keeps them pursuing, notwithstanding their faintness. For the encouragement of such we record the endurance and final victory of one of the Lord's 'secret ones,' who now knows her hidden name, but who shed bitter tears on earth because she could not read 'her title clear.'

When Esther Chapman first became acquainted with her, she had been for fifteen years a helpless paralytic. No hope was entertained of her recovery, neither did death promise speedily to open for her a door of escape from her sufferings. She was very quiet, resigned and patient; yet she was the subject of a mental and spiritual depression so deep as to far exceed in its anguish the physical prostration which no doubt contributed to it. Esther was introduced to her by a good Christian, of whom, as an earnest worker in the Church, she had enquired for some opening for usefulness among the poor.

'There's a sick lady I'd be glad to take you to see,' was the answer. 'I'll go with you any time you like.'

'A lady! Take some one else to see her, and direct me to some poor woman.'

'I don't know any one you could be so great a comfort to as to Miss Walters. Poor thing, it's little enough change she has in her life! If you would spend an hour with her now and then it would do her good in more ways than one, for her nerves are very weak, and it is hard to find the right word to speak to her on spiritual matters. She can't be comforted. If ever there was a true child of God, she's one; but she can't be brought to see it?'

'Do any of the ministers visit her?'

'Not now. The curates look in upon her occasionally, but she does not care for them. She never gives them her confidence. They're so young and so formal; and if, as she says, they have not the root of the matter in themselves, how are they to treat the want of it in another? For all she doesn't like them, she's as humble as a little child, and will tell all her heart to a plain old mother like me, hoping that I may be able to speak the good word that shall make it glad. Miss Walters belongs to a Church family, but she used to go to the Methodist chapel a great deal when she was a girl. Though she was convinced of sin in a Wesleyan chapel, she never realized the blessing of forgiveness, though she says she sought it "diligently with tears." She will be glad to see you because you are a Methodist. And her family are not bigoted. Any one who is welcome to her is welcome to them.'

With this spirit of bondage Esther felt great sympathy. There were experiences in her own past which enabled her to comprehend it; and though her lips had grown accustomed to the sweet language of adoption, and could in humble hope say 'Abba, Father,' yet the 'fear' that 'hath torment' would sometimes whisper that she had no warrant for so approaching the majesty of heaven. She did not expect that where others had failed to comfort poor Miss Walters, she would succeed; but she thought that her companionship might beguile some of her weary hours, and be to her the cup of cold water which, though a little thing to give, is so refreshing to receive.

The first visit was made after service on the Sabbath evening. It was summer, and the invalid's abode was outside the noise and smoke of the town, and was surrounded by a pleasant garden and fields, which in that neighbourhood looked like a little bit of country let in to vary the monotony of bricks and mortar, the stern prose of manufacturing life.

Miss Walters' parlor was on the second floor of a neat villa. The Virginia creeper climbed lovingly up to her windows and looked in, birds sang to her and twittered musically from their homes amid its leaves. A tastefully laid-out garden had always some novelty to present, and beyond in the meadow a few sleek cows pastured. The bleating of sheep, the pipe of the blackbird, the thrush's prolonged warble, the whirr of insect wings, and their dreamy under-song, all combined to exhilarate and soothe an ear tuned to such harmonies. In the interior of this little villa, order and refinement combined to ensure for the inmates comfort and elegance, while over the whole brooded a calm that must have been grateful to an invalid.

But 'not man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.' And the deep sadness which Esther at once saw on Miss Walters' face,

was not traced there either by ingratitude or discontent, nor even by a want of submission: it was the deeper woe of a baffled seeker after God. 'O that I knew where I might find Him!' was the language of that downcast gaze. The chair on which she had been sitting was vacant before the window, and its frail occupant had been removed to a couch till the hour should come for retiring. Her Bible, prayer-book, and several religious works were scattered about; for, though through her inability to hold anything she could not read, her friends and her nurse read to her a great deal, especially on the day hallowed for sacred thought.

On Esther's introduction to her she gave her a timid welcome, looking gratefully into the motherly face of Mrs. Bell. The service at chapel and the sermon furnished an easy and natural topic of conversation. 'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,' had been the text, and now they freely commented on it, for Miss Walters never encouraged much talk about herself or enquiry after her physical ailments. 'The minister plainly showed,' said Esther, 'that because it does pass knowledge we may adventure our whole souls upon it. "With faith I plunge me in this sea." When we think we're too sinful, or can't cast ourselves upon it while desiring it, it shows that we are setting limits to it, measuring God's infinite love by the love our poor shallow hearts are capable of feeling.'

In a moment the sad eyes filled with tears that followed one another swiftly down the faded cheek.

Mrs. Bell drew her handkerchief from her pocket and gave it to her. Such a sign of helplessness borne through fifteen long years moved Esther deeply. She did not wonder now at the depression; but her reverence was heightened for the resignation and for the belief that He doeth 'all things well,' which came unfalteringly from lips too fearful to say 'Abba, Father.'

'Miss Walters believes all that you say,' said Mrs. Bell; 'but she cannot take the love to herself. She will not call herself a child of God, though we all see her likeness to His dear children, and believe that she is of the family.'

'Without the witness of the Spirit I have no right,' said Miss Walters, with another gush of tears. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

'But how can you say that you have not the Spirit of Christ?' enquired Esther. 'The Spirit "worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." He takes of the things of God and reveals them unto us. He shows us our sin, our need of a Saviour, and if we have any desire for God and for good, He awakens it. So I do think, dear Miss Walters, that lacking the direct testimony in the

soul which some Christians enjoy so certainly, you may yet be grateful for the inferential evidence. Be sure if you love Him, it is because He first loved you.'

'I do love Him. There is none upon earth that I desire beside Him; yet that I am not accepted of Him I know with too good reason.'

'But, Miss Walters, if it is not the Spirit Who convinces you of your sin, makes you willing to kiss the rod, and fills you with the love of Jesus and of God, you must imagine that these fruits unto righteousness spring naturally from the soil of your own heart.'

'No, I do not. The Spirit strives with me as with others, but He does not come in to sup with me. You must not say "Peace where there is no peace." Many have called Lord! Lord! whom He never knew. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," so my bondage ought to prove to you that I should be guilty of spiritual presumption if I dared to include myself among the number of the saved.'

'Perhaps God is only waiting for you to do that for the sunshine of His smile to break out upon you. One of the sweetest hymns in our hymn-book was written by one whose doubt had driven him to despair. If Cowper had been the castaway he thought himself, he could hardly have written

"God moves in a mysterious way."

'No, but for poor Cowper there was every excuse. His case was peculiar. He is not to be confounded with such as I.'

'But your case is peculiar. Your nerves are shattered, and your illness tedious, and of a depressing kind.'

'Yes; but his mind was affected.'

'Who can say where mental affections begin or end? There are diseases of the spirit as well as of the flesh. Some are too subtle and insidious to be suspected, while others proclaim themselves. But God "knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."'

Then after a pause, Esther added: 'Do you know those beautiful lines in *Cowper's Grave*, by Mrs. Browning?

"Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother when she blesses,
And pours upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,
Who turns his fevered eyes around 'My mother, where's my mother
As if such tender words and looks *could* come from any other!
The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale with watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him
So woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep, pathetic eyes that closed in death to save him."

Mrs. Bell had purposely left the conversation to Esther, wishing her to become well acquainted with her patient. The interview had been as prolonged as the hour rendered desirable, but ere they took

leave Mrs. Bell prayed with beautiful simplicity that the Healer of the sick heart would hear the sighs of His contrite one, and speedily make known to her the joys of His salvation. The invalid looked wistfully through her tears as she took Esther's hand in parting, and said to her, 'You'll come again soon, will you not? Come as often as you can.'

Esther promised that she would, and during the two years that remained of Miss Walters' sojourn in her valley of humiliation, she spent at intervals many an hour with her.

Yet, though Esther earnestly endeavoured to awaken Miss Walters' consciousness to the Love that she felt sure was hers by promise, and though she prayed that a 'word' in season might be given her, she never had the satisfaction of hearing one expression of hope or confidence pass her lips. No doubt that nervous debility had its influence, as a lamp will fail to reflect clearly the light that is in it if the glass is dull and dim; but surely nervous debility was not all; for God's Spirit has the key to every heart, and the most complicated wards are not beyond His skill.

To Esther the most probable supposition was that in the beginning, as it were, of her spiritual education, Miss Walters had received some exaggerated impressions of the nature of faith and its reward, which had become stereotyped on her mind, and had not left her susceptible of simpler and happier ones.

'By faith we are saved;' but in the rebound from the belief that a man may purchase heaven by works, we are apt perhaps to represent faith as a greater factor in the salvation of a soul than even the object of it. Faith to those who have it seems a very simple thing, but to those who have it not, it is so full of difficulty that it is well not to fix the eye of the mind too constantly upon it, lest it become confused. What is this believing? How am I to believe? How shall I know that my faith is of the right kind? may so occupy the thoughts as effectually to divert them from the great atoning Sacrifice.

We do not say that it was so in Miss Walters' case, but it is very probable. After a little time Esther ceased to discuss with her this difficult question, thinking that it could do her no good. She read to her from the Gospels, she chose extracts from memoirs and other choice religious works, and she read to her such hymns of Charles Wesley's as glow with the seraph's fire and melt the heart with the expression of a child's perfect trust; but she only on rare occasions referred to the wilderness-state so deeply to be mourned. On every visit her belief was confirmed that there was no real reason for Miss Walters' spiritual misgivings, that her suffering life was one of

absolute surrender, of entire consecration. She never murmured; she never thought hard thoughts of God, though she despaired of being reconciled to Him. If she believed herself doomed to eternal condemnation, she believed the sentence just; and while unable to profit by the death of Jesus, His name was to her 'as ointment poured forth.' Yes, this sorrowing soul was what Thomas à Kempis calls a 'holy soul;' but how Esther did long for the days of her mourning to be accomplished. Is there not a spiritual blindness analogous to that of the darkened visional organ? Yet the blind man believes that the light of which he hears others speak, is around him; while God's poor blind children cannot be convinced that beams from the throne of the Father of lights are resting upon them also.

'A poor, blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of Gospel-day.'

(*To be concluded.*)

GENERAL BECKWITH.

PASSING down through the town (La Tour) with Professor Pons, I saw a group of ladies standing before the end house of a row of neat cottages in the English style, with flower-borders in front, and creepers adorning the walls. We stopped, and the Professor introduced me to Mrs. General Beckwith and her daughter, who formed part of the group. I told Mrs. Beckwith that I had a letter of introduction to her, which I then presented. Mrs. Beckwith was one of the persons that I had a special desire to meet. Her husband's name is closely connected with the recent history of the Waldensian Church. It could be said of this remarkable man most truly by the people of the Valleys, as it was said of the Roman soldier by the Jews, 'He loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.' He lived among the people, shared their simple life, took the deepest interest in their social and religious welfare, and devoted his whole time, energy and wealth, to the task of elevating their general condition. He built schools and colleges for them, and furnished them with an improved educational apparatus, establishing hospitals for their sick; and, by his personal services and wise, persevering exertions, revived their religious life, which had sunk to a low ebb, and fitted them not only for doing their own work more efficiently, but also for sending Missionaries to carry on the work of evangelization throughout Italy. Nothing, indeed, could have been

more hopeless than the condition of the Valleys when God prepared this chosen instrument for their resuscitation. Through a series of calamities the people had lost even the use of their native Italian language, and the French which they spoke was a rude and almost unintelligible *patois*. The biography of General Beckwith, charmingly written by Monsieur J. P. Meille, pastor of the Waldensian Church at Turin—who called upon me at Turin, but unfortunately found me absent in the Valleys—constitutes one of the most interesting and instructive episodes of Church history in modern times. Born of a good old English family in Nova Scotia, in 1789, he joined the British army while yet a youth, and passed through the Peninsular war, having been present at all the actions from Corunna to Salamanca and Toulouse, at which last place he received a gold medal and the rank of Major. On the field of Waterloo no less than four horses were killed under him during the engagement; but he himself remained unhurt until, at the close, one of the last shots fired by the retreating enemy shattered his leg. That bullet had indeed its billet! After three months of painful suffering amputation was found necessary.

During his illness in a hospital near the battle-field he found a Bible, and, studying it carefully in his lonely and painful hours, it was the means of leading him to the Saviour. Thus, while his military career was abruptly terminated, a new and higher career was opened up to him. A Lieutenant-Colonel at the age of twenty-six, he might, with his wonderful military talents, have become in the end Commander-in-Chief of the British army; 'but what things were gain' to him, he 'counted loss. . . for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.'

A field was soon provided for the newly-awakened energies of the soldier of the Cross, and in a manner as providential as was his own conversion. Happening one day to call upon the Duke of Wellington at his residence in Hyde Park, London, while waiting alone in the library, he saw upon the table Dr. Gilly's popular book on the Waldenses. Taking it up listlessly he read a few pages, and was greatly surprised and touched by what he read. Buying a copy for himself on the way home, he felt so deeply interested in the wonderful story of the Waldensian Church, that he determined at once to visit the Valleys, and see with his own eyes a people who had endured such persecutions for their faith. The result of his visit wofully disappointed him. He found the people very different from what his fancy had painted them. The Jesuits had obtained supreme influence in the councils of Sardinia, and under their rule the old edicts of persecution that had been suppressed after the French Revolution were revived with increased severity. No native was allowed to farm

any property, or to practise any industry beyond the narrow limits of the Valleys. Religious books could not be introduced, and the observance of public worship was subjected to the most arbitrary restraints. It was required by law that the majority of the Common Council should be composed of Roman Catholics, and this in a district where the property was nearly all in the hands of Protestants, and the Catholics were servants or beggars. Children were taught surreptitiously, for four or five months in the year, in small and dark stables, in the space unoccupied by the sheep and goats, and the only reading books procurable were French. Such was the state of things which General Beckwith found when he arrived in the Valleys. He had mountains of difficulty, indeed, to remove; but his faith and energy were equal to the task. No type of character different from his could have accomplished what he did. He took up his abode in the old Count's palace at La Tour, and, with the exception of the winters, which he spent in England, he lived continuously for upwards of thirty years in the place, making it the centre of his operations for the social and religious improvement of the people. At first his efforts were greatly hindered by the civic and political disabilities to which they were subjected. He himself shared to some extent in their persecutions, and was regarded by the ruling powers with great dislike.

After a while, however, things greatly changed in this respect. In 1848, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, granted a free Constitution to his subjects, and issued a special decree cancelling all the tyrannical laws that had been in force against them, and securing to them the free exercise of their worship, not only in their own valleys, but throughout his kingdom. Under this righteous administration the Waldensians recovered their spirit and energy, like a piece of grassy sod from which the stone that pressed it down has been removed; and, helped by General Beckwith, they soon reached the flourishing condition in which we now behold them. So highly in the end were his services appreciated even at Court, that King Charles Albert, in the most flattering terms, raised him to the rank of Knight of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. In 1850 he married Catherine Volle, a native of the Valleys—the lady whom I had the pleasure of meeting—who proved to him for twelve years a most devoted and sympathetic wife. He died at La Tour, on July 19th, 1862; and, followed by almost the whole population of the Valleys, who mourned him as their father and friend, he was laid in the lonely cemetery of the place, where a simple but elegant monument, erected by the people, indicates his last resting-place. His only child was born six months after her father's death, and, at the time of my visit, was a charming young lady of about nineteen, with features that seemed to

combine the English and Italian types, and bore a strong resemblance to the portrait I had seen of the General.*

A WOMAN'S APPEAL TO WOMEN.

DOST thou hear that sound of weeping coming to thee in the night?
Like the wailing of an outcast, as of one who hath not light,
As of one whose heart is breaking, while her sorrow and her sin
Close in silence closer round her, dark without and dark within.

O, my sister, thou hast beauty, thou hast talent, softness, grace;
Love hath sheltered thee in safety, thou art in a wealthy place!
But that other tempest-driven, drowning in the midnight wave,
Wrecked on cruel rocks is crying, crying unto thee to save.

Wilt thou hear that cry unheeding, wilt thou let it o'er thee glide?
Draw thy robe more closely round thee, pass by on the other side?
Dost thou fear thy deed of pity will provoke the mad world's scorn?
Christ, thy Master, was an outcast, poor and desolate, forlorn.

For His love the world gave hatred—bitter, unrelenting hate,
Every stab His foes could deal Him, that dear heart did lacerate.
This He bore for *thee*; thy portion is to bear for Him again,
Through thy sister, that poor outcast, tender sorrow, loving pain.

Sure that as the dawning creepeth higher up the eastern sky,
His redemption, full and perfect, draweth ever yet more nigh.
Sure that thou and I, my sister, sowing precious seed in tears,
Soon shall gather sheaves immortal, in the bright, eternal years.

From *The Sentinel*.

—*L. Ormiston Chant.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.—There is a man living in the city of New York who has a home on the Hudson river. His daughter and her family went to spend the winter with him; and in the course of the season the scarlet fever broke out. One little girl he put in quarantine, to be kept separate from the rest. Every morning the old grandfather used to go and bid his grandchild 'Good-bye' before going to his business. On one of these occasions the little thing took the old man by the hand, and leading him to a corner of the room, without saying a word she pointed to the floor where she had spelt out in what we call crackers, but what you call small biscuits, 'Grandpa, I want a box of paints.' He said nothing. On his return home he hung up his overcoat and went to the room as usual, when his little grandchild, without looking to see if her wish had been complied with, took him into the same corner, where he saw spelled out in the same way, 'Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints.' The old man would not have missed gratifying the child for twenty pounds. That was faith.—*Moody's 'The Way to God.'*

* Extracted from an article, by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.



THE OLD WHEAT-RICK.

BY THE REV. JOHN COLWELL.

WHAT a long time it stood ! What a commotion there was when it was taken down ! So much so, that though it all happened very long ago we have not forgotten it, and never shall.

The old wheat-rick was put together with much rejoicing during the harvest of 1840, and came to its ignominious end in the early winter of 1849. Like many a better thing, it did not fulfil its birth-time prophecies, and is rather remembered for its disastrous finish than for its joyous beginning. It stood in the corner of Sourclay field, and belonged to Farmer Holdfast. When it first reared its head above the hedge-row, times were bad ; for in those days wheat was wheat in England, and he who held much thereof held a fortune, while he who had little was like to perish. Ah me ! What pining there was in our village in those evil days ! Widow Lambson and her little ones struggled till they could struggle no more, and one cold

morning found them on the roadside prepared either to beg or to starve, just whichever they should find most easy. Honest John Hardy, the parish hedger and ditcher, applied to the overseers for 'relief.'

'Are you not in work?' they asked.

'Yes,' said the good man, 'I 'a got plenty o' work, 'tis wages I do want. I 'a got seven little children, flour be fifteen shillin' a bushel, a bushel wunt last us a week; my wages be seven shillin' for six days, and long uns too, an' 'ow be I to get on?'

Poor John! We hope the overseers showed him how to 'get on;' but if they did they were clever men.

And still the old wheat-rick stood in its corner by the side of the highway, looking down on it all.

'Why don't you sell your wheat-rick, Farmer Holdfast?' asked the country folk.

'Mind your own business,' replied he. 'I've been offered fourteen shillin's a bushel, but I sha'n't sell my wheat till I can see a bright suverin in my hand for every bushel I do sell.'

And Farmer Holdfast chuckled, while the wheat-rick still stood. But not for long. In 1846 came the repeal of the corn-laws, and the price of corn went down—*down*—and DOWN. Every market-day Farmer Holdfast looked darker and sadder, and just in proportion as the villagers looked up, he looked down. He held out bravely for a while, but at last the wheat was sold; and that which might have fetched fourteen shillings per bushel did but fetch four. On the day the old wheat-rick was removed, half the village gathered to the sight. And a sight it was! As a little fellow trudging to school, the writer paused as he passed by, and looked his fill. During the years in which the villagers had been famishing, the mice and the rats had been flourishing, and they had set up their head-quarters in the old wheat-rick. Like true freebooters, they had liberally used that which was not their own, and Farmer Holdfast found more empty ears than full ones, and almost as many rats as sheaves. So that what with the great reduction in bulk and the great reduction in price, he got but small gains for his great pains. Whenever men spoke of him and his wheat-rick, they wagged their heads and passed on. Old Solomon Wiseacre, our village sage, stood in the midst of a group of idlers while the corn was being removed, and preached them a homely sermon on

THE OLD WHEAT-RICK.

'My text,' said the old man, 'is a good big one. All the better for that. Our pa'son always does the best when he forgets his text and goes all over the Bible. Very great men and very little men ought to have great texts, and that's why big texts suits me and the

pason o' this parish. Now, I do find three divisions is the right number for a sermon, and I can very easy find three things to say about this text o' mine, this old wheat-rick.

'First, don't be too greedy.

'Of course, it's right for all men to do the best they can for themselves. No sensible body can deny that. Old Farmer Holdfast was not only free to get a good price for his wheat, he was bound to get the best price he fairly could. But when he was offered fourteen shillin's a bushel he ought to a took it. Other folk should be considered a bit. When a man can get a big profit, that ought to satisfy him. But this old screw wouldn't be satisfied. He did his best to force the food of his neighbours up to starvation prices. There was strong men about him a'most fainting at their daily work, poor women not able to nurse their infants because they was too weak to do it, and little children crying for the daily bread they couldn't get. And this here old wheat-rick a standing in the corner of Sourclay field all the while, with bread enough in him to feed the parish for a month! Why, the man as was holding on to wheat at such times might as well have had the keys of all the cupboards in the village in his pocket, and kept them locked up against their owners. I do say it, and nobody can conterdict it, that he was a great robber. He kept within judge and jury law, but he broke them higher and bigger laws on which judge and jury law is builded. And what have come of it? Just what ought to come, and always will come, so long as God above cares for men below. Folks as says He *don't* care, need only unbutton their eyes and look straight into things, then they'd see. Why, what have happened to Farmer Holdfast? First, he have lost that respect from other people which every man as is worth a brass farthin' counts dearer than his life. Everybody disrespects him, and finds it hard work to keep from hating him. His old dog Bruno is thought a sight more on in this parish than his master is. It's come to him according to the Big Book: "*He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him.*"

'Second, he have lost his money. Just look at the state of the old rick. When the expenses of threshing this wheat have been paid, there will be precious little left, and the straw will hardly pay for hauling. If he had been satisfied with much he might have had it; but since he would have all he has to be satisfied with none. 'Tis ever so. Folks that have very long arms often have stiff elbows. Far sight sees nothing near hand. Greedy eyes often live above empty stomachs. Pleasure-greed ends in pain, money-greed in want, worldly-greed in the loss of two worlds—the one that is, and the one that is to come. Let the old Farmer teach us the sin and folly of greediness.

'Second, don't aim at THE UNLIKELY.

'Was it likely that corn would ever fetch a suverin a bushel? Not it. Everybody but old Farmer Holdfast knew that. I heard that young Master Grabbem, of Starveall, kept *his* wheat-ricks till the price was fourteen shillin's a bushel, but he had sense enough to let them go at that. He could see that changes was coming, and he cleared out in time. Why did not Farmer Holdfast do the same? That's what comes of being too greedy; it blinds your eyes so that you can't see, and then makes you do foolish things. Why, the country was so bad that things was bound to alter. How many times and again have I heard the men threaten to burn this very rick! Such things was actually done in other places. Yes, my friends, this foolish old farmer aimed at that as could never be, and in the natur' of things he couldn't have it. Do not let us be like him. Many folk are. Young Johnny Moonshine went out with his new gun the other day. "I'll fetch down that lark," he said, and blazed off and fetched down nothing. If he had aimed at a sparrow or a rook he might have done something. Big folks we can't be; but good folks we may all be. I heard a man talking queer stuff to some boys the other day. They was all to aim at being Wellingtons, and such like. Let them aim at it as long as they like they will never get it. If he had said to them: "Boys, there are a good many rascals in this world, don't follow them; do things straight; when you go errands, don't stop to play marbles; don't skulk when you ought to be working; don't sneak behind the master's back; do right, always do your best; fear God and keep His Commandments; and then whatever is *really worth while*, either here or yonder, will come your road,"—if he had said that to them it would have been something like. We can't all be at the top, but we can all be right; and if a man is right, it matters little whether he is in the kitchen or in the best parlour. Old Farmer Holdfast aimed at the unlikely, and not only missed that, but failed to get even likely and reasonable things.

'Third, don't miss GOOD CHANCES.

'This old Farmer did. Never since the battle of Waterloo, that's over thirty year ago, have wheat been so high as fourteen shillin's a bushel. Farmer Holdfast might have got a bigger price than he ever did afore, and than he ever will again. It was the one chance of his life, and he—*missed it!* I don't feel so very sorry for him, because he deserved it. But I do feel sorry for lots of folk that gets into the same box. There are a great many in this parish who have missed it. Jim Careless loafed about when he should have learned his trade, and he's now carrying mortar instead of setting bricks; Jinny Smith fondled and fooled with her boy instead

of training him, and now he's ruining hisself and making her wretched; Sally Jones flirted with half the young fellows in the village instead of being true to one, and now she's getting old, nobody will look at her; Will Slipshod spent his earnings at the publices in his prime, and now he's gone to the workus; Jonas Smallpage never did any good in his life, and now he lies dying without a chance of doing any. Woe's me! what a lot of misery comes through missing chances! Let us keep our eyes open, my friends, and our wits about us, and take the right-hand turn in the road when we come to it.' Then the old man dropped his voice, and looking very solemn, said: 'My friends, there's one great chance we must mind not to miss, and that's the chance of *being right at last*. That's a chance before all of us; even poor Billy here,' pointing to a little cripple, 'may find his way safe to the Big House above. There's a Saviour, an open door, and a free welcome for all of us; don't let us miss *that*. And the only sure way, so far as I knows, of being right there, is to begin *now*!'

Shall we not every one say Amen to old Solomon's sermon?

LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

FOURTH PAPER.

A VERY important and deeply-interesting part of our work is the visitation of the people in their homes. Comparatively little can be done in this way in fine weather. 'Make hay while the sun shines,' is a maxim upon which the Shetlanders *must* act. Then the men go a-fishing, the women work on the farm, or men and women both are busy among the peats, or repairing the roofs, or doing any of those odd jobs which can be done only when the weather is fine. Every one who *can* work is fully occupied. The sick and the aged then get the Minister's attention. But in rough weather, when outside work is impossible, when wandering the hills is very unpleasant, when every cow is in the byre, every sheltie under the lee of the dike, and every boat in its 'noust,' every crofter is in his home. Then is our opportunity.

There are homes *and* homes in Shetland, just as there are elsewhere. In some cases the word is a misnomer—a mere apology. Of comfort there is absolutely none, the dirt and disorder beggar description. It must have been in one of these that Samuel Dunn was domiciled—unless indeed he took French leave in some 'lamb's house'—when he wrote: 'Last night I slept with three sheep on the earthy floor of an old barn; there were two holes in the turf roof about a foot each in

circumference, through which the stars were visible. It blew a strong breeze from the S.W., but as I had a thick rug wrapped around me, I slept as comfortably as most who lay in softer beds. The hymn which begins, "How do Thy mercies close me round!" was particularly sweet.' I have not had any such experience as that. There are, however, worse and more lively bedfellows than sheep, very persistent in their attentions, and whom it is very difficult to shake off. From acquaintance with these little irritators I cannot claim a perfect exemption. Narrower quarters than a barn floor I have found to be a small bed, some three feet wide perhaps, under the stairs of a four-roomed cottage, on which it was almost impossible to describe the line of beauty, and which demanded, when a big brother had to share one's quarters, the greatest caution, or the inside brother would be crushed against the wall, or he on the outside thrown on to the floor. Moreover, the pattering of a very wakeful dog's feet on the stairs, and the creaking of the stairs themselves, were not very conducive to sleep. One of my brethren under these circumstances said he had been dreaming of Jacob's ladder; I cannot say that I ever did. To be turned out of one's box-bed in the small hours by the melted snow which is pouring down the wall and saturating the blankets, is not very pleasant. This I have experienced. But these were very exceptional cases. Comfort was the rule. Better homes than most of those I had, need not be desired. Never, except in one instance, was my apartment shared by any but a brother Minister, and in that one instance a second bed in the same room was occupied by a gentleman and his son with whom I was not unacquainted.

A brother belonging to the Free Church was in as bad a dilemma as I know of. In one of the islands he was expected to visit, his home was of the dirty, disorderly sort. He would fain have made his escape, but that was impossible; so, like the brave man that he is, he was jolly under the circumstances. On retiring to rest—as he vainly hoped—he was soon the object of attack, and the foe was in very great strength. He was severely wounded; but he involuntarily captured many prisoners, so that his condition on arrival at home was somewhat like that of a gentleman in London the other day who was saluted by one to whom he would fain have drawn near, with, 'Stand, off, my good fellow, you are all alive!' Another visit was dreaded; but it was inevitable, and it was prepared for. Calico of the closest possible texture was purchased, a bag was made of convenient size and of finest needle-work, and thus armed—defensively at least—my friend set out for the scene of conflict. Night came. He encased himself; but not having been trained to jump in the sack, he found himself in very considerable difficulty; moreover, the fortifications presented

some vulnerable points. He could not pull the cord so tightly round his neck as to prevent the entrance of the foe, had he done so, strangling would have ensued ; besides, his head and face were unprotected altogether. He failed. Not to be beaten ; for he was very determined, he changed his tactics, and became the assailant. He procured a quantity of 'Keating's Insect Destroyer,' and on the occasion of his next visit used it freely. Never was it more successful. The slaughter was immense.

All Shetland homes are not of that kind. In many instances such order and cleanliness as are possible are secured, but the conditions are such that the neatness of a well-ordered English cottage is impossible. The *old* 'country houses' are in the rear of the 'byre.' The visitor has first to bend himself, and in a very humble posture enter into the presence of the cow. Having done his obeisance to that useful animal, he passes through another low door-way into the family apartment, which is of a most wretched character. These, however, are giving way to a better class of cottage, from which the byre is detached ; but even *they* are poor and inconvenient. They are divided into 'but' and 'ben,' with a cock-loft over the latter apartment. The 'but' fire is, in most cases, in the middle of the room, on a hearth slightly raised above the earthen floor. The reek is supposed to find its way out through a series of holes in the roof known as the 'lums.' The window is small. The furniture generally comprises a table, a bench known as the 'resting-chair,' one or two stools, the spinning-wheel, and the box-beds. In addition to these are the boxes, varying in number generally as do the adult occupants of the cottage, and, if the 'gude man' be a 'Wabster'—the loom. The visitor will probably be saluted by the 'gude wife' with, 'O, Sir, I'm ower blide ta see, come ben ;' when he will be introduced to the better apartment, with its wooden floor, its box-beds, its chimney, its two or three chairs, its American clock, and its few ornaments. The members of the family are called, reading and prayer follow, and should the visitor be at a distance from his home, refreshment will be offered—tea or milk being generally optional. Sometimes, however, it is found advisable to sit down in the resting-chair 'but,' and have a chat with the members of the household as they are busy with their work. One is preparing the family meal, or fodder for the cows ; another is at the spinning-wheel, a third is knitting, while the men are mending nets, or making 'kisheys,' or preparing lines, or attending to any odd jobs necessary for the cottage, the farm, or the boat.

Poverty such as is known in our great cities is unknown in Shetland. Of comfort there is little of luxury, less ; of money, none ;

but starvation there need never be. Fire can always be had. Fish is plentiful. Potatoes and meal are grown. If in any case—as from sickness, for instance—need is pressing, *it is known*, and neighbours manifest a readiness to help that is very commendable. But it is no unusual thing to see the people very poorly clad, and the younger children are sometimes all but naked. Very distressing sights are not uncommon. I remember finding one poor fellow in a sad plight. He had been engaged in the herring fishery off the Scotch coast. The crew to whom he had hired himself were rough and godless. Bad treatment had driven him mad. He lay on a litter of straw with fettered limbs, two men—his neighbours—watching him. Medical advice was beyond his reach. Parochial relief was tardy. The case was represented to the Poor Inspector, a messenger was sent thirty miles for the nearest doctor; due forms were attended to, and the poor fellow was sent to an asylum in Scotland. Under skilful treatment he was perfectly restored. On returning home, one of his first actions was to lead a sheep across the several miles of moorland stretching between his cottage and mine, and to entreat me to accept it. He soon afterwards left Shetland; and when nearly ten years had passed away, I heard of him as occupying a responsible position in a more favoured clime, and creditably discharging its duties.

In Lerwick, if there is a bread-winner, whose wages are moderately fair, at the head, there is the possibility of more neatness in the two or three rooms occupied by the family; and some of them are very tidy indeed; but where poverty pinches, the case is far worse in the town than elsewhere. There is no garden, there is no cow. A poor widow, or an aged couple, or two elderly maiden sisters, hire a room in which three or four beds are terraced up against the walls like the berths in a vessel's fore-castle, and that one small room is a *lodging house*. By the letting out of the beds to such country people—in many cases relatives—as may apply for them, these poor people scrape together their rent of perhaps from £3 to £5 per annum.

The over-crowding of our large cities has its counterpart in Lerwick. Sheep farming has turned many of the crofters out of their little farms, and forced them to seek shelter in the town. Elderly people, regarding Lerwick as a sort of Paradise, crowd into it. During the winter, hundreds of men connected with the Royal Naval Reserve collect there for drill. In the summer, fishermen and their families from various coast towns of Scotland have of late years come over in considerable and constantly increasing numbers. The Isle of Man and Ireland are now sending their quota. Very slight provision has been made for this increasing population, and the difficulty is felt by those in authority to be great and pressing. It was thought by

Mr. Hay and some other gentlemen of Lerwick, that a Sailor's Home and Institute would, under these circumstances, be very desirable. 'Rob Roy MacGregor' and other philanthropists furthered the scheme. A fund was raised, an eligible building secured, the necessary plant purchased, and the concern fairly started. The men, however, preferred the old style with all its disadvantages, and the thing collapsed.

LESSONS FROM THE FURZE.

BY THE REV. JAMES DUNK

MY home is in one of Surrey's charming villages. Only on clear days, when the wind is in the right direction, can we catch the scream of the locomotive whistle, miles away. This is the heart of the country, and a lovely heart it is. At our very door are most of the sweets of rural life. We have our little river going on for ever, through banks of springy moss, where in summer lovers sit, and where in spring-time 'star-like primroses are seen.' We have our stately pine-woods, full of nimble squirrels and screaming jays. By the way, what can be more solemnly beautiful than a straight, strong pine standing in the sun? The huge masses of pine-needles hang gloomily-grand, whilst the white light is reflected from the lighter surfaces of the bark, affording a contrast not to be equalled for intensity by any other object in our varied landscape. We have, too, our wild, expanding commons, the homes of Nature's rarest beauties,—the home of purple heath, waving bracken, shining holly, drooping broom, and hardy furze or gorse. This last is a notable object, with a growth and habit all its own. During my many walks I have both seen and thought much about the gorse.

Nature everywhere is alive with symbols. Character actually seen in human lives, is hinted at darkly or clearly, hieroglyphically or in Nature's distinctest lithograph, in the life of the woods and fields. The 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' Burns writes of, has its anti-type in real life; so has the twining convolvulus, so has the cedar of Lebanon, so, too, has the prickly gorse.

Of course the prominent thing in gorse is its thorns—not its flowers; for whilst the gorse only blooms for six months in the year,—the greater gorse from autumn to spring, and the dwarf kind from spring to autumn,—its thorns are flourishing all the year round. And who has not known even upon the common-lands of the Church, men and women who may be aptly described as human gorse-bushes? They do blossom—thank God for that!—but only at special seasons. No one can deny that they *can* be beautiful, attractive, even brilliant; that

when they are in full bloom they are the finest object the landscape has to show: and all are equally bound to admit that for a large part of their time they present to the world nothing but thorns. It is rather saddening to remember this deterioration, for they were not always so. Search well not far from the bough-stems of the old gorse for the first leaves and shoots of a young plant: you will see that these early leaves are leaves indeed, and only gradually do they change and shrink into the long, narrow, vicious thorns that abound in the grown plant. In this case the process of change is interesting, in the case of the furze bushes on Life's common it is both interesting and painful. To watch a soul shrink into itself; to see it growing daily narrower and narrower, its points becoming more pointed; to see it developing power for piercing and deep-wounding; to watch it lose the expansion and softness of sympathy—Christianity's earliest leaf—for the hard, stiff, rude thorniness of selfishness,—why, one would almost rather witness the shrinking away of the body, even into the grave itself. How many of us reflect that in attaining sharpness by the world's pressure and friction, we may use it as a dart, treacherously in the hour of peace, passionately in the hour of petty war.

Naturalists assure us that the wild gorse has come to its present character through the necessity of self-protection; that the only way to save its own life was to wound those who came to take it. The horse turned out to feed on the common would eat its starchy, nutritious seeds; the ass would shear it to the very ground, but for this prickly shield with which all foes are now defied. Can the process of evolution in the human furze-bushes be as reasonably accounted for? Have they fallen among thieves? Must they for ever be on the defensive? Has any one been proposing to strip them of their rights?

One cannot help noticing upon our breezy commons how *plentiful* the wild gorse is. Not a stretch of any size but has its bushes, large and small, scattered irregularly, solitary or in clumps. A common here would not be complete without it.

To satisfy the critical Surrey eye, a common must present to the view its acres of boggy grass, dotted here and there with plots of rushes, two or more narrow-chested ponies, a flock of hissing geese; at least one donkey philosophically reducing the world's thistles by devouring them; and last, but not least, the sturdy furze must somewhere show its green and gold.

And what Church common has been without its prickly gorse, lo! these many years? These thorny Christian plants, plants that one can hardly caress without being made to suffer for it, are very hardy, and will grow anywhere on the common. I have run against them

suddenly in the Prayer-meeting and the Class-meeting. In a few congregations one may see menacing rows of them, and as for the choir, it is sometimes a very paradise of prickly furze.

I have reserved one pleasing fact for the last. It is this: the unamiable gorse belongs to a most engaging family. It claims close kindred with the honeyed clover and the fragrant sweet-pea. The contrast, however, between the kindly clover offering its honey to every bee that will take it, between the gracious and scented sweet-pea that will allow itself to be robbed of its best, yet fills the air with fragrance, and the burly, repellent gorse, is a violent one. Yet let us not be too hard upon the gorse for its prickles. It is difficult to get close to it; the intrepid hand that grasps and crushes the nettle, fears to close upon the lances of the furze; and as to leaning lovingly on its breast, that is out of the question. Yet because it has something of the nature that makes the clover and the sweet-pea dear to us, let us love the thorny furze. Because these prickly Christians have flowers as well as thorns, flowers that grow only by God's tending, flowers that prove them to be kith and kin of many sweeter than themselves, let us regard them with sincere affection. How scant the justice and how miserable the charity that would estimate a brother only by his thorns, ignoring his flowers and beauty! It is ours to rejoice in the blossoming, it is theirs, by God's help, to correct the thorns.

MR. ARTHUR'S FERNLEY LECTURE.*

IT is a sign of the confused thought of our time that it is necessary to point out the difference between physical and moral law,—the difference, *i.e.*, in their methods of operation, for Mr. Arthur does not discuss the intrinsic quality of the laws themselves. The subject is happily chosen. One of the great controversies of the day between Christianity and its foes regards the sphere and nature of law. Resolute efforts are made to bring all the facts of human consciousness within the scope of physical law, the ultimate result being the universal rule of Fatalism and Agnosticism. Great names have lent to the attempt a strength and a success which do not properly belong to it, and which certainly it does not deserve. A reply to the arguments adduced, an exposure of their fallacy, becomes an absolute necessity, if the Church is to retain her hold upon the growing education and culture of the country. This is the task the Fernley Lecturer has undertaken. Mr. Arthur possesses two special qualifications for the work. In the first place, he is familiar with and under-

* *On the Difference between Physical and Moral Law.* The Fernley Lecture of 1883. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. London: T. Woolmer.

stands the reasonings and the conclusions of the philosophic school or schools he contraverts. We may rely upon it that he does not misapprehend and therefore misrepresent the systems with which he deals. This qualification is by no means so common as the number of criticisms upon M. Comte and his followers (real or avowed) would indicate. In the second place, Mr. Arthur has a faculty of clear thought. Nine-tenths of the effectiveness of the materialistic argument arises from the adroit substitution of meanings while retaining a single term. Mr. Arthur tracks these doubtings and twistings with sleuth-hound pertinacity, directness and accuracy. If this Lecture had taught us no more than to use such terms as 'agent,' 'relation,' 'determine,' with precision, it would have accomplished a highly useful service. It has, however, done much more than this. It has shown that the reasoning founded upon wholesale transference of the idea of physical law into the region of morals is wholly futile, not only because of the absurdity of its results, but because of its essential weakness. It shows also that the very conception of law, properly understood as applied to dead matter and to living beings, whether rational or irrational, must, in the long run, lead up to God, or land us in hopeless intellectual confusion.

Unlike its predecessors, the last Fernley Lecture is philosophical rather than theological; but the connection between philosophy and theology is intimate and permanent. It is not as easy to write popularly upon philosophy as upon theology. The ordinary reader will probably declare Mr. Arthur's argument difficult to follow, and even the student is apt to lose its thread. The chief reason appears to be the superabundant wealth of illustration of which the lecturer avails himself, anxious to avoid technicalities, and to explain his thoughts to readers unused to metaphysical discussions. If a brief summary of the course of thought could be prefixed to the volume, and marginal references to it attached to the paragraphs, the difficulty would almost if not altogether disappear.

The Lecture abounds in pithy puttings of weighty arguments; in crisp, aphoristic sentences; and has a few passages of brilliant rhetoric and chaste eloquence. The tone adopted towards the Positivist leaders is less deferential than we are accustomed to hear, and on this we may congratulate Mr. Arthur and ourselves. His estimate of the intellectual value of their productions comes far nearer to truth than that which mingles criticism with commendation. These thinkers have made a fatal blunder at the outset of their course, and by it their subsequent reasoning is vitiated. It is well that the consequences of this fundamental error should be exhibited, courteously

indeed, but boldly and fully. Mr. Arthur's Lecture is worthy of himself and of his subject. It is not so much an additional bulwark to the lines of Christian defence, as a skilful and telling assault upon the enemy's entrenchments.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

A SELF-RIGHTEOUS MAN'S CONVERSION.—I remember that on one occasion we were holding meetings in an American city of forty thousand inhabitants, and a lady came and asked us to pray for her husband, whom she purposed bringing into the after-meeting. I have travelled a good deal, and met many pharisaical men; but this man was so clad in self-righteousness that you could not get the point of the needle of conviction in anywhere. I said to his wife: 'I am glad to see your faith, but we cannot get near him; he is the most self-righteous man I ever saw.' She said, 'You *must!* My heart will break if these meetings end without his conversion.' She persisted in bringing him, and I got almost tired of the sight of him. But towards the close of the Mission of thirty days, he came up to me and put his trembling hand on my shoulder. The place in which the meetings were held was rather cold, and there was an adjoining room in which only the gas had been lighted; and he said to me, 'Can't you come in here for a few minutes?' I thought that he was shaking from cold, and I did not particularly wish to go where it was colder. But he said: 'I am the worst man in the State of Vermont. I want you to pray for me.' I thought he had committed a murder, or some other awful crime; and I asked: 'Is there any one sin that particularly troubles you?' and he said: 'My whole life has been a sin. I have been a conceited, self-righteous Pharisee. I want you to pray for me.' He was under deep conviction. Man could not have produced this result; but the Spirit had. About two o'clock in the morning light broke in upon his soul, and he went up and down the business street of the city and told what God had done for him, and has been a most active Christian ever since.—*Moody's 'The Way to God.'*

FAITH HAS WROUGHT WONDERS.—Faith is a great worker. The men of strong convictions fashion the world upon their anvils. Confidence girds a man's loins, and nerves him to the putting forth of all his energy. In the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews, Paul brings forth a bead-roll of faith's heroes, and erects an *Arc de Triomphe* to their memory. The names stand out in capitals of light, ABEL, ENOCH, NOAH, ABRAHAM; and the sculptured scenes are such as these: '*Subdued kingdoms;*' '*stopped the mouths of lions;*' '*quenched the violence of fire.*' If the panegyrist of faith comes to a pause, it is not because matter fails him, but he exclaims, 'What shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the Prophets.'—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

WHAT HAS DOUBT ACHIEVED.—*How is it that no such trophy has ever been raised to the honour of unbelief?* Will the poet of infidelity and the historian of scepticism yet appear? If so, what will be their record? 'Working righteousness' and 'obtaining promises,' are rather out of the line of doubt; and it is not likely to endure much suffering to 'obtain a better resurrection,' for it sneers at the mention of such a thing; the eulogist of doubt would have

to content himself with lower achievements. But what would they be? What hospitals or orphanages has doubt erected? What missions to cannibal tribes has infidelity sustained? What fallen women, or profligate men, has scepticism reclaimed or new-created?—*Ibid.*

MRS. MARSHMAN, of the Female Convalescent Home, Brighton, gives the following as cases typical of many which have been benefited by that institution: 'L. S., aged twenty-three, show-room attendant at a West-end establishment. Obligated to be at work at eight every morning, a fine of 6*d.* being imposed if a moment late. "I received 5*s.* a week, my food being provided. I was never allowed to sit down for a moment. If the master of the establishment saw us sitting down he would severely reprove us. I used to get quite faint; and, though requiring food, was often unable to eat when it came. Going backwards and forwards in all weathers, especially when one's clothes are thin, seems to try one's health so." L. S. came to the Home broken down with the fatigue and overstrain of her work. After a few weeks she left quite restored. R. F., machinist. Entirely broken down by overwork, having been deprived of her night's rest twice and sometimes thrice a week during the season. But faint hopes were entertained of saving her life, when, by means of the Home, she was restored to health, and enabled again to work for an invalid widowed mother, whom she entirely supports.' God forgive us that in this Christian land the tyranny of fashion should demand such cruel sacrifices of fair young lives! Have fashionable shopkeepers and their customers no hearts and no consciences?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Higher Catechism of Theology.

By W. B. POPE, D.D. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-Street, City-Road, E.C.—This is one of the comparatively few books which every preacher, especially every Methodist preacher, ought to have. Nor does the possession of Dr. Pope's *Compendium* render this Catechism superfluous. Here the thoughtful and diligent preacher will often find more real help in sermon-making, than in the so-called homiletic helps which pour forth so abundantly on all sides. Many of Dr. Pope's sentences are compressed sermons, and the thoughts he suggests only need careful verification and expansion to furnish the preacher with good material for his pulpit and his Bible-class. Take, for instance, this sentence, chosen almost at random, on the meaning of the Lord's Supper: 'It is an institution ordained for perpetual observance to commemorate the Saviour, and especially his death; to be the seal of the

individual and constant union of His people with Him by faith; and a bond of their common union with each other in their common Lord and Head.' We have no space for anything approaching to extended description or criticism of this important work, and must for this refer our readers to articles which appeared in the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* for October and December, 1883.

Dr. Blandford's Conscience.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. J. Nisbet and Co.—This is one of the most powerful religious stories we have ever read. It deals with present-day questions with a firm and reverent hand; yet is lightened by a lively side-play of humour. The principal characters, the materialistic doctor, Maurice Blandford, and his unfortunate convert, Alice Hetherington, are drawn in truly masterly fashion, and many of the minor characters—especially the

quaint and morbid little Methodist, Leila Hetherington—are delightfully portrayed. Altogether, this is a book the writing of which would justify years of labour; and we welcome it not only as a most interesting story, but as a valuable contribution to religious literature; and earnestly commend it as just the book to put into the hands of thoughtful people, whether young or old.

The Great Problem of the Times. By EDWARD SMITH. T. Woolmer.—This essay gained the prize of fifty guineas recently offered by the Editors of *The Christian*, for a series of papers on *The Churches' Relation to Ecangelistic Work*. We are not at all surprised that Mr. Smith should have proved the successful essayist. In twelve chapters he discusses briefly and with the confidence of a man who has had much experience, the helps and hindrances, the difficulties and the aims, of Evangelistic enterprise. Young ministers especially, and, indeed, all who are engaged in work amongst the masses, will find this a most helpful manual; full of practical suggestions, plainly put. Its publication at this season is most timely.

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. T. Woolmer.—A capital Methodist story, which will do much good, and is sure to be widely read. There are a good many Circuits in Methodism which, though they do not deserve to be described as 'Ease-in-Zion,' yet would be all the better for such men as Elias Power, with their plain talk in pulpit and house; and we have little doubt that the honest Yorkshireman's influence will be felt in many quarters where it is much needed. We heartily congratulate Mr. Bamford on this book, and hope he will give us more of the

same sort. The volume is charmingly bound and illustrated, and is very suitable as a reward or present.

The Way to God. A Series of Addresses. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.—This is a book which Christian people should read, and lend and give away. It is straightforward, homely and interesting; very faithful also, and full of Gospel truth. It ought to circulate, and no doubt will, by tens of thousands. We have given extracts on pages 176 and 189 of this number.

Christian Discipline of the Society of Friends. S. Harris and Co.—This is a delightful book, especially parts I and II, which deal with Christian Doctrine and Practice. The extracts from the Yearly Epistles are many of them exquisite, and are characterized by that gracious calmness and simplicity which is so attractive a feature in the religious life of the Society of Friends.

The Clue of the Maze. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.—A dainty little shilling book, consisting of brief paragraphs, in which the author seeks to help souls wandering, or in danger of wandering, in the maze of unbelief. A good book either to establish faith or to disestablish doubt, and will probably be more effective than many a ponderous volume.

Self-Effort; or, The True Method of attaining Success in Life. By JOSEPH JOHNSON. T. Nelson and Sons.—A good book to put into the hands of young men, containing a large amount of sensible advice, with a strong religious tone, on the formation of character and the regulation of conduct. The admonitions are interspersed with abundance of quotations and anecdote.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR APRIL, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	5 37	6 32	6 37a	10 46a	4 1m	3 16m	11 31a
April							
10	5 14	6 49	8 1	11 14	3 25	2 39	10 57
20	4 53	7 5	9 7	11 35	2 51	2 2	10 23
30	4 33	7 22	9 24	11 49	2 18	1 25	9 50

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Apr. 2nd, First Quarter 9h. 17m. after. | Apr. 18th, Last Quarter 3h. 55m. after.
 „ 10th, Full Moon 11h. 44m. morn. | „ 25th, New Moon 2h. 58m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 13th . . 7h. aft., Apogee . . . 252,118 miles.
 „ 26th . . 9h. morn., Perigee . . . 222,559 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,338 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st 91,685,190 miles.
 May 1st 92,439,240 „
 Increase of distance for the month . . . 754,050 „

THERE will be a total eclipse of the Moon on April 10th, visible throughout the Pacific Ocean, and in the regions adjoining. It begins at 8h. 43m. in the morning, and ends at 2h. 51m. in the afternoon. The total phase lasts only from 11h. in the morning until 33 min. past noon, Greenwich mean time. The Moon will be below our horizon all the time.

On April 25th will be a partial eclipse of the Sun, visible in the South Atlantic, from 20 degs. to nearly 80 degs. south latitude. It begins on the earth generally at 1h. in the afternoon, and ends at 4h. 33m. The Sun will not be eclipsed in Europe.

From the 20th to the 30th of April, *Mercury*, *Venus*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Saturn* may all be seen above the horizon at the same time, before 9h. in the evening—*Mercury* low in the west; *Venus* considerably higher and southward; and, being the brightest star in the heavens, easily recognisable; *Saturn* between *Mercury* and *Venus*; *Jupiter* below, and nearly in a line with *Castor* and *Pollux*, not far from the latter; *Mars* a little more than two hours westward of the meridian,

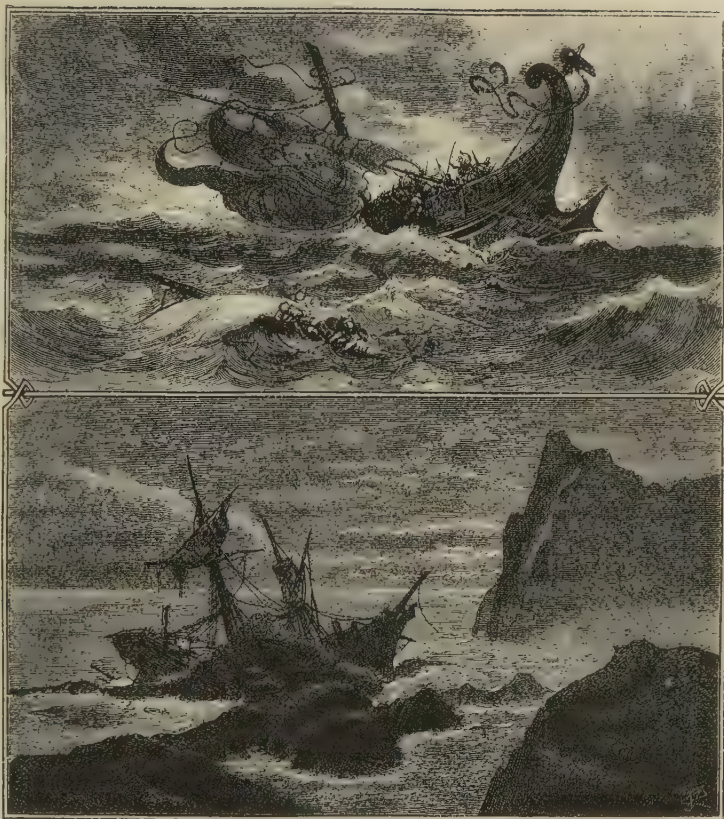
and about 15 degs. to the west of *Regulus*. When it is added that *Uranus* will then be very near the meridian, we have the interesting fact that every planet which can possibly be seen with the naked eye will then be visible.

On the evening of April 5th, *Mercury* crosses the ecliptic northward; on the 10th it will be in perihelion; on the 20th it attains its greatest distance northward from the ecliptic, and on the 25th its greatest angular distance from the Sun, 20 degs. eastward. On the evening of the 26th it will be near the Moon.

Venus will be in perihelion on the 3rd. On the 25th it attains its greatest distance, northward, from the ecliptic, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 28th.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 4th, and *Jupiter* on the 3rd.

Saturn will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 27th, at 7h. in the evening, at a distance of 2 degs. The greatest diameter of the outer edge of the ring is 38 seconds, the least 17 seconds.



TAKING SOUNDINGS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COLWELL.

MANY centuries ago a corn-laden ship was ploughing its way through the Mediterranean sea. The mariners that worked it were timid men, and, compared with the sailors of modern times, were sadly ignorant of their business. They had no mariner's compass, and no reliable chart; but guided their doubtful course by sun and stars. On board their vessel there was a more valuable cargo than the corn they carried, namely, many precious human lives. A Roman officer and soldiers were there, in charge of prisoners bound for the imperial city. The soldiers, the prisoners, and the crew together numbered two hundred and seventy-six souls—all crowded into a ship not so good as many a coasting smack that sails our seas

MAY, 1884. o

to-day. How comfortless must the voyage have been ! Even under fair skies it must have been hard work to keep things right. But bad weather came early in the voyage, and lasted long. The storm-rack hid the sun and stars, and the captain and his men were 'at their wit's end.' Cloud above and furious waves below, shrieking winds and dashing spray all around, gloom and uncertainty everywhere, until at last dark despair settled down upon the doomed vessel. Prisoners who were leaving home behind, were now face to face with the terrors of instant death in the wild sea. But after days of fear and fasting one little gleam of hope shot across the faces of the terrified sailors. Amid the hurly-burly of the hurricane they espied signs of land, and deemed they drew near some country. It might be a haven of rest that awaited them ; but ah ! it might be that they were driving upon a rock-bound shore. What could they do ? Take soundings. So the lead was dropped over the ship's side, and it was found that the vessel rode in twenty fathoms of water. In a few minutes the line was used again, and now the vessel had but fifteen fathoms of water beneath her. It was too clear, then, that she was driving on to the rocks. Quick ! Make haste there ! Out with the anchors ! Darkness and night are upon them ; and woe to a vessel that strikes the rocks in such an hour. Slowly the ship was made to lie-to ; and the seamen, with anxious hearts, awaited the day. Taking soundings had, for the present, saved the vessel.

We have often thought about that dreadful shipwreck, and as we have read over the vivid story (see Acts xxvii.), have pondered on the lessons it teaches to those who are wise enough to heed them. My friends, '*we* are out on the ocean sailing'—WHERE TO ? How many of us know, or have any reasonable idea ? But we may know, we ought to know, we must know. If we are wise we shall know. Sailing across a sea so treacherous as the sea of life, being so uncertain as to when or where we shall meet with the breakers, having on board so precious a freight as we have, we should take means to ascertain our true position. We can, at least, do as these men did, we can

TAKE SOUNDINGS.

On December 14th, 1883, a ship bound from Odessa to Antwerp went ashore off the Isle of Wight in a fog, and was lost. A Board of Trade enquiry was held as to the cause of the disaster. When judgment was given, it was said that the captain was in grave error in not making allowance for a strong ebb tide, and that he had committed other mistakes ; but that his most serious fault was in not having taken soundings, and for that his certificate would be suspended. And was he wrongly dealt with ? He was not accountable for the

fog, nor for the rocks, and it was but human to err in reference to the tide; but not even a wise child would have driven a ship full speed upon a foggy day, amid rocky coasts, without a frequent use of the sounding-line. Had that been used, the presence of the rocks would have been revealed, and the disaster might have been avoided. How is it men do not use the sounding-line more often in crossing the sea of life? Who can tell? Life is a dreadful helter-skelter now-a-days. Men do not work longer hours, or so long as of yore, but still life is fuller, busier, faster. We drive on before the gales of business or of pleasure, or both; all the sails are crowded on; the noise we make as we dash on amid the fury of the gale keeps our attention, every interval of needful work is filled up with some earthly thought, and age or death comes *unawares*. This haste is our excuse too often for not using the sounding-line, whereas it ought to be the very reason why we should use it. When mariners sail slowly in mid ocean among half-calms, the sounding-lines may well lie idle; but when they rush on amid storms and swift-currents it should be well used. If our life is busy and eager, all the more need for frequent and careful overhauls of our position. Appearances may not be bad, no rocks may be in sight, no rugged shore may threaten us, but in what direction is the vessel headed? We shall certainly reach the land whither we are bound, and we may reach it sooner than we think. A careless captain does but wreck his ship; but what shall we lose if we sail carelessly over the sea of life? *Our all!* Surely common prudence would say to us: Find out where you are and whither you are bound; do it now; take soundings without delay. If we do that much we shall, as these men did,

FIND A SAFE COURSE.

By using the sounding-line they found that they were *nearing the shore*. Nearing a shore to which they had no desire to sail, a shore they did not know, a shore in which there was no haven of rest,—nearing such a shore in darkness and storm! How awful! How many of us are doing the very same. A moment's thought will suffice to show us that we are in danger of running aground upon some evil shore, perhaps upon many. As we gaze over the sea into the distant horizon, we see many a dreadful shore towards which many a gallant ship is drifting. There is the shore of *poverty and want*. The writer one day entered a poor, ill-furnished room in a dingy street. No comfort was visible within its bare walls. An old man and woman sat shivering in rags and wretchedness over dying embers.

'Have you no sons or daughters who can help you?' he asked.

'We never had no childer,' was the reply. 'But we haven't

all'us been like this; for fifty years my husband had good and regular work.'

'Then, why —?'

'Ah!' said the woman, interrupting us, 'when he was in good work *he drank very ill.*'

Yes, for fifty years he had been sailing straight for the dismal shore that he had now reached. What a pity! Why did he not take soundings? Some people who do not 'drink very ill,' and who are quite respectable, as the phrase goes, are heading for the same coast. If so, it will be well to know it.

Again, there is the shore of *evil habit*. How many are wrecked there! Wandering about on the Lord's Day was a habit with Careless Jim, until he would as soon have thought of going off in a balloon as of going to any place where he could get good; and the result was that he never got any, but lived and died a careless, godless fellow. Keeping loose company was a habit formed very early in life by Rambling Tom. No sooner did he get in from school or work than, after snatching a hasty meal, he joined his wild companions, and revelled and roystered with them to the full. One night they were more wild and drunken than usual, and had the evil chance to quarrel with a foreign sailor, whom they killed in the street. The rest escaped, but Tom was hung! Had he taken soundings he would never have got to *that* pass. Are evil habits dragging us on to the rocks, my good friends? If we have any suspicion that it is so, let us throw the lead over the vessel's side without delay.

Once more, there is the shore of a *hopeless eternity*. An eternity without a heaven, without a hope, a dark place without God! 'O, we shall get right, at the very worst, after long ages are past!' says some thoughtless sailor. But shall we? What folly is this! To let the vessel be wrecked with a hope that the wreck may not be so bad after all; on our own showing, to run the risk of losing all in the ill-founded hope that to lose our all may not be as bad as some men say it will be. Did we act like this in worldly matters, we should not be long out of Bedlam. What says the Voice from behind the clouds: '*These shall go away into everlasting punishment.*' Who? Those sailors who neglect the orders of the Great Captain, who ignore the Chart, and who sail their vessels over life's sea in defiance to or neglect of their Father's will. All such vessels do, sooner or later, perish on the dark shores of death. If there is only a doubt as to whether we are going towards this dreadful land, let us at once take soundings. Now, when these sailors found that they were nearing the shore, what did they do? *Cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.* Wise men! If we find, then, on taking soundings,

that we are nearing the shore of evil, we must instantly STOP! We can do no more, perhaps. Like these men, we may be in the dark. How to navigate the ship we cannot tell, but we can stop her. We cannot tell the name of the sea or of the land, the force of the current, the nature of the rocks, the extent of the danger, but we can stop the ship. A wise man cannot settle every moral and religious difficulty, but even a little child can stop in a wrong course. That is all God asks us to do; in His Name let us do it, and do it *now*. 'Hard?' Yes, poor buffeted soul, it is. But these men had anchors in the vessel, and when they cast them out the ship was held fast, despite the winds and waves. Have we no anchors? Yes, four right good ones. *God's promise to help us*. What an anchor is that. *Prayer*. What a grip there is in that. *Faith*. What a hold-fast that is. *Hope*. A sure and steadfast mainstay, that never fails the true soul. Let us use our anchors without delay. If we put off doing so, it will be harder rather than easier as the days go on. Moreover, we are nearing the rocks. 'Twenty fathoms . . . fifteen fathoms.' Five fathoms nearer than when we sounded last! These men stopped, and waited. That was right. Do the one thing you know, then you shall know another. No harm but much good will come of waiting. The longed-for day came at last, and with its first faint gleam of light there came a gleam of hope. All the company got *safe to land*. So may we. They had a Paul on board; we have a greater, even Paul's Master. They obeyed Paul (verses 31, 32); let us obey Paul's Lord. Becoming obedient, they became cheerful (v. 36). Obedient souls are brave souls, happy souls, cheerful souls. Obeying God and trusting Jesus, we may take courage. The ship perished, but the sailors were saved. God's servants may lose much, but they will never lose themselves. The darkest storms and the direst wrecks will not engulf them. The eternal shore will be gained at last. May we safely reach it!

PRECURSORS OF WYCLIFFE.

ROBERT GROSSETETE AND THOMAS OF BRADWARDINE.

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

ONE of the most remarkable of the precursors of Wycliffe was ROBERT GROSSETETE, Bishop of Lincoln. This famous Churchman was born in 1175, and studied in Oxford, in which city he resided for many years. In 1235 he was advanced to the bishopric of Lincoln. Grossetète was a richly-gifted, many-sided man. It is an accepted opinion in some quarters that religion is unfriendly to

science, and that science has been cultivated only without the Church ; but some of the earliest as many of the noblest students of nature prosecuted their delightful task within the shadow of the altar. Grossetête was one of these consecrated scientists. Roger Bacon said of him : ' The Bishop of Lincoln was the only man living who was in possession of all the sciences.' But science and scholarship were not the highest characteristics of this prelate—his crowning distinction was his godly solicitude and care for souls. He could not brook the many ecclesiastical evils of his day, and his episcopal career was an almost unbroken succession of collisions and conflicts with the Papacy. His conflicts with the hierarchy arose from his uprightness of spirit.

His last and highest aim was the good of souls, and with great conscientiousness and courage did he pursue his sublime convictions, contending with Abbot, Pope or King.

Grossetête's whole views, religious and ecclesiastical, are to be seen in their purest and truest expression in a Memorial in which he set down all his complaints concerning the disorders of the Church of his time, and which he submitted in a personal audience to the Pope. The occasion of the memorial was this. The practice of transferring Church revenues into the possession of monasteries, etc., had been carried so far that the parochial churches were seriously impoverished. The parish lands were no longer in a condition to secure a living to the parish priest. The consequence was that a priest could no longer reside on the spot—the parish was spiritually orphanized. In his later years, Bishop Grossetête observed in his visitations that this evil was always on the increase, and he set himself to resist it. He fought with monks and monasteries for the maintenance of the church-lands in their integrity ; and, regardless of his advanced age, made a journey to Lyons to lay the matter before the Pope.

The Memorial he laid before the Pope gave expression to all that was in his heart. It is full of earnest moral zeal, and of fearless frankness of speech. Grossetête begins with the observation that ' zeal for the salvation of souls—the sacrifice most well-pleasing to God—had brought down to earth and humiliation the eternal Son of God, the Lord of glory. By the ministry of His Apostles and the pastors appointed by them, among whom, above all others, the Pope bears the image of Christ, and acts as His representative, the kingdom of God came, and the house of God was made full. But at the present day, alas ! the Church of Christ is sorely diminished and narrowed ; unbelief prevails in the greatest part of the world ; Christ has had for ages to complain, " Woe is Me ! for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape-gleanings of the vintage. There is no

cluster to eat : my soul desired the first ripe fruit. The good man is perished out of the earth, and there is none upright among men."

'But what is the cause of this hopeless fall of the Church? Unquestionably the diminution in the number of good shepherds, and the circumscription of the pastoral authority and power. Bad pastors are everywhere the cause of unbelief, division, heresy and vice. It is they who scatter the flock of Christ, who lay waste the vineyard of the Lord, and desecrate the earth. No wonder, for they preach not the Gospel of Christ with that living word which comes forth from living zeal for the salvation of souls, and is confirmed by an example worthy of Jesus Christ; and to this they add every possible form of transgression—their pride is ever on the increase, and so are their avarice, luxury and extravagance; and because the life of the shepherds is a lesson to the laity, they become thus the teachers of all error and all evil. Instead of being a light of the world, they spread around, by their godless example, the thickest darkness and the icy coldness of death.

'But what, again, is the cause of this evil? I tremble to speak of it, and yet I dare not keep silence. The cause and source of it is the Roman See itself! Not only because it fails to put a stop to these evils as it can and should, but still more because, by its dispensations, provisions and collations it appoints evil shepherds, thinking therein only of the living which it is able to provide for a man, and for the sake of that, handing over many thousands of souls to eternal death. He who commits the care of a flock to a man in order that the latter may get the milk and the wool, while he is unable or unwilling to guide, to feed, and protect the flock, such an one gives over the flock itself to death as a prey. That be far from him who is the representative of Christ! He who so sacrifices the pastoral office is a persecutor of Christ in His members. And let no one say that such pastors can still save the flock by the ministry of middlemen. For among these middlemen many are themselves hirelings who flee when the wolf cometh.'

This noble protest against the wickedness of the age was not favourably received at the Papal Court, and Grossetête returned home greatly disheartened. The Bishop, however, soon recovered himself; and from that day forward acted only with all the more emphasis, and with all the less reference to the Pope and the Crown. His visitation of convents and parish churches was taken up again with, if possible, still greater strictness than before. Unworthy pastors were set aside, and in all places where there was need for it he appointed vicars in their room. In Parliament his voice carried with it decisive weight. In a letter of 1252 which he addressed to the nobles of the realm, to

the citizens of London, and to the 'Community' of England, he expressed himself strongly enough on the subject of the illegal encroachments of the Apostolic See, by which the country was drained.

But in the year of his death there occurred an incident which raised the name of the Bishop of Lincoln to the highest celebrity. Pope Innocent IV. had conferred upon one of his grandsons, Frederick of Lavagna, a canonry in the Cathedral of Lincoln, and taken steps to have him immediately invested with it by a Cardinal. From Perugia, on the 26th of January, 1253, an apostolic brief was addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the distinct injunction to put the young man before named, in the person of his proxy, into actual possession of that dignity and living. In case any one should oppose himself to the carrying out of this injunction, either by word or deed, the Pope authorised his agents to call any such person immediately before them, so as within two months he should appear in person before the Pope and answer for himself. Of course it was not intended that this young Italian should reside in England and accomplish duty in Lincoln Cathedral, he was to remain on the Continent, invested with the dignity and receiving the salary of the canonry in Lincoln. The Bishop of Lincoln, now eighty years of age, with all the energy which a sense of right springing from the holy feeling of duty inspires, stood forward to object to the proceeding, and to withstand it; and the document in which he couched his opposition had not only an electric effect upon the English nation at the time, but its influence continued to be felt for centuries afterwards; and more than all his learning—more than all the services of his long, active and fruitful life—it made the name of the God-fearing, upright, and inflexible man popular and illustrious. 'He declared the command to instal this grandson of the Pope was not an apostolical one, inasmuch as it was in contradiction to the teaching of the apostles and of Christ Himself. It was also totally irreconcilable with apostolic holiness. It was also a thing entirely unapostolic and unevangelical, abhorred by Christ Himself, and in the eyes of men nothing less than a sin of murder, when men's souls, which should be brought unto life and salvation by means of the pastoral office, are destroyed by being deceived and defrauded in the matter of that very office. And this is what is done, when those who are appointed to a pastoral charge only use the milk and the wool of the sheep to satisfy their own bodily necessities, but have no wish or purpose to fulfil the ministry of their office for the eternal salvation of the sheep of Christ.' The installation of the Pope's grandson into the canonry and prebend of Lincoln came to nothing.

Another in the line of witnesses to the Truth was THOMAS OF BRADWARDINE, born in 1290, and whose special work it was to bring into recognition the free and unmerited grace of God as the one only source of salvation, in the face of an age whose strong leaning, on the contrary, was to build its salvation upon human merit. He studied at Oxford not only scholastic philosophy and theology, but also mathematics and astronomy, with such success as to obtain the highest reputation in all these branches of learning. Originally inclined to Pelagianism, he yet, while still a student, experienced a spiritual awakening which brought him off from the Pelagian way of thinking, and led him to the conviction that the grace of God is prevenient to all God-pleasing action, instead of being acquired by such action preceding. Bradwardine's theological views are exhibited in a systematic form in his great work entitled, *Of the Cause of God*, where the author stands forward to oppose Pelagianism, and to exalt the agency of God's free and unmerited grace in the conversion and salvation of man. His drift is to exhibit grace as a free and unmerited gift of God, and to strike down every imagination of human merit in the work of conversion. To acquire merit before God, Bradwardine holds to be impossible for man in any sense whatever. He who affirms the contrary turns God, in effect, into a poor trafficker; for he who receives grace on the footing of any kind of merit, has purchased the grace, and not received it as a free gift. Bradwardine was an extoller and champion of the grace of God in opposition to the Pelagian and self-righteous spirit which prevailed in his time. We should dissent from some of the Doctor's dogmas on the bondage of the will, but the all-determining power of grace, the central truth of his Christian thinking, we recognise as the central truth of Protestantism. The delusion that salvation can be earned by human merit is the central error of Popery.

We have seen in the case of other Reformers that they soon became obnoxious to the Roman Court, they struck at obvious abuses, and attention was immediately called to their spirit and design. Luther said: 'I have bitten a big hole in the Pope's pocket': he did; and the rattle of the lost coin called instantly the Pope's attention and kindled his wrath; and it was thus with many Reformers—they threatened the political and financial interests of the Papacy. Bradwardine, with his doctrine of free grace, struck indeed at the very foundation and life of Popery, but it did not seem so: the authorities did not apprehend where his doctrines led to; and, whilst other Reformers were degraded, Bradwardine enjoyed much popularity. He was nominated Archbishop of Canterbury by king and Pope; but only a few weeks after his consecration he died, 26th of August,

1349, in the Palace of Lambeth. Bradwardine anticipated as a herald of grace the Reformers of Germany. His doctrine did not agitate society as did the Reformers in the sixteenth century, perhaps because it was set forth philosophically rather than popularly, more perhaps because the earlier age was not wholly ripe for the teaching, and certain concurrent conditions of the later period were wanting, but it was identically the doctrine of Luther. A century before Luther's evangelical forerunners taught the saving grace, Bradwardine had set forth systematically and eloquently the doctrine of a free salvation. Kant, in distributing the Tree of Knowledge among the four polished nations of Europe, assigned the blossom to the French, the crown to the Italians, the fruit to the English, and the root to the Germans. But the Tree of Life requires another distribution: the blossom and fruit of that tree, after it had seemed long dead, came forth to the world from Germany, but its root lay further back in the deep and gracious theology of the holy Bradwardine. Wycliffe was full of esteem for Bradwardine, and was much influenced by the Doctor's teaching; and it is well known how this evangelical doctrine was diffused hence on the Continent, determining and colouring the theology of subsequent periods.

'THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS HIS ALSO.'

PSALM XCIV. 4.

BY ANNIE E. COURTENAY.

THE hoary hills in their majesty stand,
In rugged fortress about the land,
Touched with the tints of the opal dawn,
Clad with the vesture of purple morn.

Losing their summits when clouds hang low,
Wrapped in the splendour of noontide glow,
Kissed into gold by the setting sun
That crimson the West when the day is done.

The lyric they sing to the harp of Time
Is a grand old message, a truth sublime:
'Ours is the strength of the Mighty God,
The God of the daisies that laugh on the sod.

'He poised us, He makes us in might to stand,
He weigheth our dust in His balancing hand;
Monuments we of His power and His skill,
Old records that tell His creative will.'

I will lift up mine eyes to yon hoary height,
My soul shall take wing as a bird in flight

My help draweth nigh from the God of the hills,
Whose presence and power infinitude fills.

The light on the hill-tops kissing their crest,
Shall speak of the land where the weary have rest,
And the light purer far than the sun of the skies,
Breaking soft where the hills of eternity rise.

A 'SPIRIT OF BONDAGE.'

BY SARSON.

(Concluded).

'They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.'—JER. L. 5.

THERE are no striking incidents to record of Miss Walters's social and domestic life. She was one of a large family, and was carefully instructed in all the doctrines and ordinances of the Church of England. Her childhood presented nothing remarkable; but in her early girlhood she was overtaken by a crushing sorrow which undermined her health, and was a blight upon the whole of her after life. Great sympathy was felt for her by her friends and those who knew her best; but she was disinclined for society, and preferred to keep within the limits of her own home-circle. A few years after circumstances led her to attend a Wesleyan chapel. She was so much impressed that she repeated her visit to it; and, as her religious convictions deepened, wished to sever her connection with her own Church, in order that she might wait on a ministry that promised to contribute more to her spiritual edification. Her parents did not willingly consent to this; but one day, when the clergyman made them a friendly call, they referred matters to him.

'O, poor child, let her go to chapel!' was his reply; 'if she thinks she can get the most good there. If the Wesleyans can help and comfort her better than I can, I would not say her nay.'

Miss Walters had not long taken advantage of the freely accorded privilege, before she was overtaken by the stroke that must henceforth keep her from the sanctuary and shut her more completely out from the changeful scenes of human life. The good clergyman was not less the friend of the sickly sheep who had left his pasture for one that she liked better. In his last illness he thought of her, and desired certain of his books to be sent to her, with a musical-box that played a choice selection of sacred music. Often on the Sabbath was the musical-box wound up that she might follow the songs of Zion in her thought. She was much tried once by losing the nurse to whom she had been accustomed, and having her place taken by strangers. The irrepressible tears flowed afresh as she told Esther.

'My last nurse was a Christian,' she said; 'but this one is not.'

'Ah, now!' said Esther, 'may there not be a reason for that? God is giving you something to do. He knows how you long to serve Him, but you can't go out and look for work, so He sends you your work home. And doesn't it seem reasonable that your old nurse should go to a patient who needs leading to Him, and that you should have one placed near you whom you can lead?'

She accepted the idea. It was grateful to her, and she never again regretted the exchange.

One day Esther quoted to her the text: 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out;' and reminded her that John Bunyan said: '*Praying*, asking, hoping, seeking—were all *coming*; so that if we knew we were putting forth these efforts, we might know too that we should not be cast out.' 'And,' continued Esther, 'what a sure word this is: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" not only *shall* have, but *hath*.'

'Yes,' said Miss Walters; 'but the devils believe and tremble.'

'O,' returned Esther, 'I once made the same answer to that sweet assurance, when in a season of doubt the Spirit brought it to remembrance; but in spite of all, my own spirit made answer: "Yes, but you believe and *love*." It was enough, I rested on it. I have sought it as an anchor since, when I have been tempest-tossed. Can't you lay hold of it also?'

She waited for a reply, but none came. The sad eyes only looked sadder, and the lips trembled beneath a stress of emotion for which there was no words.

Some strong-minded people profess to have little sympathy with the kind of distress we have described, and think that it is a weakness that may be overcome. Yet even the Psalmist had to say: 'This is my infirmity;' and well for him, and for us, that he could 'remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.' But even the strong are not privileged to scorn the weakness they find around Bethesda's waveless waters; and though our poor friend suffered and waited the 'time of His patience' in a pleasant room, with a fair landscape to look upon, the consciousness of monotony and sameness often pressed in upon her till her nervousness was almost insupportable.

'I am tired sometimes of the very paper on the wall,' she said. 'I look at the figures till they stand out or change their places, and I think I am going wrong.'

Removing her had its inconveniences, but occasionally it was tried, and from her sister's home she went with her nurse to her mother's. The dear old lady had become too infirm to take sole charge of her;

yet she was equal to an occasional visit, and sometimes would spend a little time with her. When she did so, she delighted in hearing her read and in religious conversation. She was a sweet old lady, bearing the weight of years gracefully, and the total loss of sight so serenely, that it seemed to be to her, as it has been to many others, like the 'overshadowing of the wing of the Almighty.'

About this time the Conference was held in that district, and Esther's parents received as guest a Minister whom she had known from childhood. She was thankful for an opportunity of renewing the intercourse that for years had been suspended, and Mr. A's high character led her to look up to him as an oracle on all spiritual and religious questions.

Nor were the hopes formed disappointed. It happened, however, one evening that the doctrines of Methodism were under discussion, and a fear was expressed that the 'ancient landmarks that the fathers had set' should be removed to accommodate the latitudinarian proclivities of those who were coming after them. Specially was it urged that entire sanctification should be maintained as the privilege of all believers, and that the spiritually awakened should be warned not to rest until they had a clear sense of the forgiveness of sins.

Esther started. 'It is a "hard saying, who can hear it?" some would say,' she impulsively exclaimed. 'Are there not children of God who only dare rank themselves as servants? Are there not minds so constituted that they seek without the joy of finding?'

'It is not the Lord's will that they should do so,' returned the Minister, with an air of surprise. 'If the blessing tarry, wait; "it will surely come, it will not tarry."'

'Then what do you say to an experience like Cowper's?'

'That it had its origin in his mental malady, and is not a case in point. Many, however, have quoted his painful experience as an excuse for their barren one.'

'Ah! but darkness may co-exist with devotion where there is no positive mental alienation,' said Esther. And then, as the shades of evening were drawing in and there was no one that she feared present, she placed herself on a footstool beside him, and told him of the anomaly that Miss Walters presented. She told her story earnestly, being anxious to get light upon it, and counsel that might be available for the sufferer. In conclusion, she asked: 'Now, what would you think of such mysterious thralldom? Now, what ought I say to Miss Walters?'

'Only this,' said Mr. A., with deep feeling in his tones; 'that if she follows on to know the Lord, He will be found of her.'

'But she does follow on,' said Esther, with a weariness that almost

anticipated what her friend's might be on receiving such advice. Eager as she had been for it, she did not communicate it. Faint, yet pursuing, Miss Walters was always; why tell her to do what she had all these years been doing, or to put forth an energy impossible to her? She resolved, however, that she would alter her tone with her—be a little less soothing, and a little more rallying; and see how she would bear it.

The next time she called, she found the invalid upon her couch, low and hysterical:

‘Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, yet sorely tried.’

Opposite her was hung an illuminated text:

‘Unto you that believe, He is precious.’

‘I wonder,’ said Esther, ‘that you choose to have that text right before your eyes. It must trouble you.’

‘Why, it is a beautiful card; and if it was not, I am not critical. I should like it for the sake of the text.’

‘But as you don’t believe, how can He be precious? You can’t love one whom you don’t believe in.’

‘O, but I *do* love Him!’ she said, weeping at the bare suggestion. ‘I always say that I love Him. You know I do.’

‘Then, Miss Walters, why all this trouble about the end? Do you think there is a lover of God in hell? There must be much better society there than the Bible tells us of if there is.’

‘There are many there that said “Lord, Lord!”’

‘Yes, but *loved*! had the bond of all the graces? Mr. Spurgeon once said that if such a thing were to happen as that one who loved God went *there*, not all the powers of darkness could keep him fast. Jesus would rush to the rescue, and say, “This soul is Mine.” And all the angels of heaven would hasten after Him to see Him deliver that soul and bring it back.’

Esther really expected that such a climax would provoke a smile, and raise a glad hope in the sinking heart; but it failed to go home, evidently.

‘Well now, Miss Walters,’ she said at last, ‘I give it up. But if you should leave this world before me, and I should have the privilege of hearing what the end was like, I shall expect to hear that you went home in such triumph as is seldom witnessed; that you found it was all light, and had neither a fear nor a struggle.’

‘Whatever makes you say that?’ said Miss Walters, with a most wistful look in her eyes.

'Just this. You know that in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, to Christian, who was strong of heart, the river ran very deep and cold. But for Mr. Feeble Mind, Mr. Ready-to-Halt, and Miss Much Afraid, the waters ran so shallow that they passed over almost with dry feet. I believe it will be so with you.'

'You have no reason for it.'

'O yes, I have! I have several. I think it will be necessary for our sakes; for if we knew you failed at the last, think how discouraged we should be. We should say: "Well, Miss Walters loved the Saviour, she called on Him night and day; she humbled herself beneath the mighty hand of God, and not only endured the rod, but kissed it; and yet God never revealed Himself to her. He never came to her help. She was left to pass through the dark valley alone, and the cold, dark river of Death overflowed her, so that she was seen no more. And what could we all make of it? What a stumbling-block it would be to our faith.'

During the next few weeks circumstances prevented Esther from calling as usual on Miss Walters, and she had no opportunity of hearing of her. One morning, however, as she walked in the direction of her house, she remembered her, and resolved to make an opportunity as soon as possible. At that moment a man came towards her, looking as if he wished to speak to her. Esther knew that it was Mr. Bell. She turned and wished him, 'Good-morning!'

'Good-morning!' he said; 'Miss Chapman, do you know that Miss Walters is dead?'

'Dead! No; when did she die?'

'Yesterday, before noon.'

'Poor thing! Then I shall never see her again. Do you know how she went at the last?'

'Why, I never heard of anything like it. From the time she was taken with death to the end it was one rapture. She had gone to bed feeling worse with a cold that wouldn't have been particular to any one else; but in the morning when she woke, the last enemy was near. She smiled beautifully, and all her cry was: "I'm going home. It's all over. Lift me higher! Lift me higher!" and she was crying, "Lift me higher!" when her voice was stopped in death. No one that saw it will ever forget it.'

Yes, death had purified her vision. The long night of watching for her was at an end, and when the morning broke for her, it broke in light upon the golden shore. Then she saw One Who had been by

her side through all life's agony, guiding her frail bark into the haven where she would be, and lo, His form was 'like unto the Son of God !' even that loving Saviour Who 'delivereth them who through fear of death are all their life-time subject to bondage.'

GEORGION ; OR, 'GOD'S HUSBANDRY.'

A SUNDAY SERMON.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

'Ye are God's husbandry.'—1 CORINTHIANS III. 9.

'*Georgion.*' What English word says to us just what this word said to Paul ? 'Acre' has lost its original meaning, and, except in poetry, is now only used for a certain measure of land. 'Field' does not say enough in one direction ; nor 'tillage,' which the Revisers have placed in the margin, in another. 'Husbandry' is imperfect ; but it has this merit, that, like the word of which it is a translation, it draws around itself all the associations, agricultural and horticultural, of our Lord's teaching.

'*Georgion.*' How easily the word is transformed into a name ! And what wonder that the name became popular in early Christian times ! What a curious chain of associations ! A popular Christian name ; the patron saint of England ; a whole series of bishops and martyrs—saintly or otherwise ; and a word which concentrates into itself so much Bible-teaching concerning the discipline through which God makes His children pass, that no one English word will suffice perfectly to express all its fulness of meaning.

'Ye are God's husbandry.' There is no better study in which to think out the meaning of this text than a garden. And no better time than the early morning of a sunny Sabbath-day in the dewy spring-time. Shall I describe the very garden in which on such a morning, long ago, this text first unfolded to me its meaning ? It is not an ornamental garden, but all for use and profit ; yet withal very fair and fragrant, and rich in various forms of culture. Down in a little hollow at one end of the garden, where the river glides peacefully along, young trees are growing—orchard trees and trees for garden lawns. Here on higher ground are shrubs and gay flower beds and rosaries and green-houses and vineries. In the tool-houses are stored implements and accessories which to-morrow will be in the hands of husbandmen who understand how to help Nature to fulfil her daintiest tasks. A week ago a fire ravaged a corner of the



(Conservatory of the "Jardin des Plantes.")

garden. But the white wood-ash has all been swept into heaps for use, and the blackened stems of saplings—killed, but not wholly

destroyed—have been utilized in the erection of a rough thatched shed. Here, and in every one of the gardens, fields, parks and orchards, which lie around us for miles and miles, we find Nature in her loveliest robes and sweetest moods. But everything also betokens the presence of man—his brain and eye and hand interfering with Nature—the fulfilment of the first task imposed by Him Who planted the ‘garden eastward in Eden . . . and out of the ground made . . . to grow every tree that was pleasant to the sight, and good for food,’ and put the man ‘into the garden to dress it and to keep it.’

And as you and I wander on this quiet Sabbath morning up and down the garden-paths, and look through the glass-doors upon the rich bloom of hot-house plants or the bursting vine-canes, all things seem to say to us, ‘Ye are God’s husbandry.’ Ye are all under His care and culture. He is doing for you just what men are doing for us, only far more wisely and patiently. Ye are all planted in His garden. Only, remember, this is but a nursery-garden, where you are being nurtured; and by-and-by, should He count you worthy, you will be transplanted, even to His palace-gardens far, far away, ‘Where everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers.’ ‘Ye are God’s husbandry.’

Now the first lesson which comes to us from nearly every part of the garden is this :

God in His gracious husbandry interferes with the nature that is in us.

There is scarcely a fruit-tree or flowering-plant in this particular garden which has not been more or less changed, and changed for the better. Colour, fragrance, flavour, usefulness, hardiness—quantity or quality—have all been won by the husbandry of human interference with natural form or habit. By grafting, budding, crossing and cultivation, the most surprising changes have been effected—some of them so great and radical that they can be called little less than re-creations. Do you see this standard rose-tree? One day the gardener found it, or the bulk of it, growing in a rank, straggling hedge, with a wilderness of wild flowers around it. And he cut it out of the hedge and lopped and hewed it into an unsightly shapeliness, and planted it in his nursery-ground, where it took root and threw out strong shoots. But presently the gardener checked its growth, and cut away all the shoots save one, and in the fresh green bark of that one shoot, inside its first node, he cut two slits like a capital T, and slipped inside the bark a bud which he had cut from another and better rose-tree. And when the bud struck its tiny fibrous roots into the substance of the wild stock, and drew from thence living sap, and shot forth a living branch towards the sunlight, and buds naturally belonging to the

wild stock strove to compete with it, the gardener interfered with nature again, and cut away every trace of wild growth, sending all the life into the new branch, until at last the little tree seemed to forget its old nature and to exist only for the new nature—grafted or budded into it. Do I need to expound the parable ?

I once saw two plum-trees growing side by side in a very fruitful garden, not far from the garden in which we are wandering. They had both been raised at the same time, and under precisely similar conditions, from suckers. One was an Orleans plum, the other a greengage. The Orleans bore good fruit ; the greengage was quite useless, and nothing that the owner could do availed to improve its quality. 'It must be grafted,' said he.

Is not that the case with every one of us ? To use Paul's figure, we need to be grafted into Christ. To use our Saviour's figure, we need that Christ should be grafted into us. 'Christ in you, the hope of glory'—the hope of a glorious harvest of fruit fit for the table of the King of kings : in Christ—old things passed away ; all things become new.

But I will not say more under this head, because there is another and less frequently taught lesson about which the trees and flowers have much to say. It is this :

God, in His all-wise husbandry, *uses* the nature that is in us.

Few of the fruits and flowers found in this garden belong naturally to our English soil. The greater part have come from other countries. Now when they came, those who undertook their cultivation had first to learn their true nature, their habits of growth and reproduction, the uses to which they might be put, what they liked and disliked, what they needed to eat and drink, what sort of home, temperature, and companionship would best suit them : in one word, what kind of husbandry would be most likely to bring out all the beauty and usefulness of which they were capable. To this day half the battle in fruit and flower growing is to understand the peculiarities of the trees and plants under cultivation—not to fight stupidly against every bit of nature in a plant, but by skilful treatment to bend nature to human purposes.

So also in all God's spiritual husbandry. It is of the utmost importance that we should understand the limits of God's interference with the nature that is in us. It is an evil when that interference is underestimated. It may be an equally mischievous evil to overestimate it. Paul states it with scientific accuracy when he says that we are 'renewed in the spirit of our mind,' which cannot mean that our mental peculiarities are obliterated, any more than that our physical peculiarities are changed. Why should they be ? Are we better or

worse because we are tall or short, ruddy or dark ? Is the power to think, to imagine, to reason, to hope, to fear, to trust, to love, to rejoice, to grieve—are these in themselves sinful ? They have been defiled, enfeebled and fettered by being fastened on wrong objects, and devoted to unrighteous purposes. But when the human spirit which uses them shall have been renewed, may they not do *for* God what hitherto they have done against Him, and do it with the same characteristic peculiarity which marked their exercise in old time ? Error has often been founded upon truth, and then confounded with it. So our sins are often abuses or perversions of gifts which come from God. When God saves us, He liberates, purifies, brings under new control His own perverted gifts. And then, in all the wonderful husbandry which follows, He uses our natural powers.

Come to the door of this glass-house and see how vigorously the vines are growing. 'In a little while,' say you, 'they will need the pruning-knife.' Yes ; but the vine-dresser, if he understands his work, will not use his knife sooner or more than is absolutely necessary. And in all his treatment of the curious plant under his care, he will regard it as a first principle of his craft to avail himself to the utmost of those very habits the exuberance of which he may find it necessary to repress. He will train the trailing branches over as large a surface as possible, securing for each one all the light and air it needs, supplying its tendrils with supports to which they may cling, and preserving a sufficient number of leaves for the sheltering of the fruit from the burning heat of the sun, and for the discharge of those physiological functions proper to them. At every stroke of his pruning-knife he will forecast what nature will do, not only during the current season, but also next year and even the year after. And, in one word, he will never imagine that true culture means the rectification of nature's mistakes ; but rather such a husbanding of her resources as will enable her to increase and bring forth abundantly. We must not press this or any other parable of nature too far ; but rest assured that it truly pictures one aspect of that Divine husbandry of which we are thinking, and an aspect of which many of God's children are apt to lose sight, to their own hurt and loss.

Going one day into a friend's vinery, I found that the gardener—a new-comer, whose conceit of himself was only equalled by his ignorance—had ruthlessly stript the vines of all but the scantiest clothing of foliage. A fragment of skin from the under-side of one of the leaves placed under the microscope revealed to the master of how ridiculous a piece of folly his servant had been guilty. There were the delicate stomata, or mouths, through which the vine inhales what it needs and breathes out what it does not need, and without

which it can no more live than we can live without mouths, noses, and skin-pores. And so my friend learned by ocular demonstration that he had hired a servant who had an admirable faculty for spoiling his vines.

How many husbandmen—not a few of them self-constituted—are there in God's vineyard whose treatment of delicately-organized human souls is quite as contrary to nature, and therefore un-Christlike, as was this man's vine-pruning. And how infinitely removed from all such silly bungling is that Divine husbandry against which we so often rebel, and upon which we sometimes try to improve!

How wonderful is the variety of nature. You see it in lanes and woods where wild-flowers grow. You see it everywhere in this cultivated garden. Indeed, here it is encouraged as that which will yield the best results. A single new variety may make the gardener's fortune. In this very garden I once saw a small greenhouse full of young geraniums. 'They are worth £300,' said the gardener; 'and they all came from a single plant for which I paid a guinea.'

You buy half-a-dozen rose-trees of different kinds. Five prove to be imperfect; one only is perfect. Now you do not try to make the five imperfect ones *in all respects* like the one perfect plant—of the same size, colour, perfume. But you take them as you find them; and by pruning, digging, manuring, transplanting, you try to bring the nature of each plant into harmonious working with yourself, if haply by judicious husbandry you may produce six perfect plants—no two of them alike, but each in its several fashion perfect; and all more charming and valuable because of their variety.

When our Lord called His Apostles, He did not select men as nearly alike as possible, but men differing from one another as widely as they well could. Nor when they gave themselves to His will did He attempt to change the mental characteristics which made them to differ. Did He ever check the enthusiasm of Peter? 'Lord, . . bid me come unto Thee on the water.' In that cry He saw enthusiasm, *and* an egotistical, vain confidence. The *one* was evil; the *other* good. He would not check the good, so He replied, 'Come.' But the evil lurking in disguise from under the good was to be made manifest, that it might be destroyed. Did He ever rebuke Thomas for his cool thoughtfulness? Never. He chose him for that very quality! and afterwards used and encouraged it.

Here are two plants—one, a myrtle, growing in a pot; the other, a South American orchid, clinging by its root-like feet to a piece of bark perched high up in the hot-house. What would you think of the gardener if he were to pull the myrtle out of its pot and hang it up under the roof of the hot-house, and planted the epiphytes in a

pot full of earth? You would say, 'My friend, do you not understand that the myrtle takes in food mainly by its roots, and that particular orchid mainly by its leaves? Why do you not study the plants, and treat them variously according to their varying nature?'

That is just what Jesus did with Peter and Thomas. He fed Thomas through his roots; but Peter He fed through his leaves mainly. Even when the day of Pentecost came, and the disciples 'were all filled with the Holy Ghost,' their personal idiosyncrasies were not destroyed. All those men and women went forth on their several ways, as widely differing from one another as when their Lord called them.

Often by not remembering this we needlessly bring ourselves into condemnation, or involve ourselves in attempts which are either impossible, or if possible, sure to issue in no good either to ourselves or any one else.

'Ye are God's husbandry.' We have hitherto thought of these words as spoken to members of a Christian Church, 'sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints.' But there is a sense in which they are true of all men. For the tares sown by the enemy, as well as the wheat of God's planting, are within the circle of the Divine Husbandry. So indeed are all things, living and dead, good and bad, useful and mischievous, inside and even outside God's field—down to the fires in which are consumed the withered branches, and heaps of weeds cast out of field and vineyard. Neither blight nor blast nor fire nor disaster of any kind can befall God's garden which He cannot so control as to compel it to serve His all-wise purposes. However hard the saying, however difficult it may be to reconcile it with our theories of the universe, we must believe that it is in some sense true that 'the Lord hath made everything to its end: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.' Evil may *seem* to thwart God's purposes; but it does not do so in reality. On the whole and in the long run, 'all things'—the sufferings of this present time, the groaning and travailing in pain of the creation, the groaning of souls waiting for the redemption of their bodies, the groaning of the Spirit amid the infirmities of God's children—'*all things*' are working 'together for good.' It is all part of the Divine husbandry. And into whatsoever form you translate the *Georgion*, whether into a Faery myth of Knights and Ladies and Dragons, or into nature-musings of fields and gardens, fruits and flowers and fires, it will bring you, as it brought Edmund Spenser, to

'That same time when no more change shall be
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of eternity.'

It was true of the poet in telling his story; true of the valiant knights the heroes of his story; as it is true of the dear Lord 'for whose sweete sake' all vile things are to be fought, and all virtues cultivated:

'Like as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certain cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herself in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is *often stayed, yet never is astray.*'

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER V.—TIM'S CHOICE.

'Twill all be the same a hundred years hence.'

FIRE burned clear in the high old-fashioned grate, and ivy-sprays tapped gently against stone porch and latticed window. Outside, the world lay under a vast, low-hanging tent of darkness, through which a breeze wandered fitfully, and faint lights twinkled far apart. Inside, fire and lamp glimmered on spotless furniture in stiff order and upon a woman sewing with quick, deft fingers: a dark-haired, clear-skinned woman, trimly made and well clad in fine sober-coloured merino, with two or three plain old-fashioned ornaments, which had evidently been her mother's. One had only to look at her to know that the little frock in her hands would soon be ready for wear, and that nobody would ever guess it to be made out of two or three oddments.

She was sewing on a sleeve when the clashing of a gate and the crunch of feet over gravel broke the stillness. She listened a moment, holding the needle just above her work.

'He's got t' man with him,' she said to herself; 'not too sober, I reckon, by t' shuffle of his feet. An' now we'll know what we're windin' the gear for.'

If there was anything Sarah Maria liked, it was to know what she was winding the gear for. 'I mun know what I'm to be at,' she would say.

Her brother came in, pushing Tim before him, who stood blinking

in the sudden light, and twisting his poor hat round and round, over and over, in sulky awkwardness. 'Sit down, lad,' said his employer, impatiently, thrusting him upon a chair; 'sit down and tell the missis thy mind,—if thou has one!'

Apparently he had not one, for he did not speak, only blinked at his hat. Haigh threw himself into a rocking-chair beside the hearth and looked at the man.

'I've talked to him till I'm fair out of puff! He says himself he's a fool, but when I say, "Then as thou knows thou's in a pig-sty, why, in t' name o' sense, dostna get up an' take t' straight road out?" he's naught more to say.'

This probably looks harder than it sounded. Increased colour and quick stroking of the beard showed some irritation; but the voice expressed the irritation of interest, of baffled kindness.

'Did y' ever see a pig-sty wi' a straight road out?' said Tim.

Tim meant no parable,—not he! He had only spoken what came first, in a desperate effort to answer this plaguy master.

'But here am I, tugging and sweating to pull you out, and you wient agree to come out of it! Now look here! If you'll take t' pledge an' keep it, I'll give you your work, and we'll seek out a decent woman to keep house for you. Will you do 't?'

Tim fumbled and fidgeted. Why was the gentleman so anxious to make him take the pledge? He didn't believe in pledges. A drop o' beer was all the comfort he had.

'That's about true,' observed his friend, sarcastically. 'It's food and clothing and fire and friend to you. I'd choose some other comforts by times, if I wer thee.'

'Very well, Sir. You like cold water and money in your pocket, Sir. All right, Sir. I likes beer; and if I don't mind empty pockets, what then?'

'You ought to like to be a man, a clean, sober man, and not a beast!' cried Haigh, hotly.

'Why, Sir?' persisted Tim, beginning to have a vague notion that he rather 'had' the master, and might 'stick to it.' 'Why, Sir?' cording to your doctrines, 'twill all be the same a hundred years hence. What's the odds?'

'Plenty of odds [to your^{an} bairn, I should say,' returned Haigh, rather angrily: he did not like to feel that the fellow might drive him into a corner; and [it was so difficult to make such a man see things rightly! No use talking to him about the progress of the race.

No use at all, Roger Haigh. To a tipsy collier that argument has no force. If he's to come to an end like a burnt rocket, in a little while,

why, he'll blaze away while he can in his own way and have his fling. Why not? What's the odds? To be sure the allusion to his bairn hit him plump; but still, a hundred years hence 'twould all be the same to her, too. She wouldn't know, then, that she had once gone in rags and dirt, and been hungered; she wouldn't be thinking about her drunken father, nor whether he was good to her or not. . . . There'd be no Bessy, no father, no mother. They'd all be burnt out, and not so much as a stick left. And if that was to be the way, what was the good of arguing, except about some plan of getting big wages? Two or three pound a week and a free house! that was right sort of talk, now; but_{as} to the rest! The master wer right enough there; but he'd no call to interfere otherways. Tim wound up a rather stumbling exposition of these views by asking once more: 'What's the good o' worritin' a chap? You can take your way an' I can take mine, an' if we're both jolly, then jolly we are, Sir.'

Miss Haigh put down her work and lifted a candle. 'Put off your boots,' she said, 'an' step this way;' Tim obeyed, following her up carpeted stairs to a bedroom such as he could fancy there are in real gentry houses.

'Look at your bairn,' she said. 'Happen you'll see some odds here.'

She stood behind him somewhat, allowing just enough light to fall on the white bed and the little creature softly *happed up* within it, and so waited for the picture to produce its effect. She was not one of the women who spoil things by too much speaking. Tim was brought up short. He stood and looked, his arms hanging by his side.

That his youngster, that sweet, cosy little child *his*? He looked from its face to his own clothes and hands, then back again; he thought of the black, empty den in Foundry Row, of the pawnshop and the *Plough*. What had he to do with a pretty cherub like that? He couldn't so much as touch it, he were that dirty. He'd just go away and leave the babby to them as would make a lady of her.

A word of the right kind just then might have brought Tim to his knees, and made him cry to his Heavenly Father to lift him out of the pig-sty, and hold him out of it. But Sarah Maria could not speak that word, and to repeat the arguments her brother had plied already would be of no use, she could see.

'All right, mum; I'll go now,' said Tim, turning round presently, and making for the door.

'Do you mean that you want to leave her here?' she asked, following. She would undertake the charge, but she would have it all to herself, she warned him, and bring up the bairn in her own way. Haigh, coming out of the parlour, heard what she said.

‘That’s without my good-will,’ he said. ‘Thou’s work eniff without that. And dost mean it, lad? If you say t’ word, you mun stick to it, mind!’

Tim would stick to it. If the master ’ud give him five shillin’ now, an’ his job again on Monday, the lady might keep Bess, and bring her up genteel.

He got five shillings—to be kept off his wages,—and with it another admonition :

‘If I wer thee I’d go away with a bull-dog resolution to show mysel’ fit to have my own bairn. I would that, lad!’ And Tim’s final response, as he went forth again under the low-hanging night-sky was this :

‘Keep my gal clean and pretty, and let me be; that’s all I’ve got to say, Sir. What? religion’s all my eye, and yet a chap isn’t to have his beer!’

CHAPTER VI.—THE DREAM-WORLD BROKEN INTO.

‘Who is it, Walter?’

‘Don’t depend upon me for bringing you home from the cluckery, my dears,’ said Walter Paget, coming into the parlour one May afternoon.

His sisters looked up from their various occupations: Minnie, from her piece of church carpet, wherein the passion-flowers now bloomed in true Catholic tints; Fanny, from the latest of the Honourable Nude Rant’s novels; Letty, from the piano and one of Beethoven’s sonatas.

‘Who is going to a “cluckery,” pray?’ said Minnie, in disdain.

‘And are you not coming home yourself?’ asked Fanny.

‘You are going to a bread-and-butter cluckery, and I shall be coming home from Madderley at some time not stated in the deposition.’

‘But you promised to go to Mrs. Glendower’s, and she will expect you, Walter.’

‘I said I would be happy to go. Now it has turned out such a fine day that I should be very unhappy to go. Therefore you see I can’t; it would be very wrong! You must explain the position to Mrs. Glendower. It will be so interesting to her powerful mind, that she will forgive me.’

‘She will know quite well that you chose to make some other plan; and Anna’s party will be spoilt.’

‘Anna’s parties will have to be spoilt if they depend upon me,’

said Walter. 'Now, I'm just off. Shall I order a fly for you?'

'Could you not get back in time to fetch us, at least?' said Letty, speaking for the first time. 'It would look better.'

Walter hummed and doubted, but at last agreed to try; and so went off to Riverside to get his boat from old Griffith and pull up to Madderley.

'He is fonder than ever of going to Madderley,' said Fanny. 'I begin to think there must be some magnet. Can it be one of the Sutton girls?'

'Why, Fanny, the eldest is only fifteen!'

'I don't care. Their mother would have married them in their cradles if she could have done,—as they do in India. Something makes me think that our sister-in-law is no longer "a ghost of the dark footur," as Jane says.'

Minnie affirmed that she would as lief have a ghost as one of the Sutton girls. 'Their father is as Low Church as he can be, and they think our clergy are Jesuits in disguise.'

'I am sure Walter would have given us a hint if he were in love,' said Letty, in her quiet, assured manner, as she turned back to her sonata. Fanny returned to her 'heroine' and grand pillar-throated 'hero' (may all true heroes and heroines forgive the word!), and Minnie went on with the shading of a leaf; but they were ill-pleased. It was too bad of Walter.

Letty practised her sonata in peace. Walter would certainly have given *her* a hint of a love-affair, and she desired no attention from the clergy, either vicar or curate. A quiet talk with the headmaster about the new book of travels; then some music, and the pleasure of singing with a cultivated bass voice and a friend who knew one's way: this would make an evening that was sure to be agreeable.

Mr. Martin was a great boon to the Close and a friend to be prized, Letty said to herself.

And yet Mrs. Wynn, who watched all this, and cherished hopes of her own sowing, was not sure what it meant. When she named Martin and glanced at Letty, she could not quite read the fair oval face and gentle gray eyes. A faint apple-blossom pink came so readily to that modest cheek.

Charles Martin himself, at the close of this May evening, sought in Letty's eyes answer to a question which his own conveyed without needing words to make it plainer. Before the questioning of those full dark eyes, Letty's glance fell,—and gave no sign. Her hand fluttered in the strong grasp that seemed to claim it. With a timid murmur she escaped; the fly drove away; and Charles walked home with

Walter Paget, who had, for once, lost his talkativeness, and was as quiet as the Master could wish him to be.

Walter, on reaching home, glanced into the parlours, and then went upstairs and knocked at a closed door.

‘Can I come in, sister? I have something to tell you.’

There was no reply, so he opened the door and looked in.

A shaft of moonlight came through an uncurtained window across the dusky room, and on the window-seat, in this track of pale light, a dark-robed figure was visible, with hands folded and gaze turned outward.

Walter sat down there also, and looked forth into the quiet Close, where soft silvery gleams on tower and gable, and deep shadows brooding between, wrought a tender mystical effect, a tranquillity like that of dream-land. Or was it not the day-life that was the dream, and this the sweet, serene reality?

Yes; so let it be! For the day-life, tranquil as it may seem, feels a pulse of growth stirring within it, and trembles with the new thrill. . . Not yet. . . Not yet, O life! . . Leave me in the cloister and the moonlight yet a little while!

This is the maiden’s pleading. For the young man’s, it is quite different:

‘Letty, I have something very important to tell you.’

Slowly these words reached Letty’s brain, slowly she came out of her own confused, dreamy inner world to meet her brother. And then, with a sudden thrill of curiosity and interest, she understood the position. There *was* something! He was going to tell her the great news. She put her hand in his and said softly, ‘Yes, dear. What is it?’

‘Have you any guess?’ he said, still looking out, and using his free hand to fumble with his watch-chain.

‘Perhaps I have, Walter. We were wondering this afternoon ——’

‘Were you?’ he said quickly. ‘What were you wondering?’

‘Nothing very remarkable. Only it is clear you do not care for Anna, nor perhaps for any of the Close girls, and if there is any one else ——’

Letty would not force confidence. She waited for Walter to tell his story.

‘There *is* some one else,’ he answered, pulling desperately at that chain. ‘Have you heard—I mean guessed—anything?’

‘Nothing at all. Fanny had a notion about the Sutton girls because you go so often to Madderley. But they are children.’

‘Babes!’ affirmed Walter. ‘Was that all Fanny said?’

‘Fanny knows nothing, dear. Come, tell me all about it, and if she is a stranger we will make her one of ourselves, for your sake.’

‘That’s a good girl! Promise that, Letty!’ he cried, seizing both her hands. ‘You can always say things nicely. Just repeat that: “We will make her one of ourselves, for your sake.”’

Letty repeated the phrase with an indulgent smile.

‘Don’t get into one of your states, Walter. Now, who is she?’

‘She’s a real good girl, Sis—as good as you. Take her fairly, as she is, without any nonsense, and you can’t help liking her.’

Letty understood the phrase ‘without any nonsense’ to be descriptive of her future sister-in-law, and accepted it as a young man’s generic term of commendation. She did not see that Walter feared some exhibition in his family circle of feelings he would classify as ‘nonsense.’

‘I am glad she is good, but do tell me a little more! Is she musical?’

Walter murmured something like ‘very fond of hymns,’ which made Letty wonder if she had heard aright; and then a sudden fear struck her. He was strangely loth to tell his tale. Surely there was no trouble in it! All at once he burst out:

‘I don’t know what you’ll all say. But, mind, it’s no *use* saying anything; and if everybody will be sensible there need be no trouble about it.’

Letty did not speak for a moment or two. There *was* some trouble, then. Well, at least he was going to tell her all.

‘Come, Sis, you and I have always rowed together, and you’ve often said how fond you meant to be of my wife; so you must all make up your minds to it.’

‘Certainly, Walter. What are you so afraid of?’

‘Well, you know what papa is. I’m always rather afraid of him. When I wanted her to be engaged, she said I must tell my father first; but —— well, I never got a good chance; so I let her think a story, and pretended I had told him, and she only found me out a week ago, and then she said, “You don’t see me again till you’ve made a clean breast and done your duty.” And I didn’t see her to-day.’

‘So you have only told me now because this girl, whoever she is, ordered you to do it—for her own reasons, of course. O, Walter!’

Letty had never spoken so bitterly in her life as when she said this, for she was gentle of speech, but his rambling words had stung her with a new, keen pain. *He had not come voluntarily to tell her*—he had put off telling her as long as he could. For the first time in her experience Letty knew what it was to feel sickness of heart. This was not the ideal scene she had sometimes pictured. And who could this girl be—*what* could she be? Her mind rapidly surveyed the neighbourhood of Madderley.

‘Letty,’ cried her brother, pressing her hands in his; ‘Letty, I tell you she’s a good, true girl. If you knew what some girls are and what some fellows are! But you don’t know how much worse it might be.’

He was right. Letty had no idea of what it might have been, and so did not know what she had to be thankful for. Still his words had some effect. She must believe Walter.

‘Tell me all the rest,’ she said, trying to speak as usual. ‘She is not your equal, I can see.’

‘She’s a great deal better!’ cried Walter; ‘although of course I know you won’t say so. She’s read more books than I have, I’m sure, and she’s religious, Letty.’

A horrid idea came into poor Letty’s mind.

‘Walter—don’t hold back so! Is she a Dissenter?’

‘Let me see! No; Methodists are not Dissenters, are they? She’s a Methodist.’

Letty’s hands were withdrawn from her brother’s clasp, and she turned a pale face to the pale, cold scene outside.

‘Now, Sis,’ he continued, leaning anxiously towards her; ‘now Sis, do mind that it’s only her and not her belongings we have to do with; you mustn’t judge her by them. She’s not at home now: ran away from me, she did, the proud little girl, because she wouldn’t drag me down, as she said. But I soon found her out in her place at Madderley.’

Her *place*, thought Letty. Is it possible that he is going to marry a servant.

‘I soon found her out, and it’s been a fight ever since. She would not be engaged till she thought I had told papa; and now she knows that he isn’t told, and she won’t so much as speak to me.’

Walter sighed gustily, and tried to get hold of Letty’s hand again.

‘It’s Mary or nobody for me, Sis; so do try and get used to it! I ain’t half good enough for her, that’s the fact!’

And he spoke the truth.

‘What is her name?’ said Letty, while two hot tears ran down her face.

‘Mary Griffith. Letty, give me your hand.’ But Letty stood up and looked at her brother.

‘Tell it all, Walter.’

‘There’s not much more, and she can’t help any of it. She’s boatman Griffith’s daughter.’

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY THE LATE REV. F. J. JOBSON, D.D.

THERE are advantages in public worship over what can be realized in private and social services, which the spiritually-minded know how to appreciate and seek. Private prayer; family worship; reading the Scriptures and books of religious literature; meditation and singing at home, are good and profitable in their appointed places. But these can never supply the help of God’s countenance and the sight of God’s glory, as found in the sanctuary. Ungodly persons, half-hearted Christians, and half-day worshippers may not be ready to assent to this, and may be ready to speak of books at home as better than sermons away from it, and of private meditation as better than public prayer and praise. But public worship is a Divine institution, and preaching the Gospel is expressly commanded by Christ, with the promise of His presence to attend it; and these can never be superseded or improved by human authority. There is a glow, a fervour, a sympathetic and inspiring thrill in public worship not felt and experienced elsewhere. And there are views of God’s character and perfections such as Asaph found to subdue all his disquieting doubts and fears, and to lift up his soul to the very highest aspirations for God as his supreme possession; and which David here describes as the ‘glory’ of the Lord, the very lustre and brightness of the Divine character, as he had seen it in the sanctuary. This the Jewish captives of Babylon felt when they who carried them away captive required of them a song, saying: ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’ ‘How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?’ replied the captive Israelites. Do they suppose that we have forgotten our temple worship at Jerusalem? and that we can sing here in scattered bondage as we did there in congregation? ‘If I forget Thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.’ Emigrants and settlers in newly-found lands know this in log cabins and scattered huts, far off in the wilderness from Christian sanctuaries. And aged and afflicted Christians have realized it in retirement and seclusion, though in their case,

when God Himself detains them at home, He will visit and bless them as He does not half-hearted and half-day worshippers. When they cannot come to God's house, He will come to theirs; and when the streams are cut off, He will open to them the full fountain; when the candles go out, the sun will shine upon them. But withal, the enquiry is: 'When shall I come and appear before Thee?' The godly man's desire is for public communion with God. It was so of old, and it is so still.*

A FAITHFUL AND FRUGAL PASTOR.—We have all heard of a book which professes to tell us, 'How to live on sixpence a day, and earn it;' and very likely we have only smiled at the droll title, not desiring closer acquaintance with its contents; but I have to-day corresponded with a good brother who can bear witness that the task is not an impossible one, and that, undertaken '*for Christ's sake*,' it may even prove pleasant and satisfactory. He writes to say that his heart would be full of gratitude if I would send him a parcel of books; for he *depends wholly on the ministry, and that brings him in 3s. 6d. per week!!* He adds very naively, but pathetically, 'So I am very destitute in every respect.' I must confess that at first this tale seemed too terrible to be true, so I wrote to a gentleman of high standing in the locality where the young minister resides, and received from him an assurance that I had not been misinformed. 'Truly sad is it,' says this friend, 'and yet most sadly true;' and then he proceeds to explain the circumstances under which such a pitiful state of things can be possible: 'The history of many a mining village is just this: when once coal is struck, the miners crowd to the place, and rows of cottages are built, and a humble chapel; a minister is invited to take charge of the little flock, and much good is done. But in ten or twelve years the mine is exhausted, the colliers are paid off, the people are scattered, and, in most cases, the pastor seeks another field of labour. Not so this good, faithful brother of whom I write! He might have left his few sheep "in the wilderness," and bettered himself in all respects full many a time; but so beloved is he by the "little one" at....., and so dearly does he love her, that he will not leave her as long as it is possible for him to exist on the slender allowance which is all they have to offer.'

Is not this devotion as beautiful as it is rare? The poverty and self-denial and suffering are made sublime by the love to God and man which prompts and permits them. There is no grimness in this young man's penury, it is full of the glory of the grace of God; his scanty meals are daily sacraments, and his lowly lodging must be hard by the very gate of heaven. As he goes in and out amongst his poor flock, sharing their earthly troubles, and ministering to them of heavenly comforts, I can hear him whispering softly the words of the Apostle Paul, with all humility making them his own: 'But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, *and the ministry*, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God!'—*Eighth Annual Report of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book-Fund.*

* *Life and Sermons of F. J. Jobson, D.D.* T. Woolmer.



‘THE DRAWING-ROOM WARD.’

A TRUE STORY OF A WORKHOUSE.

BY EDITH CORNFORTH.

ONE hot Sunday afternoon in August, Dora Wilson entered her father's beautiful fernery, and, heedless of the gardener's future displeasure, helped herself freely to a bunch of delicate cool green.

Five minutes later she came downstairs dressed for walking, and in the hall she met her sister. ‘Surely you are not going out in this heat,’ she said.

‘Yes, I am,’ replied Dora; ‘for my friends are expecting me.’

‘If any of mine were so unreasonable they would be doomed to disappointment. It is too warm for anything except to rest until tea-time,’ and the speaker vanished up the broad flight of stairs.

Dora's walk ended before a dreary-looking building, and a porter at once allowed her to pass within the precincts of the parish Union.

'I'm glad you have come to-day, Miss,' said the man, 'for I have a message for you from Sarah C——, saying that she hopes you will visit "the Drawing-room Ward" to-day.'

'Very well,' replied Dora, in the sweet voice which had found its way to many hearts within those walls; but she kept to her original intention of calling upon the old women first.

When these calls were paid, she left that part, and hurried along a narrow out-door passage till she reached the large house. Here she entered, and paused before the locked iron doors which led to the sick and infirm female wards.

She had not to wait, for S——, the pauper porter, came with his great key to let her pass through, and then lock her fast in with the suffering and sinful, which gave her a feeling of imprisonment from which she always shrank.

Before going in she said, 'You will not keep me waiting when I come down, will you, S——?'

'Don't you be afraid, Miss, I'll let you out quick enough;' and the man's hard face melted into a more human expression as he looked into the trustful eyes of the gentle girl.

'It's wonderful how regularly she comes,' he said to himself as he watched her disappear down the gloomy passage. 'It is quite a treat to see any one so bright and prosperous in this hateful hole. She cannot help being a bit fearful of being locked in with all those brazen-faced women. I only wonder why she comes at all.'

Dora was glad that none of the women in the down-stairs wards were about, as they sometimes indulged in jeers as she passed them; and also that old Nancy, the tyrant of the place, who usually sat in state by her open door, had it closed at this moment; so that there was nothing now to detain her.

She tapped at the door of 'The Drawing-room Ward,' and was welcomed by exclamations of delight.

'Now this is good of you, Miss Wilson, dear,' cried out stout Jane A—— from her bed in the far corner. 'I hope you have come to finish that story to us.'

Dora smiled as she held up the bright blue copy of *Little Meg's Children*, with which her poor friends were familiar. She looked round, and felt glad that, with one exception only, the same faces rested upon the pillows as when she was here last. Dinah—dark-eyed, patient Dinah—had gone home to God; and in the narrow bed where she had spent years of suffering, a stranger was now sleeping.

Dora just caught sight of the plain, care-lined face of a woman about forty years old, who was sleeping heavily; and without giving

a second thought to the stranger, settled down in the midst of her friends to finish 'Little Meg's' touching story.

When the last page was turned, she gave up the book, so that the pictures might be looked at; and then going to Sarah C——'s bedside, she bent over the thin sufferer and said kindly, 'There is something you wish to say to me, Sarah?'

'I wanted to tell you, dear Miss Wilson, how much your last prayer helped me. Though my pain has been awful this last week, God's Holy Spirit has so filled my soul that I have been lifted up with joy—joy unspeakable.'

'Shall I read a hymn for you to think over until my next visit?'

'If you please, Miss,' said Sarah, as she lay back peacefully upon the coarsely-covered pillow.

By this time the others had also prepared themselves to listen to the chapter of Scripture or the hymn with which Dora usually ended her visits to this happier ward, that had won its remarkable name from the comfortable look which its inmates managed to give it; and above all, from the gentleness and friendship which ruled within its white-washed walls.

Dora read a hymn which she had chosen at home, and in a few simple words of prayer she asked God's blessing upon their meeting; and then, with a word and a smile for each woman, she said good-bye.

She just paused beside the stranger who she believed to be still sleeping, so she went on to the next bed, where she was welcomed by a well-known face and an outstretched hand.

Dora felt tired when she again reached the locked gates, but S—— hurried to open them, and the heat of the afternoon was over in the outside world when she sauntered quietly home.

It was ten days later when she again went to the Union, and then she had only time for a hurried call.

'Read that hymn again, please,' said Sarah C—— as she lay in bed, white and nerveless.

Dora read it through slowly :

'Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?

" 'Tis I; be not afraid.

" 'Tis I, Who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, Who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :

'Tis I; be not afraid.

" These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me :
They bear no breath of wrath to thee,

'Tis I; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid."

When the young reader had closed her book and gone away, Sarah C—— slept peacefully, eased by the sweet thoughts which the lines had suggested; but the hard-faced stranger, Ann M——, could not sleep, for again she had heard those wonderful words which had penetrated deep into her heart days ago, and from which she could not free her mind:

'Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.'

She kept saying these words over and over to herself, till some portion of their true meaning entered her heart and cheered it.

From her childhood Ann had never known what it was to be blessed. Curses were as familiar to her ears as hardship was to her life. She was the child of tramps; the wife of a drunkard; and she had endured the pains of motherhood, only to see her babes die just when, time after time, she had told her own heart with secret joy that *this* little life would be spared to bless her. As the years passed away, she had hardened her heart, and with stolid indifference pushed her way in life's rough jostle, until now when she lay within the workhouse, where she must soon die.

Her worthless husband was in jail; and since she had been brought to the House no enquiry had been made by any one as to whether she was alive or dead.

Dulled as her mind was by sickness and suffering, she lay with shut eyes but questioning brain, perplexed as to what would become of her soul after death. She felt an awful dread of the grim enemy whom she saw coming nearer, ever nearer, to bear her away to what she feared would be a worse darkness than she had ever known in her shadowed past.

The woman felt herself a sinner, and yet had no confidence in any Saviour. She had had some slight religious teaching from time to time: first in a workhouse school, once in a prison hospital, and again the subject was forced upon her by the unusual conversation of the

women in this ward where she lay a silent sufferer ; yet always listening—listening with an agonized eagerness.

When Dora Wilson again read the hymn which had so comforted Sarah C——, the mute sufferer, whom the young lady barely noticed, drank in the lines eagerly :

'Tis I, Who washed thy spirit white ;
'Tis I, Who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.'

The words fixed themselves upon her mind, she lived in them, she grasped their power ; and in the cleansed temple of her heart she knew herself to be forgiven.

O, blest change ! O, marvellous work of the Mighty Spirit Who works by unseen strivings, and brings the weary home by paths of which we know not.

In Dora's second visit she did not know that she was ministering to one with whom she had not yet exchanged a word, and she left without finding it out. When she came again she had more leisure, and in her round she stood beside Ann's bed.

To-day the woman lay with wide-open eyes, and their expression of love and peace thrilled Dora with a strange surprise, while she took the girl's little gloved hand within both her own, and said plaintively :

'Read *me* the hymn : and will you not pray beside my bed ?'

'Which hymn would you like ?' asked Dora gently.

'Tis I ; be not afraid,' Ann answered with difficulty.

That was the first of many such readings ; for each day Dora found her way to this bedside where she was so anxiously watched for.

Day by day Ann grew worse ; but she bore her great suffering with un murmuring patience, and her faith grew stronger and clearer. As for Dora, these constant visits to a dying bed certainly toned down her natural light-heartedness ; but the tender Shepherd, Who walked through the valley with the dying one, also imparted strength to this lamb of His flock, and in due season led her back into the sunshine of youth, strengthened by the past experience.

One morning Dora arrived at 'the Drawing-room Ward' by ten o'clock ; finding the door fast closed, Dora knocked.

Jane A—— opened it ; and as the early visitor crossed the threshold she felt a sudden chill when she looked towards the bed and saw that it was empty.

It was made up with clean bedding, and not a trace of its late occupant remained.

'Sit down, my dear,' said Jane, who saw that Miss Wilson could not speak at that moment. O ! we have had such a wonderful

night; we feel so borne up that we cannot fret yet; we wished we could send for you, but there was no one here able to go. Ann died so happy, and was shouting aloud for joy just before she went. She seemed to wake right up, different to how she had been all along. She said the Saviour came Himself to fetch her, and that the ward was filled with white-robed angels. She went on so about Satan: she thought he came for her, but the Lord said, "'Tis I, Who washed her spirit white;" and then she declared he disappeared, while the angels shone more brightly than before. If only you could have seen her face; it grew beautiful, and so like an angel's that we could not doubt they were really around her. "The hymn is all true," she cried; "every word. 'Tis I;" and with a shout of joy she died.'

The excited women gathered round Dora, and each in turn bore witness to the triumphant death which they had witnessed.

'She looked so sweet, poor dear;' Sarah C—— said regretfully. 'We hoped you would have seen her before they carried her away.'

'Never mind,' said Jane, whose face still shone with joy; 'Miss Dora will meet her again in heaven, and then she will be able to see all the beautiful angels as well.'

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As Dora walked home through the bright sunshine of the autumn morning, her thoughts were full of what she had seen and heard; and when she reached home she retired to her own room, where in thankfulness and joy she afresh yielded herself up to the Master's service, and prayed that God would give her strength to follow those 'who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'

LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

FIFTH PAPER.

DURING the year 1882 a friend in South Africa was prompted to write to me offering to maintain an Evangelist for one year, who, under Methodist direction, should labour in Orkney and Shetland, or in the islands still further north. The letter was forwarded to my successor, the Rev. J. H. Hooper, who corresponded with this friend, and the result was a remittance of £120 to provide for the District Missionary who is now labouring with very great success in the islands. It is very desirable that this increase to the ministerial staff should be continued: for their work, though they have been assisted by a Lay Agency that has proved very helpful, is far more than they can adequately perform.

When the most devoted preacher has done his utmost, most of the places in his Circuit are unvisited for several weeks, and in many instances the chapels are closed in his absence. This is a great grief ; but consolation is gathered from the fact that a stated ministry of some other Church is now within reach of nearly everybody, for the case is widely different with Shetland from what it was in the days of early Methodism there. The Free Church of Scotland had then no existence. Now they have several flourishing churches in the islands. The United Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists and the Scotch Episcopal Church are all represented, while the Established Church has largely increased the number of its Ministers. One consequence is that the benefits resulting from the occasional visits of the Methodist Preacher are largely shared by other Churches, and an important part of the work done by us is the stimulating and otherwise helping them. Every Methodist Preacher who has laboured in Shetland at any time during the past twenty years could give instances in proof of this. Here is one :

In 1876 the Dunrossness appointment ceased, and what had formed that Circuit was appended to Lerwick. On my first visit to the parish after the change no Methodist home could be found. A little wayside inn was our lodging-place at Dunrossness itself, and a hospitable Scotch family, belonging to the Free Church, offered my colleague and me a home, which we gratefully accepted. In November, 1881, the Rev. Levi James accompanied me to that part of the Circuit on Mission-work. Mr. James preached at the chapel nearest this Christian home of Bigton, while I went further afield. On rejoining my colleague I found that a young lady, who had recently come from Aberdeen, and was residing with our hostess, had been deeply convinced of sin under Mr. James's preaching. She placed a letter in my hand as we were leaving. Her cry was : '*I cannot live without Jesus ! and O, Eternity !*' Several letters passed between us. Difficulties were presented and solved, and at length she wrote despondingly : '*I cannot say more, you so fully explained my difficulties in your last letter ; but I am still away from Christ.*'

When my next appointment fell due, I went with earnest prayer that I might be enabled to lead my young friend to the Saviour. On the Sunday morning, as we picked our way out among the bogs which lie between the house and Ireland Chapel, I tried to help her out of the Slough of Despond ; but to no purpose. Under the sermon, however, she found the Saviour ; and, referring to the text, she said as we returned from the service, '*I have received Him.*' Her joy and peace were great.

She continued her membership with the Free Church, and was soon

busily at work. I had the happiness of seeing her Christian influence quietly but constantly growing during my few remaining months in the Circuit. In April last the Free Church Minister of Lerwick, in a letter to me, thus referred to her: 'Miss S——, of Bigton, has been spending a few days with us. She owes her conversion to you.... Man, if your sojourn in these isles had produced no other fruit, you would have done well; but I hope she is only one. She is a fine, zealous worker, too. She has a class of young women, seventy strong, and not a few of them are disciples of the Master.'

A few weeks ago this young lady called at the Seamen's Mission House, and on my expressing surprise at seeing her in London, she told me that from the time of her conversion her heart had been set on Mission-work, that she had at length offered herself to the Free Church Missionary Society, and was now on her way to Madras to take charge of their Normal School; and she significantly added: '*I know now why I was sent to Shetland!*'

Another important work which has of late years presented itself, and is continually increasing, is the providing for the spiritual needs of the many visitors to the islands. Many of these come to pursue their calling as fishermen and fish-curers. The Rev. J. F. Fergus says of a place about four miles from his home in Unst: 'A large field is opened suddenly at Balta-Sound. Two years ago there were no large fishing-boats; last year there were seven; this year it is expected there will be about two hundred, and an accession of population amounting to about two thousand.' Such fields are being opened in several parts of the islands. During the summer months this new work needs vigorous effort, and is of a deeply interesting character.

Besides the fish-curers, fishermen and their families and retainers—who live in their boats or in rudely-constructed huts by the sea-side during the spring and summer—there are the tourists. Three steamers leave Edinburgh for Shetland every week in summer, and during July, August and September they are generally crowded with visitors, who are beginning to find that the islands are a good health resort, and in other respects are well worth a visit. Many of these find their way to our Lerwick Chapel, some of whom have there received the grace of God.

A remarkable case of conversion among these occurred in connection with Mr. Hooper's first Sunday in the islands. His congregations had been very large, and the services were attended with gracious power; but he saw no visible fruit, and retired to the Manse disappointed. On the Monday a gentleman was observed pacing to and fro. At length he sought admission. Apologizing for having thus intruded when Mr. Hooper was busy unpacking, he informed him

that he had been one of his hearers on the previous evening, and that the New Birth had been placed before him in a new light. He wanted conversation on the subject. Unpacking was forgotten. Conversation was followed by searching the Scriptures and by prayer. The visitor found the 'Pearl of great price.' He then said that he was a clergyman of the English Church, and that he should go back to preach to his parishioners as he had never done before. A few weeks later a banker's draft was received from him, which is thus acknowledged in the Home-Mission Report for 1883: 'A recent visitor to Zetland, per Rev. J. H. Hooper, £100.'

Recent accounts from the islands are very cheering. They have reminded me of many occasions of rich blessing with which we were favoured. In Lerwick especially much harvesting was done. Our beautiful chapel was invariably well filled, and it was no unusual thing to see the aisles, communion, and rostrum packed before the evening service began. The Church was in a healthy condition. Many were longing for a deeper work of grace, and some whom I could name were as fully consecrated to God as any persons I have ever known. Quietly, but surely, the work continually advanced; and occasionally the bright fire that was burning burst forth into cheerful and mighty flame. This was especially the case during two visits paid to the islands by the Rev. J. and Mrs. Mountain. All the Churches shared in the blessing. The union of heart and effort manifested by the Ministers was very helpful. Many, both old and young, were anxiously enquiring, 'What must I do to be saved?' The spirited efforts of Mr. Hooper and his co-labourers in the islands have, by the Divine blessing, consolidated and developed the work, which has extended to parts of the islands that were for a long time in a very unsatisfactory condition.

'ALL FOR THE CAUSE.'

BY ANNA MARIA HELLIER.

I SHOULD like to make some record of a life lived to the glory of God, that asked or received little praise from men. Some people are remembered because of their high position or great gifts, or unusual opportunities; but my friend was simply a working-man's wife; and if there was anything unusual about her, it was all owing to the grace of God, which enabled her, as she had 'opportunity,' to 'work that which' was 'good toward all men, and especially toward them that' were 'of the household of the faith.'

We became friends because, at a little old barn-like chapel that we both loved greatly, she was the chapel-keeper's wife, and I was one

of the teachers. At every tea-meeting, every sewing-meeting, every service, she was there to give cheerful help. Our 'Society' was very small, and our funds low; and the few workers there were naturally drew very close together, and had to give and labour to their utmost.

It is wonderful what power for good or harm chapel-keepers possess. One who is gruff and disobliging, and grudges trouble, is a drawback to every meeting, and often drives people from the chapel; while in our case every effort was encouraged and furthered because our chapel-keeper and his wife loved to help the Cause. She never spared herself; she never thought anything she did for 'the Cause' a trouble; she gave all the time and money and labour she could; and that 'not grudgingly, or of necessity.' 'We are giving you a lot of trouble,' I would say on a wet day, when we came to the sewing-meeting and trampled on her clean floors, and kept her busy running to and fro in the rain. 'O, never mind trouble!' she always said cheerily; 'there's only trouble for them that makes it.' Or if we were planning some fresh scheme, and I spoke of the extra work for her, it almost grieved her: 'It's all for *the Cause*, you know,' she would say quite reproachfully. That was her one idea in all our joint arrangements for tea-meetings and other gatherings. Single in her aims, and always self-forgotten, she only cared how we might best carry out the work. Sometimes her plan and mine were not just the same; but that never created any difficulty. 'Settle it any way you like,' she often said; 'all I care about is, what is best for the Cause.'

At one time I used to pass the chapel every Friday afternoon while she was cleaning it, and could seldom resist going in to exchange a few words with her. At these times, or when sitting together over the vestry fire, preparing work for the sewing-meeting, she told me much of her past history, and of the early Methodism of the village. She was brought up in a Christian home with great strictness, and taught in childhood to be scrupulously and sensitively honest and truthful. I never knew any one more anxious to adhere to the exact truth, or whose words could be more absolutely depended on; for she took the utmost pains to rehearse any scene or conversation exactly as it took place, without altering or adding anything. On Sunday, in her father's home, the great family Bible was always placed on the table, that each child on coming in from the service might find the preacher's text in it. I wish the custom were a common one.

'Billy' Dawson often came to preach in her native village, and great was the eagerness of the children to get a front seat on the Sunday-school benches, that they might receive the good man's blessing when

he passed them on his way to the pulpit, and, according to his custom, laid his hands upon them. Fifty years afterwards, the memory of this benediction was still loved and cherished. It was during these Sunday-school days that she found peace with God. She could not tell her exact age at the time, but she recollected pressing into the vestry among other enquirers, 'with a little white pinny on;' and recollected, too, that when she came out under the evening sky, the very stars seemed brighter, she 'felt that light and different.'

But of all the experiences of her life, the one she most loved to tell about was a very gracious revival granted to our village more than twenty years ago. I think I see her now, looking round the little chapel with shining eyes, as she told of the people rushing from their pews to the penitent-forms, and of the mysterious influence of the Spirit felt by every one who even set foot in the chapel. At that time, nearly every man and woman in the 'Row' where she then lived was brought to Christ. And so great was their zeal, that at four o'clock in the morning the signal for getting up was given at the end house by tapping the wall adjoining the next; and so it went from wall to wall all down the Row, that all might be ready for an early morning prayer-meeting before the men went off to their work. Again during the day the women gathered by themselves for another meeting; so it was only natural that there should be great power in the chapel at night. All were equally eager to be at the evening services, where wives were rejoicing over their husbands, or both together found the Lord; and the difficulty was, what to do with the babies. But 'where there's a will there's a way,' and the baby-question was easily settled. Sometimes as many as six cradles were taken into one house, and the mothers took it in turns to watch over them. And as the watcher sat within sound of the singing in the chapel, rocking the cradles and praying for the congregation, one and another would run in to tell her how the meeting was getting on, who were at the penitent-form, and who had 'gotten through.'

Many are the difficulties in the way of a working-woman's attendance on public worship. This and other incidents she related, and above all her own practice, showed me that a real love for chapel-going could win through every obstacle. Her babies never hindered her: they went with her to chapel, and she sat near the door that she might take them out easily when they were troublesome.

She was the friend of every one in need. If anything were the matter among the neighbours,—accident, sickness, sorrow or death,—it became the natural thing to 'send round for Mrs. Burnet.' By night and day she was at the service of any who wanted her: she watched by sick beds, she prayed with anxious souls and pointed them

to Christ; in the chamber of birth and death her presence was alike familiar.

I do not wish to say that this dear friend was perfect, nor would she have wished me to, either; but if you were to ask her husband, her children and her neighbours what she was like, they would all tell the same tale, and say that she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, a good neighbour, and a godly woman.

Her experience, kindness and common sense made her a safe counsellor; and, in common with other workers in the village, I shall never cease to profit from her advice. She spoke evil of no one; and if I ever asked her about a neighbour of whom she could not give a good account, the severest thing she usually said, was: 'It's a pity but what she were a bit different; she wants converting.' If there were one doctrine that she believed in above all others, it was the doctrine of conversion. Her experience had taught her that unless any one experienced 'a real change,' any profession of religion was worse than useless; and she would often explain the case of a cold or inconsistent Christian by saying: 'She never got right converted.' And as best she could, she set forth among her neighbours the truth that 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

The last year or two that she was with us brought her much illness and suffering; and after a life-time of hard service came her most difficult task: she often had to sit by while others did her work. 'I know they are very willing,' she said to me the last time I saw her; 'but I *like* to do my own work. However, the Lord knows best. Happen He'll spare me for a little more work; but if He is going to take me, I am ready. It will be right either way.'

One Monday afternoon, a few of us gathered at the mothers' meeting with sorrowful hearts, for we knew that our friend lay dying. Only a few weeks before she had helped to organize the meeting, and we had counted on her as one of its chief supporters; but her work was done. It so happened that the book we finished reading that afternoon closed with these words: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'

And even as we read, the summons came for our sister, and the 'good and faithful servant' entered 'into the joy of her Lord.' She rested from her labours; her works do follow her: and how many and how blessed they were, we shall know in the day of account. She died November 5th, 1883, aged sixty-three.

When on the day of her funeral I joined the little crowd assembled near her house, and looked from group to group, I felt that we were

mourners indeed. There were those whom she had nursed in sickness, comforted in trouble, and advised in difficulty. Some she had been with in their hour of peril; and others remembered how she had closed the eyes of their beloved dead. 'Such a good adviser,' said one; 'Such a kind neighbour,' said another; 'She will be a much-missed woman,' said a third; and over and over again it was said: 'It won't seem right without her at the chapel.' We were like a large family bereaved of one of its chief supports. As we stood there, in sight of the dear old chapel she had cared for so long, and of the new one she had helped to work and pray for, and of many homes where she had gone so often on errands of love and kindness, we sang with full hearts words that gave perfect expression to the thoughts within us:

Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are
freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

'Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven,
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for
heaven.'

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.—We had the privilege last year of hearing Dr. Hogg give some account of his work in Egypt. On that occasion he mentioned that after having expounded to the members of the native church at Asyoot the duty of each one making a personal effort to bring at least one soul to the Saviour in the course of the year, a member was heard to say at the close of the meeting, 'I have fixed on my man.' The friend to whom this was said having enquired whom he had in view, was informed it was no other than the Coptic priest. The answer caused no little surprise, the priest being regarded as a most unlikely person. 'Besides,' said his friend, 'you are not acquainted with him.' 'True,' replied the zealous member; 'but I know one who is.' The priest was accordingly approached in this roundabout way, earnest prayer being at the same time offered on his behalf; and ere many weeks had passed, the mission had the joy of welcoming him into the membership of the Evangelical Church. He is now one of the native evangelists.—*Young's 'Light in Lands of Darkness.'*

THE STRANGERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—The last Annual Report of this admirable Society has recently come into our hands. For nearly a hundred years its voluntary agents have been carefully seeking out and ministering to the wants of the friendless poor of the metropolis. The lately quickened interest in the poor of 'Outcast London,' should result in largely increased aid to this Society. From personal and recent knowledge, we can testify to the promptness, patience, carefulness and kindness with which the visitors are doing their work.

During the past year more than four thousand cases were relieved, and a much larger number were visited and enquired into.

A GOOD REASON FOR MARRIAGE.—John Lawrence was sitting one evening in his drawing-room at Southgate, with his wife, his sister Letitia and other members of the family; and all of them engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered to his surprise that his wife had left the room. 'Where's mother?' said he to one of his daughters. 'She's upstairs,' replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister Letitia here broke in: 'Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife.' 'That's why I married her,' replied he.—*Bosworth Smith's 'Life of Lord Lawrence.'*

LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.—

6, Lime Street Square, London, E.C.,

20th March, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Our friend Mr. Atkinson, of Gunnersbury, calls my attention to a statement in the March issue of the *Miscellany* under the heading, 'Loss of Life at Sea.' It states that the loss of 'one in sixty of the men employed' at sea 'is a matter which needs careful enquiry and speedy attention, especially as those who are best informed declare that a large proportion of deaths arise from the unseaworthy condition of the vessels.'

I beg to call the attention of your readers to the fact that this statement refers to the autumn of 1881, when our friends were returning to America from the Ecumenical Conference; and this will call to their remembrance the fact that most exceptional weather prevailed, entailing disaster on large numbers of the finest steam-ships, and bringing over six hundred of the brave fishermen on our coasts to a watery grave.

I don't think any well-informed person will say that a large proportion of those deaths arose from the unseaworthy condition of the vessels; the statistics of the Board of Trade affirm otherwise; and so far as my opportunities of judging go, I should say there never were so few unseaworthy ships in existence, and the loss of life at sea distinctly declines, notwithstanding a large increase in the tonnage at work.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE LIDGETT,

Chairman of the General Shipowners' Society.

The Editor of the 'Christian Miscellany.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

'Full Salvation' as seen in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' By the REV. W. HASLAM, M.A. Morgan and Scott.—A good book; but not to be compared in interest or value with the author's autobiographical works. Sometimes

Mr. Haslam drives his theory of the various stages of the Christian life too far, but in the main he is right; and we welcome his plain and devout commentary on Bunyan's immortal story.

In the Country. Essays by the REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A., Rector of Barnoldby-le-Beck. W. Satchell.—A volume of essays reprinted from various Magazines. The author is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of our own country, and he makes a most agreeable companion, whether he leads us through the Devonshire lanes, to the Land's End, 'into Ballad Land,' or far North 'Among the Heather.' A quiet, chatty, soothing book; just the thing to take in one's bag or pocket during a summer holiday.

The Lord's Day. An Essay attempted in Verse. Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Sons.—We cannot congratulate the author of this 'attempted' poem on anything but his good motives, and his sound principles. He tells us that he 'makes no claim to the title of poet'—this is well; for if he did few would concede his claim. What he has to say would have been much better said in straightforward prose, instead of being cut up into lengths under the impression that it would become blank verse in the process.

Records of Five Years' Mission Work in Bristol. By C. R. PARSONS. London: W. Mack.—A plain story of earnest work amongst the poor and the sinful—the very work which needs doing in every town and city of the kingdom. Many interesting stories are told in the nine chapters which make up the book; and we regret that we have not space for quotation. We heartily wish the author God-speed in his truly Christian labours.

'*In the Volume of the Book.*'—By G. F. PENTECOST, M.A. Morgan and Scott.—A series of papers on 'The Profit and Pleasure of Bible Study,'

which will be exceedingly helpful to earnest young students of the Word of God. There is too little Bible study even amongst those who do much Bible reading; and every book which offers guidance to those who are willing to meditate in God's statutes, should be heartily welcomed.

Drierstock; or, Life on the Frontier. By Miss L. BATES. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-Street, City-Road.—A very interesting story of Christian labour and success on the American frontier; the success mainly owing to the fact that the little band who formed the Church at first had learnt the value of the Prayer-meeting, and also how to help their pastor by sympathy as well as prayer. It is, too, another witness to the effectual Ministry of Song, and to the certain results of patient, self-denying effort.

The Promised Land: A Service of Praise. Compiled by T. AUSTIN. Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union.—A beautiful *Service of Praise*, very suitable for Sunday-School Anniversaries or Festivals. It will be heartily welcomed in schools when the singing power is above the average. The hymns are taken from the Wesleyan Sunday-School Hymn-Book; so that the tunes can be used in the regular school-services. It is published both in the Sol-fa and the staff Notation.

Wilfred Hedley; or, How Teetotalism came to Ellensmere. By S. J. FITZGERALD. T. Woolmer.—This record of the struggles and triumphs of the Temperance Movement in its early days, and of the times when much conviction and courage were needed to gain adherents to the cause, is full of interesting incidents. It will be read with pleasure.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR MAY, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>
April	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	4 33	7 22	9 24a	11 49a	2 18m	1 25m	9 50a
May							
10	4 15	7 38	8 39	11 52	1 46	0 50	9 18
			<i>Rises.</i>				
20	4 1	7 53	4 5m	11 43	1 14	0 14	8 45
30	3 50	8 6	3 31	11 22	0 43	11 36a	8 12

PHASES OF THE MOON.

May 2nd, First Quarter 6h. 8m. morn. | May 18th, Last Quarter 4h. 54m. morn
 „ 10th, Full Moon 4h. 8m. „ | „ 24th, New Moon 10h. 37m. after.
 May 31st, First Quarter, 4h. 56m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 10th . . Midnight, Apogee . . . 252,446 miles.
 „ 24th . . 7h. aft., Perigee . . . 221,986 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 237,216 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st 92,439,240 miles.
 June 1st 93,006,170 „
 Increase of distance for the month . . . 566,930 „

ON the 1st, at 9h. in the evening, all the planets of the solar system, visible to the naked eye, will be above our horizon. *Mercury* just setting N.W. by w.; *Saturn* a little more toward the South: altitude 7 degs.; *Venus*, very conspicuous, still farther southward: altitude 23 degs.; *Jupiter*, south-east of Castor and Pollux, and north-west of the Moon, rather less bright than Venus: altitude 39 degs.; *Mars*, north-east of the Moon, bearing s.w. by w.: altitude 47 degs.; and *Uranus*, which may be seen by a sharp eye under favourable conditions, almost exactly on the meridian: altitude 41 degs. The bright fixed star Aldebaran is setting in the W.N.W., 4 degs. southward of Saturn.

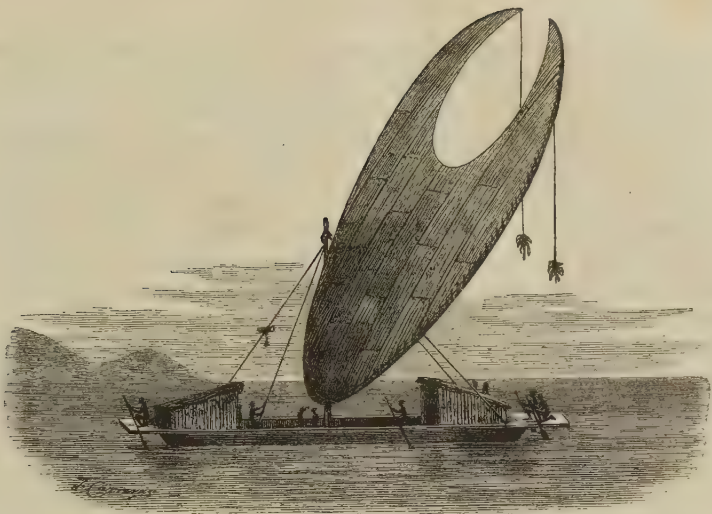
Mercury will be stationary on the morning of the 7th; the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde. On the 14th it crosses the ecliptic southward. It will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 17th, at 10h. in the evening. On the 24th, at 7h. in the morning, the planet will be almost exactly in a line joining the centres of the Earth

and Moon, but the conjunction takes place too near the Sun to attract attention. The planet will be in aphelion on the 24th at noon; and on the morning of the 30th the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes again from retrograde to direct.

Venus attains its greatest elongation, 45 degs. eastward from the Sun, on the 2nd, at 6h. in the afternoon. It will be in conjunction with the Moon, 8 degrees northward, on the night of the 27th-28th. Seen with a telescope, it begins to assume the crescent form.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 2nd, at 2h. in the afternoon; and on the 30th, at 8h. in the afternoon; the planet being northward in both cases. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 6th. It is receding eastward from Jupiter.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 28th, at 9h. in the evening, the planet about 6 degs. north.



(A Trading-Canoe.)

NEW GUINEA.

PAPUA, or New Guinea, is the largest island in the world. It is separated from the continent of Australia by Torres Strait, the distance between Cape York and New Guinea being only ninety miles. Comparatively little has been known of this large island and its heathen inhabitants until recent years, and even now the greater part of it is an unknown country.

Nearly four hundred years ago Spanish and Portuguese sailors told of their having seen the island, and one or two vessels were driven by stress of weather into its neighbourhood, or were wrecked on its shores. The great English discoverer, Captain Cook, sailed through Torres Strait in 1770 ; but the unfriendly attitude of the Papuans prevented his landing.

In the present century several Englishmen—*e.g.*, Captains Blackwood, Owen Stanley, and Moresby, and the Rev. S. Macfarlane, of the London Missionary Society—have surveyed the coast. The first white man who ever ventured to live in New Guinea was the well-known writer, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace. Mr. Octavius Stone also spent a short time there in the years 1875-6, and afterwards published an interesting account of his visit,* to which we shall make frequent references in the course of this paper.

Although the existence of the island has been known for several centuries, no effort was made to evangelize its inhabitants until 1871,

* *A Few Months in New Guinea.* By OCTAVIUS C. STONE, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low and Co.

when the London Missionary Society sent eight native teachers from the Loyalty Islands. They were not, however, settled on the mainland, but on Darnley Island, in the Gulf of Papua.

In 1874 the Rev. W. G. Lawes, with a number of Polynesian teachers, were settled at Port Moresby, on the mainland, and in the midst of much discouragement, established there the head-quarters of the eastern branch of the New Guinea Mission. Fever wrought terrible havoc in the little band; and in the first four months no fewer than seven deaths occurred amongst the teachers and their wives; subsequently one or two were murdered by the natives.

Mr. Stone was present at the opening of the first place of worship ever erected in New Guinea. He thus describes it: 'The service was held beneath a roof thatched with grass, supported on posts, open on each side, and fitted at one end with a low stage and reading-desk. Previously to the present occasion, not more than two or three natives had ever attended; but attracted no doubt more by curiosity than by any religious feeling, no less than three hundred—including men, women and children—were now present, three-fourths of whom were compelled from want of space to remain outside. They appeared to know they ought to be quiet, and some of the eldest seemed to be

listening, but the greater part were looking around them and evidently inattentive, apparently taking no interest in the proceedings. The small boys amused themselves by flinging pebbles at one another, making grimaces, or pulling a stray dog's tail; and sometimes the word *koi-koi*, meaning "lie," would be heard in reference to something the Missionary was saying. On Monday there was a formal opening of the "chapel."

'This event was celebrated by a short service and a feast to the villagers. The villagers were divided into families, twenty-three large bowls of rice, biscuit, and meat being given to the inhabitants of Ananapata, and six-



A New Guinea Youth.

teen to those of Tanapata and Ilvara. The bowls were placed in a long line, and the head of each family having been called by the native teacher, immediately stepped forward, received his present, and placed it upon his wife's shoulder, who marched off with it, followed by a numerous circle, including probably many relatives.'

The natives are divided into innumerable tribes, which even in time of peace seldom put any confidence in one another; so that it is extremely difficult to persuade men of one tribe to remain even for a night in a village belonging to another tribe. This fact makes it very difficult to explore the island properly, as even when they have promised to act as guides or carriers, they will often run off home, leaving their employers to go on or back as best they may.

Mr. Stone found the natives on the coast by no means unfriendly; and, indeed, not unfrequently he found their anxiety for his company very disagreeable. They are inveterate beggars and thieves; so that it is with difficulty anything can be kept from them. Although they were almost stark naked, they managed to conceal articles of all sorts and sizes, and it was only by keeping a constant look-out that anything could be secured from their rapacity. Yet they are not ungenerous to one another, for men who had been fortunate enough to obtain a biscuit from the white visitors, would often share it with five or six others, and seem quite content with their own small share.

They are not a particularly quarrelsome people; but a slight misunderstanding may arouse their suspicions and end in a fatal affray. Many teachers and several explorers have thus met an untimely end. Mr. Stone gives an amusing account of the way in which he brought several unpleasant disturbances to a peaceful conclusion. On one occasion a pig having been carelessly killed by one of the explorers, the natives gathered threateningly round the encampment, and no doubt serious trouble might have ensued; but Mr. Stone, who had discovered the fondness of the natives for music, rushed out with his violin, and began to play. 'The effect of a few scrapes was astonishing, and reminded me of David playing on the harp before Saul, "when the evil spirit was upon him."' Another time, when the two parties had actually come to blows, the violin proved an irresistible counter-attraction, and the leaders of the uproar gathered round the wondrous instrument, and listened 'in ecstasy to its unmelodious squeaks. Again, as I played, the evil spirit departed. And so ended the disturbance.'

But quarrels with the natives are not always so easily or so wisely

concluded. The unscrupulous traders, who are the curse of New Guinea, as of almost every other uncivilized country, create suspicion by their unfair dealing, and often excite desire for revenge by their reckless use of firearms, making it unsafe for even the most peaceful travellers to go amongst strange tribes. Mr. Chalmers, of the London Missionary Society, gives an account of an exciting scene which took place during one of his earliest missionary tours :

‘When within two miles of where the boat was to await us, we came upon a crowd of men and women ; the former carried spears, clubs, or pieces of hard wood, used in opening cocoa-nuts ; the women had clubs. Sometime before this, I said to the teacher and Loyalty Islander, “ Keep a good look-out ; I fear there is mischief here.” We hastened our steps, so as to get to the village, where the strangers from Mailukolo and Kapumari might help us. The teacher heard them discussing as to the best place for the attack ; and, not knowing that he knew what they said, he heard much that left no doubt in our minds that murder was meant. I carried a satchel which had beads and hoop-iron in it ; they tried to get it. I gave presents of beads ; some were indignantly returned. I was in front, between two men with clubs, who kept telling me I was a bad man. I held their hands, and kept them so that they could not use their clubs. The Loyalty Islander had a fowling-piece, thinking we might be away some days and we might have to shoot our dinners. They tried hard to get him to fire it off, and twice tried to wrest it from him. They know what guns are, and with reason. They tried to trip us ; they jostled us. On we went. Two men, when near the village, came close up to my back with large wooden clubs, which were taken from them by two women, who ran off to the village. Things looked black, and each of us prayed in silence to Him Who rules over the heathen. Soon a man came rushing along, seized the club and took it from the man on my left, and threw it into the sea. He tried to do the same with the one on my right ; but he was too light a man, and did not succeed. An old woman, when at the point, came out and asked them what they meant, and followed us, talking to them all the way, so dividing their thoughts. An old chief, whom we saw on our way up, came hurriedly along to meet us, calling out, “ Mine is the peace ! What have these foreigners done that you want to kill them ? ” He closed up to the teacher, and took him by the hand. Another chief walked close behind me. They began to talk loudly amongst themselves. Some were finding fault that we should have been allowed to get near the village, and others that there was yet time. The boat was anchored some distance off : we got her nearer ; and, when ready to move off to the boat, I opened my satchel, gave hoop-iron to our friends the chiefs, and threw beads amongst the crowd. I shouted for Kapumari, and a sturdy young fellow fought his way through the crowd. I gave him a piece of hoop-iron, and, with our friendly chiefs, he forced the crowd back, calling on us to be quick and follow. So into the water we got, the chiefs calling, “ Go quick ; go quick ! ” We got on board ; our Chinamen got flustered, and very nearly let the boat drift broadside on the beach ; with poles and oars, we got her round and off, set sails, and away for Kerepunu. Before changing our clothes, we thanked God, our Father, for His protection and care over us. We felt He alone did all ; unsettled their thoughts as to who first, where, and when ; and it was He Who gave us friends.....

A friendly chief told the Missionary afterwards that it had been arranged amongst the natives that one party should kill the Missionary and his company and have whatever they could get as spoil, whilst the other party 'should have the bodies to eat.'

A curious illustration of the Papuan notion of justice is given by Mr. Stone, who says that during his stay a man was murdered by a trading-party as he was walking home to a neighbouring village. The villagers were greatly alarmed, and at first fled from their homes in horror; but when the trading canoes had departed, returned, and finding no one else upon whom they could satiate their revenge, actually put to death the widow of the murdered man!

The houses in which the natives of the coast dwell are by no means of the most wretched description. They are generally built on stakes driven into the beach, and so close to the shore that 'at high-water the tide flows under them.' The same principle has been acted upon in the erection of houses for the native teachers. The front of the house looks inland, and the back is towards the sea. A village is said to resemble 'a quantity of large dovecotes placed upon poles.' In the interior of the island the houses are also built upon raised platforms, the roofs being thatched with palm and other leaves. There is also a verandah in front, which makes a pleasant lounging or smoking place.

In the villages of the Koiari tribe (inland) there is always one house like that represented in our illustration, which serves as a look-out station; but is said to be so built that the evil spirit, 'who is



(A Koiari Watch-House.)

supposed to wander about the earth at night, may have greater difficulty in approaching it.'

The natives of the inland villages seem a jovial race, free from care, and enjoying their simple life. Mr. Stone visited many of these villages, and was especially pleased with the inhabitants of Farunumo, whose morals would seem to be of a higher order than those of the coast natives, as they stole nothing from the travellers. The chief, Koawagira, was a short but stout, well-built man, whose laugh seemed to shake the earth. But he was not hero enough to stand the sight and sound of firearms; for when the white man fired his rifle for his amusement, he was astonished to find on looking round that the ponderous chief and his braves had made themselves scarce, though they waved their hands in farewell from a neighbouring hill. But there were less alarming wonders to be exhibited, notably a looking-glass, which sent the chief and his people into the most comical ecstasies of delight.

Salt was considered a great luxury by these villagers, and they ate it with childish delight, as though it were a sweetmeat. The dwellers inland make periodical visits to the sea in order to drink the salt water, bringing home a supply for the women and children in hollow bamboos.

The Papuan women do a considerable part of the hard work; still, they are not by any means an oppressed race, but take their part in social and political affairs with energy and effect. The sense of propriety amongst them is such that no man thinks of entering a hut if the husband is away from home.

Their religion, however, is of a very low type. Mr. Chalmers writes :

'They have one great spirit—Palaku Bara, who dwells in the mountains. Each family has a sacred place, where they carry offerings to the spirits of deceased ancestors, whom they terribly fear. When sickness in the family, death, famine, scarcity of fish, etc., occur,—these terrible spirits are thought to be at work, and must be propitiated.

'Pigs are never killed but in one place, and then they are offered to the spirit. The blood is poured out there, and the carcase is then carried back to the village, to be divided, cooked, and eaten. Pigs' skulls are kept and hung up in the house. Food for a feast, such as at house-building, is placed near the post where the skulls hang, and a prayer is said. When the centre-post is put up, the spirits have kangaroo, fish, and bananas presented to them; and they are besought to always keep that house full of food, and may it not fall when the wind is strong. The great spirit causes food to grow, and to him presentations of food are made.

‘Spirits, when they leave the body, take a canoe, cross the lagoon, and go away to the mountains, where they remain in perfect bliss : no work, and nothing to trouble them, with plenty of betel-nuts. They dance all night long, and rest all day.

‘When they begin planting, they first take a bunch of bananas and sugar-cane, and go right on to the centre of the plantation and call over the names of the dead belonging to their family, adding : “There is your food, your bananas and sugar-cane ; let our food grow well, and let it be plentiful. If it does not grow well and plentiful, you all will be full of shame, and so shall we.”

‘When they go on trading expeditions, they present their food to the spirits at the centre-post of the house, and ask the spirits to go before them and prepare the people, so that the trading may be prosperous. No great work and no expedition is undertaken without offerings and prayer.

‘When sickness is in the family, a pig is brought on to the sacred place of the great spirit, and killed. The carcase is then taken to the sacred place of the family, and the spirits are asked to accept. Sins are confessed : such as that bananas are taken, or cocoa-nuts, and none have been presented, and leave not given to eat them. “There is a pig ; accept, and remove the sickness.” Death follows, and the day of burial arrives. The friends all stand round the open grave, and the chief’s sister or cousin—one of the women we saw with the drum—calls out in a loud voice, “You have been angry with us for the bananas we have taken (or cocoa-nuts, as the case may be), and you have, in your anger, taken this child. Now let it suffice, and bury your anger.” The body is then placed in the grave, and covered over with earth.’

But a truer faith is steadily, if somewhat slowly, gaining ground ; and the labours of the European Missionaries and their teachers have already borne fruit which promises an abundant harvest ere long. In a recent communication the Rev. S. Macfarlane states that ‘there are no naked heathen to be seen at *any of our stations in this* [the Western] *branch of the Mission*, except those newly found this trip.’ He adds that there are now three churches fairly established, with a membership of more than a hundred, and twice that number are in the ‘seekers’ classes.’ The Rev. W. G. Lawes writes concerning the work in the South-Eastern branch, that there are ‘sixteen stations at present occupied, with a total of sixty-eight members of the Church, and thirty candidates. The teachers at all the old stations have kept a register of attendance at schools during the past year, and these give a total of 650 on the books, with an average daily attendance, for the whole year, of 282. These, with the new stations, will make

at least 1,000 children of New Guinea under instruction, exclusive of South Cape and China Straits.'

The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark have already been translated into the native tongue, and considerable progress has been made with the other Gospels. Thus once again the isles which have so long waited for God's law are now receiving it; and if the work is followed up with energy, as our friends of the London Missionary Society are sure to follow it up, then the glorious Gospel, which 'is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' will win its way amongst these long-neglected islanders, and New Guinea also shall be a jewel in the diadem of the King of kings.



(Camp and Mission Station near Port Moresby.)

WILLIAM TREVILLE:

A REMINISCENCE.

BY THE LATE REV. T. T. LYNCH.

How vivid is my remembrance of the morning when WILLIAM TREVILLE left us. For weeks previous I had slept in his chamber upon a little bed by his side, and was honoured with the duty of waiting on him in the night, or ringing his bell if he required the special assistance of his mother. We were not expecting his speedy departure. Wearisome days and nights were yet, as we thought, appointed him. Poor fellow! he was deformed. He was a strong boy up to the time when, in his eleventh year, he was seized with the scarlet-fever. But alas for him then! The burning fever

—the slow and difficult recovery—and afterwards, the crooked back, the cramped heart, and the weakened lungs.

How many a grave-stone is there scattered through the churchyards and cemeteries of England on which you may read an inscription, short and unsuggestive, as, ‘William Treville, died aged nineteen years.’ And how many such stones stand above the remains of those whose lives were full of value and interest, though of them no ‘strange eventful’ story could be narrated. And such a life was William Treville’s.

‘Mother,’ one day he said, as he put down suddenly the newspaper he was reading, ‘my body is my grave.’ ‘And the grave has the victory, if you believe not,’ answered she. ‘But is not Christ even now the Resurrection and the Life? There’s many a living man, as we call him, that is his own grave in a worse sense than your body is yours, William.’ So she helped his faith; but how often did he also help hers! She was a widow, and he was her young and sage counsellor, as well as the prime object of her tender, inventive love. ‘Death worketh in him,’ she would say, ‘but life in us:’ alluding, wisely and gratefully, to the tender and thoughtful influences which, emanating from him, diffused blessing. It is from the pierced bark the sap flows; it is from the bruised spice the odour streams.

On that last morning, he rose in the gray dawn and moved towards the window. He had often before done so, but now I perceived, by his laboured and quick breathing, he felt peculiarly oppressed. I summoned at once an elder brother who was that night in the house. He came immediately. ‘Open the window,’ said William. It was done, and the sweet, cool morning air flowed in. ‘Hold me,’ he said; and, panting, he leaned his head on his brother’s breast. ‘Call my mother.’ She came. He turned to her a last look, then said faintly but distinctly, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ And in a moment the face was as a pool which the wind ruffles, slowly crossing: the last shadow moved over it, and the mother gazed on the face of her dead darling.

Mother! Saviour! On each he called as he entered the dark river. Mother, I go; Saviour, I come. He has put off deformity and put on beauty. Instead of long wakeful nights, has come the long welcome day. He has fallen asleep, and done well. He shall be no more as one athirst for slumber. The last sigh, the last pang, the last throb, the last tear—these have come. But I am speaking of the past as if it were present, and very present indeed it is to me. I turn to it as to one of the pictures in my most private room; I

know which way I have but to glance, and with the turn of the eye comes the return of the impression.

William Treville was one of a class: I call them 'social solitaires.' He would walk as by the side of the sea of life, with true sympathy for the voyagers, though he could not take the oar in a boat, or manage the sails of a vessel. Away from the throng, his meditation was of the laws of their welfare. He would often go into a crowd; and he said 'his heart enlarged as the people gathered.' Something peculiar in the tone of a street cry; the sight of a lean, anxious cow, as she went lowing after her calf; a meeting with a labourer coming home from his work, with his baby-boy on his shoulder, would send a thrill through him. In the evening he would help his mother with her domestic accounts, and devise how nineteen shillings this month might go as far as twenty shillings last; and then to his books. He was a great lover and, as far as his means and aids allowed, a student of chemistry. I remember the curiosity and awe with which—at that time very young—I surveyed his bottles and powders, lamps and glasses. When the experiments admitted the excitement of a flash or bang, I was permitted sometimes to partake the joy. But William's favourite resort, when the summer allowed him to tenant it, was the upper part of the one tree which our garden contained. The tree was not a very lofty one, but the boughs were thick and leafy. He was able, with some difficulty, it is true, to climb up; and there he sat, as on a throne, and let the wind sway him, secure—which few kings on their thrones are—'mid all the swayings. Here, doubtless, thoughts stirred, the full life of which the better world has developed. How often on earth does the heart swell, as longing to put itself forth in some good deed or utterance, yet it may not; but we know that at spring-time the buds swell in preparation before the day arrives for the sun to cause them to break and open. It is thus the heart swells on earth, and thus the heart shall expand in heaven.

But what am I telling? That William Treville sat in a tree and thought; that he had a few bottles and glasses for chemical experiments. Are not these small things? They are. I said there was no story to tell. I said the life was of much interest, but of few incidents. How many a mother is there that wishes there were no story to tell of her son, rather than such a one as there is? His has been a life of adventure, but alas! of sin. He has strangely risen in his fortunes, but he has fallen from his first love. He has been abroad, and returned with a tale to tell which blanches young cheeks and rivets the eyes of elders. But alas! he has gone abroad, too, from the spiritual home of his youth; and will he ever return to tell a tale of deliverance? Will he not wander on over the wilder-

ness, away and yet away, till the country grows darker, and colder, and wilder, and at last the wolves devour him? Better die without a story, than live to 'point the moral' of a tale of ruin and disgrace.

What is the story of many? Strong foundations for goodness, laid in youth, have been violently torn up when the building had but commenced: the broad fields of young corn have been beaten down with storms of passion; the soil washed away or ruinously mingled with the drifting sands of the world.

But do we not hear some saying, 'Cease reproaches; it is easy for those who have not known the tempter to accuse the fallen. We can pity the afflicted for their pain, more than they pity us for our sins.' But such lives as William Treville's have in them no reproach, but a sanctity that is as tender as it is pure. The prodigal may be stopped in his follies, and recalled from his wanderings, by the thought of one whose quiet and painful life was holy to him, and who 'entered into rest' before he, with vain and vaunting spirit, had sought as his desired element 'the windy storm and tempest.'

But these early blighted and early burdened ones who appear to us, especially when we think of them as departed, the possessors of an almost vestal sanctity; or, to speak in more Christian language, of a saintliness that seems not possible to ourselves, have often sharp trial and temptation; and their gift to us, like all the best gifts of man to man, is as a birth for which they travail. They need to feel as that old Nonconformist—one of the 'ejected and silenced'—who, in his last painful sickness, said: 'I am on my Father's rack.' They must find comfort such as Milton found in his own words: 'They also serve who only stand and wait'; and should be able to adopt as their device the camomile flower, that bitter medicinal plant of which it is said, if it be trodden on it grows the more luxuriantly.

How many of its most mellow and wise minds does the world owe to suffering; nay, can any be perfected without it? Such are an evangel to households, times, countries; and like that greatest evangel, the Gospel of Christ, one emblem for them may be the pomegranate. They are all seeds and sweetness—flavourous sweetness; not sweetness without seeds, but no seed without an ambient sweetness. Truly, such a gospel the world requires; with all that is solacing and tender we need a 'word' to be given full of organic energy, a word which shall take root and grow in us, and bring forth fruit unto perfection. We remember the men whose lives are lesser gospels, and are directed to the one and only sufficient Gospel.

In country places they plant rosemary, that sanative and fragrant plant, upon graves. And the old herbalists tell us if we drink rosemary tea, or wash our head in rosemary water, we may clear and

strengthen our mind. So let us use the rosemary of remembrance. Not only, reader, perhaps some one dearer to you and dearer to me than William Treville is dead, but the old years are dead—the years of our childhood, of our youth, of our apprenticeship, of our first religious worship and feeling, of our first voyage, of our first experiments and failures, of former friendships and former wishes. Where are we? What are we doing? Do we learn of the dead, the faith and prudence of the living? How busy the day is! how fast it goes! And there are some who would never stand still for a moment's thought, if the death-bell did not smite upon their ear, arrest them in their hurry, and abash them in their worldly confidence. 'Consider your ways!' This is the call of the Divine Spirit, that comes to you.

The past! What of our past? Far back, perhaps, we may trace our path—as by a melancholy moonlight—marked for us over sandy wastes that we have travelled, as the caravan-path in the desert is marked by the bleached bones of men and of animals that have perished on the journey. All along lie the fragments of broken purposes and resolutions. It is a line of death that marks the track of life. Advantages, capabilities, opportunities—all are as the dead. But we are the living. And we may be the living—as, indeed, perhaps we have been the living—to labour and to praise. For Mercy and Truth live ever; and they still live for you.

But I am ending my reminiscence with a homily. And are not our best reminiscences ever to us sweet, faithful and convincing preachers? The great future lies before us—great, whether our earthly day be long or short. If wise, we may ever be lighting lamps of faith and hope at the expiring torch of the years as they are leaving us. How diversely may an hour be represented!—a meteor, an arrow—each is swift, but the meteor vanishes; the arrow, finding its place, works an abiding effect:

‘ Into the past the hours hurry,
Like meteors into the dark;
Into the future onward hasten,
Like arrows speeding to their mark.’

Happy the man who, with arrow-like directness, ‘presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God’ which is ‘in Christ Jesus’ our Lord. It shall be said to him at the last, according as his energies were engaged in services more passive or more active, ‘Well done!’ ‘Well borne!’ And he shall be of

‘ Those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.’

Of such we hope is William Treville. And of such may we be!

THOUGHTS FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

BY THE LATE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

IT is one of the glorious beliefs which fence round our own individual faith as with a rampart of impregnable strength, that ever since the revelation of Christianity, this poor stricken world has 'not many days' been orphaned of a present God. In the olden time God spake in symbol, in vision, in thunder, in fire; though even amid the comparative dimness of the Mosaic economy, the Eternal Son, as if impatient that His work of redemption should commence, previsited the scenes of His incarnation, and took the form of an angel, while yet the fulness of time was not come for Him to assume the form of a man. In the days of His flesh He perfected the work by one offering for ever, gave the world its sublimest morality and its most spotless example, a vanquishing of death by death, and a proof of victory by the resurrection from the grave; and then, having provided the instruments of propagation, and promised the agent, He ascended up on high. Through the interval, dreary and trying to the expectant twelve, though 'not many days,' according to the calendar, 'the promise of the Father' bridged the chasm between the ascent of the Son and the descent of the Spirit.

It was a solemn hush, like the silence which runs along a line of battle between the hoarse word of command and the fierce onset on the foe. The Saviour had said upon the cross: 'It is finished;' and as a token that it was finished, a token beyond all gainsaying, he caught up the thief by His side, and made him the first fruits of the Pentecost. Then, after His resurrection, He sent forth His disciples on their mission, and His language was, 'Go, but tarry;' don't march undisciplined, and without a leader; wait until, like the mysterious Stranger who presented Himself before the face of Gideon, the captain of the host of the Lord shall come: 'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.' And suddenly and richly that 'promise of the Father' came; and the fire, which sat upon the heads of the anointed ones in that upper room, was kindled by their instrumentality in many hearts in Jerusalem, spread into other regions, and has gone burning on till now.

O! do you not see the fulness and riches of the provision! The scheme is too mighty to be divinely forsaken; the issues involved in it are too vast, the results of failure will be so appalling, that no man is equal to the task. It is beyond even angelic power; it can be trusted only in the hands of the Divine. God the Eternal Son ascends, but the world is not orphaned of the Divine, for God the Holy Ghost comes down.

Brethren, though the Saviour has ascended up on high, He has shed

forth His Spirit. That Spirit lives on earth, the Perpetuator of the Gospel impression, the Inspirer of all thought that is holy, the great and living Agent in the conversion of mankind. O, comforting truth! We believe in the Holy Ghost! What else would assure our confidence amid the insolence of error and the haughtiness of scorn; amid the craft of demon hate, hostile confederacies of evil, the audacious wickedness of our own hearts, earth's fickle peoples, and earth's banded kings? What else would fortify our trust in a Word, which has within itself every element of opposition to ungodliness, but no element of triumph over sin? 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth.' Men say the truth is power; but it is not, *alone*. It is feeble as the pliant osier or the bruised reed against the malignant enmity of evil. But let the Spirit animate it, and it shall overcome all hostility, and be brave and mighty to prevail.

My brethren, the Spirit is in the Word we preach to-day, and He has promised to apply it. Let us honour Him by asking for His grace. Prayer will be a profitless litany, praise a foolish cymbal-song, our life of devotion abortive, our every sanctuary service a worthless trouble, unless He grant us His blessing. We shall still dishonour God, and be greedy after evil, and follow on the trail of the serpent, and fall into the recompense of doom, unless the Spirit be given to us from on high. But the prayer of the stammerer will be eloquent, the most tuneless strain a doxology, the meanest effort an acceptable sacrifice, if He inspire them. The darkness of the ignorant shall be enlightened, and the distress of the contrite soothed, and the way of the perplexed straightened, and the wound of the apostate healed, and visions of brightness break upon the dulled senses of the dying, if only the Divine Spirit, God the Holy Ghost, be there.

WORK AND WAGES.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

'WILT thou now be My disciple,
Mine for good or ill?'

Jesus asks. My heart replieth,
'Lord, I will.'

'Wilt thou serve Me well and truly,
My commands fulfil,
Fight My battles, bear My burdens?'

'Lord, I will.'

'Unto death, through flood or furnace,
Wilt thou follow still?'

Awed, yet eager, all within me
Cries, 'I will.'

Then He asks, 'For this, what wages?

I reply, 'But one—

Wilt Thou pardon?' 'Nay,' He answers,
'That is done.'

'Wilt Thou give me Thy good Spirit,
Mine from first to last?'

'Ask,' He cries, 'what yet thou lackest;
Him thou hast.'

'Wilt thou bring me through the river,
To Thy holy hill?'

Answers He, 'Amen, for ever—
Yea, I will.'

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—OUT INTO THE WORLD.

'It was a *shop*—a queer little shop!'

'**R**EALLY, it was quite enough to have poor Ethel! It is perfectly dreadful of Walter!'

'Certainly if people hear of this they will think there is something wrong with us. I think Walter must have tried how bad he could make it.'

'Every one will hear of it. You may be sure that old Griffith and the girl will boast of their scheme, and we shall be the talk of Eadminster.'

So Minnie and Fanny Paget. Usually Fanny's powers of speech were the strongest, and she could throw off a sharper saying than her younger sister; but Walter's dreadful offence excited both to keen remark, and made words seem too poor and ineffective. It would have been a relief to say some biting thing, even if it did nothing to avert the horrid misfortune that hung over the Pagets.

'That dreadful old Griffith, whom we've been used to think of as the lowest of the low!' It seemed like the end of the world to be brought into any kind of neighbourhood to the profane, drunken old boatman—one of the typical figures of the lower town. Fanny found this bit of 'romance in real life' not at all to her taste, and Minnie had been forced to put aside her carpet and take to crochet. When one's only brother proposed to marry a Methodist maid-servant and become son-in-law to old Griffith, it was not possible to give one's mind to any serious occupation.

'What shall we do if he really marries her?'

'Don't ask such a question!' returned Fanny, with irritation. 'It can't come to that. Walter must have some right feeling yet, and he has always been easy to manage.'

'Well, papa could never manage him.'

'That's the worst of it,' Fanny admitted. 'And I fancy it was the same with Ethel. But I don't wonder papa gets miserable and angry. They ought to have thought as much of their position as he does. And Walter being the only son! It's ever so much worse than Ethel.'

'I wonder what poor Ethel is doing,' said Minnie, resuming her crochet, and vaguely persuaded that surely Walter's affair could hardly 'come to that.'

'She is repenting by this time, I should fancy,' said Fanny. 'And

if we knew where she is, it would be a good plan to send Walter to see her, that he might get a warning.'

Letty, who was sitting a little apart from the others, in the recess of a low bay window, sighed, and glanced off her book to the quiet lawn outside, and the belts of shrubbery where golden chains of laburnum and exquisite masses of lilac and rhododendron overshadowed the gay children of the central flower-plot. The earth was glad for the miracle of a new May, and breathed its joy in rapturous scent.

To be out of key with all this fresh, tender loveliness was a new pain to Letty. There had been sad, dull days in her life, but they were days of childhood, and even their echoes scarcely reached her in the soft meadows she had trodden of late. Now a wind had risen, and was bringing these echoes with strange distinctness to her ear: 'Poor Ethel! poor Ethel!'

They took Letty back over all the years of her childhood. She saw herself carried about the garden in the arms of a tall girl who was always 'sister,' though not the child of Letty's mother. She saw herself one day toddling across the Close to the open church door and creeping into a pew and falling asleep there; and this picture ended, somehow, in the kitchen, with Ethel and nurse half-laughing, half-crying, and saying 'naughty little thing!' There were other scenes, —the dreamy yet vivid scenes of child-life—when the sisters began to appear, and the mother's calm, benign figure stood between the young creatures in their buoyancy and the father in his frequent irritable moods. Then a shadow seemed to fall across the visions: the children were much alone in their nursery, or in the farther part of the garden away from the house, and mother was always 'tired.' And soon they missed her altogether, because God wanted her and she had gone to heaven.

After that Ethel seemed to be often crying, and papa to be often cross and vexed; but the little ones lived in a small, gently-ordered world of their own, under the benevolent tyranny of Nurse Evans; and memory gave back views of this little kingdom, in which Walter was grand-vizier, and Letty his faithful supporter. Then came the governess and lessons, and the delight of books pored over in the glow of the winter hearth or the summer sun; and in the midst of this there is a sudden commotion: voices in the kitchen, in the nursery, in the parlour, speak confusedly of Ethel and of somebody called Joe Mather—one of their father's clerks. Ethel has 'run away,' they say, and is married; and the children feel horribly cheated—for marriages ought to be grand, romantic affairs, with feasting and dressing, and peeps into the big, wonderful world outside nursery and

*See page 262.*

school-room. So even the little ones are rather angry with Ethel, and agree that she is naughty ; and when the confusion dies away, and lessons grow harder, and Walter goes to the Grammar School, and has all sorts of experience there, gradually Ethel fades out of the picture, and they learn to do without her. And to-day, Letty looks down the long garden to the summer-house where Ethel used to play at keeping house and giving dinners with her and Walter, and says to herself : Can it really be twelve years since the elder sister vanished from the home and was swallowed up in the crowded world beyond the Wyvern valley ?

Twelve years, and they were forgetting her, or recalling her now only as a warning to Walter! Ah, and Walter! Sure he would not go out from amongst them! All these sweet, tender pictures were not to be curtained over with sadness and uncomforted regret? A lump rose in Letty's throat, and a film came over her eyes, veiling the sunny lawn and the clusters of bright flower and leaf.

'Miss Letty, please, can I speak to you?'

It was Nurse Evans—housekeeper, in fact, now, for many years; but nurse still in name. Letty rose silently and went upstairs to her own room. Nurse coming after her, shut the door, and then showed a letter.

'I've bin thinking about her a deal of late, and specially this week, poor dear; and here's a letter at last, on this day of all days. It's not lucky, Miss. I'm afraid to open it.'

'From Ethel, at last,' said Letty, taking the letter. It was certainly rather curious that after so long a silence—three years it must be, since any news of her reached them—a letter should come on this day.

'Of all days,' repeated nurse. 'It isn't a good sign. It's from herself, that's one comfort; and there's no black on it. But I was afraid to open it.'

For Ethel's occasional letters, and her sisters' messages in reply, had always come and gone through Nurse Evans.

'She has chosen to disgrace herself and me by eloping with one of my clerks, and she must abide in the social grade she has fallen to,' decreed Mr. Paget in scorn and wrath. Eloping with a snip of a clerk! He would hardly consent to call this sort of thing marriage; and stern orders were issued that there was to be no correspondence between the run-away and her sisters. 'I will not have their minds perverted. Thank goodness they are so young!'

The chief objection to Joe Mather should have been his character, or rather his want of any serious substantial character; but if he had been another Hugh Miller or James Watt, Mr. Paget would hardly have allowed that Ethel could be said to be married. The stir of all this had scandalised the Close once upon a day, and even yet was recalled now and then as a romance and a warning. Mrs. Wynn often thought sadly of the bright, motherly girl who had rashly thrown herself upon a rough, untried sea; and Mrs. Glendower would argue at length to her niece Anna upon all the points of honour and duty involved in 'the case of Ethel Paget.'

Letty sat down beside the window of her room and opened the letter. She was trembling, and was vexed with herself for being so much unnerved.

It seemed a long letter, being written in a large loopy hand not very easy to read. Letty threw a rapid glance over it.

'She has been in America, nurse, and has come back again!'

'In America, poor dear! Then she's had her troubles, that's certain,' said nurse; who thought all countries across the sea to be merely varieties, more or less abominable, of Botany Bay.

Yes, Ethel had had her troubles; more than she detailed in that quiet matter-of-fact letter. Weary journeyings by sea and land, hard struggles for bread, solitary labour and sickness, and, sorest of all, children dying in a lonely Californian gulch—little graves there which the mother would never again look upon or weep beside.

Letty's throat filled; she clasped her hands and hot tears fell from the fount of pity and reproach. O, they had been cruel to her, poor Ethel—they had been cruel to her!

And now she had come back; and there were still three little creatures to be cared for, one of them but a few months old; and she was evidently poor, although that was only to be read between the lines.

'What of my sisters?'—so the letter ended. 'Letty used to be such a sweet little thing. How often I have thought if she could only come stepping in and I could have a *sister* just for a few hours. But it is not for me to complain. Only write soon, nurse, and tell me they are all well and happy.'

Some previous letter she referred to as written from California, and her address was—

'What place is it? Has she really come so near? Nurse, Ethel is living in Cratley!'

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An hour or so after dinner that evening, when Mr. Paget might be supposed to have had his little nap and to be in a fairly approachable state, Letty went into the dining-room with Ethel's letter in her hand. Ordinarily, it was her care to avoid everything that would irritate her father, to steer deftly past conversational breakers, and quietly to set aside any recreation that she knew he would dislike. She was not aware of great effort in doing this. It had to be done, that was all.

To-night, something had to be done in quite a different line, something that involved effort. Mr. Paget never argued family matters with his children, and Ethel's affair, especially, was not alluded to in his presence: Letty felt all the difficulty of her task. But the same quiet, conscientious temper that made her usually careful to avoid unwelcome reasonings, now urged her on. A higher motive than mere amiability made itself felt. It distressed her, yet it must be

obeyed. It was not right that Ethel should be banished any longer. Some one must speak of her to papa, and that some one must needs be Letty herself ; there was nobody else so fit.

‘What is it, Letty?’ said Mr. Paget, not used to being disturbed after dinner.

Letty sat down near him, the unusual flush upon her fair brow and cheek showing that she too was disturbed. Her father observed this and also the letter in her hand.

‘Now, you know I detest beating about the bush and gradual approaches, child. If there is some further unpleasantness, let me know it at once. Has that girl dared to write?’

‘Nothing more unpleasant, papa,’ was the quiet reply. ‘It is a letter from poor dear Ethel.’

She laid it upon his knee, and taken unawares, he lifted his eyeglasses and began to read, Letty supplying a word here and there as he stumbled.

‘Read it to me,’ he said at last, irritably. ‘She has forgotten her education, it would appear. I never saw such a hand!’

He leaned back in his chair and listened with closed eyes and contractions of brow and mouth. Letty read these signs, and knew that he was more touched than his irritable words seemed to show.

‘Things do crowd upon one so!’ he said peevishly, without moving. ‘I can’t re-open all that story just now, with Walter’s affair on hand ; really I cannot ! I am bothered enough as it is.’

Letty waited, looking at the portrait of her mother above the hearth. It was not difficult to know what *she* would say in the matter.

‘That fellow will be wanting me to provide for him, find him a place. He has sat down at Cratley to open the siege,’ continued Mr. Paget, in short, impatient sentences ; ‘I can’t have it ! I don’t mind sending her a bank-note for herself and the children ; but Mather must understand that he is not to depend upon me.’

Letty’s brow gathered into lines of trouble. Very likely her father was not unjust to Joe Mather ; Letty had no prejudices in *his* favour ; but that sentence in Ethel’s letter seemed to be repeating itself in her ear : ‘How often I have wished Letty could come stepping in, and I could have *a sister* for a few hours !’ It was a wail out of exile, and her heart responded. She began to ask herself, would papa let her go to Cratley and *see* this sister ?

When he gave her leave presently to enclose a note in her own communication, she ventured to hint that Ethel might be hurt—that it might be well to see her circumstances before sending money ; in

short, she somehow contrived to put her own notion before him, and was surprised to find him, after only one or two objections, falling in with it.

‘Well, it might be better. You may go and see her if you like. Yes, and Walter shall take you. I hope he will get a warning for himself. Just so. You can go to-morrow; and I shall depend upon your discretion.’

In fact, not only did he hope that the daughter and her husband and their domestic economy,—‘which is sure to be very different from what Walter has been used to,’—would be a guide-post to the son, warning him away from love in a cottage; but also,—well, in short, he was glad to escape writing a difficult letter.

The rest of the evening was all a sort of confusion. Everybody was excited and talkative, except Mr. Paget, who kept by himself, and would not even have lights. Walter, coming in presently, had to hear the budget of news, the unexpected family events which, in the language of newspaper reporters, had ‘transpired’ since he went out in the morning to see a country client. And Walter took his own view of the events.

‘Poor old Ethel!’ he said. ‘I hope *she* will stand by a fellow, at all events. I’m inclined to think it’s a special providence for me that she should turn up just now.’ Then presently, to Letty:

‘I say, though, Letty, it’s not what I call fair, you know.’

‘What is not fair, Walter?’ enquired Letty, doing something to a hat with fingers that moved less calmly and steadily than ordinarily. There were several little preparations to make, for she might perhaps—if the husband were inoffensive or kept well out of sight—stay a day or two; and visits were rare enterprises for the Pagets.

‘Why, this going off to see Ethel all at once; killing-the-fatted-calf kind of thing, you know; and all the time you won’t so much as speak of Mary,’ said Walter, with unusual fluency.

It was a few days since the first shock of Walter’s story, but Letty was as far as ever from coming over to her brother’s side.

‘I think you forget that Ethel is our sister.’

‘And don’t you seem to forget that I’m your only brother?’ he returned; ‘and that Mary is as good as my wife?’

Letty shivered.

‘Walter, you are asking *too* much! We cannot have anything to do with that horrid set.’

‘Don’t call Mary horrid, if you please.’

‘You can’t call her father anything else.’

‘O, her father! Don’t trouble about him; he must be pensioned

off. 'We can't have that old sinner coming round, of course,' said Walter, with fine consistency.

'I am glad that you see it necessary to stop somewhere,' said Fanny, who had come into the room.

'I should stop at Joe Mather, if I had my way,' grumbled Walter. 'From what papa says, he can't be a desirable brother-in-law.'

Letty took up her work, and went to her own room with tears in her eyes. What a dreadful revolution in their family-life within a few days! All the old peace and sweet order seemed breaking up, and one knew not what was coming. It was very sad and difficult.

There was not much sleep for her that night, and next morning, going to the station with Walter, and receiving last messages from her father and Nurse Evans, she seemed to herself to be moving into a strange, unreal world—drawn forward by a dim figure that stretched pleading hands out of the mist and called her by name. She felt that there would be little hope of return to the quiet she was leaving; that she might never again find the old peaceful ways; yet, whatever came of it, she must go on to clasp those waiting hands.

They were in their places, waiting for the train to begin its sober journey, and Walter, head out of window, was watching for any bit of fun that might be going between the two porters and the newsboy.

'Here's a man running to catch the train,' he said. 'He can't be a native, or he would know better than to do that.'

By which he meant that the Eadminster Express was never so rude as to steam out of the station when a passenger was in sight on the long slope of road going up to the town.

But this morning, perhaps because that passenger was not a native, the train did begin to puff and groan when he was at the station door, and by the time he had got his ticket the wheels were going round. In this serious emergency a porter actually ran, opened the door of a carriage, and assisted the stranger in. It was the carriage occupied by the Pagets, and Letty, not caring to be noticed—for the traveller might be a townsman—moved to the further window and turned her face outwards, towards the river and the finely-wooded banks that rose above it. Watching these as they seemed to flit by, in their exquisite young greenery, her eyes gathered sweet pictures to refresh the mind, and she heeded not the voices behind until her attention was claimed.

'I hope you've forgiven me by now, Miss?'

Something in the accent struck her ear even before she turned. Yes, it was that disagreeable colliery man!

She was so taken aback that she let him shake hands with her, and made some vague, chilly answer to his enquiries. He had been spending the night with Mr. Martin, it appeared, and then had gone shopping for his sister, and was returning with two big parcels and a basket of fruit. The latter was for one of his men lying in bed with a broken leg, and one of the parcels contained books and maps for the Shirlocot Society of Progress. 'For a club I've set-a-going amongst the men,' as he explained to Letty. She wondered why he insisted on talking to her; and was obliged to admit to herself that if this had been her first encounter with him, he would have passed as a good specimen of a Badger Forest charter-master; but she could not forget the evening at Mrs. Wynn's.

He evidently had no idea of the extent of his offences, for he spoke a good deal—and properly enough—of Mrs. Wynn, and of the church, to which he had devoted the previous afternoon, and the history of which he seemed to have studied carefully. Altogether, his talk was not unpleasant, and Letty found him more endurable than could have been supposed.

But why, when they reached Cratley, must he consign his parcels to a porter and walk up the steep little town with Letty and Walter? She would much rather he had not done that. She wanted to be quiet, and gather herself together for the meeting that was so near.

In the bottom of the deep glen were iron-works, but their smoke had not yet destroyed the verdure which clothed the precipitous sides of the narrow dale and overhung the dwellings that were ranged, row above row, to the crests. In this May morning the ascending terraces looked charming. Which of those quaint, timbered cottages, nestling in its garden, was Ethel's dwelling? She must not be looked for in one of the few big new villas that stood out here and there upon the steep. They represented money made out of coal and iron—'the new riches' of Cratley, scorned by Eadminster.

'Mrs. Mather, High-bank, Cratley,' was all the direction they had, and they were climbing High-bank now, Haigh told them. It was, in fact, the upper part of the very irregular main street.

'I'd better go into this shop and ask,' said Walter, as they passed a detached building that looked as if it had bulged out to meet the road, and in doing so overbalanced itself slightly. The lower story was a shop—a queer little shop, with a low, flat window and three steep steps up to the door.

He went, and Letty stood silent beside Haigh. She was trembling, and trying to hide it. Presently Walter came to the door and beckoned her. Surely, she thought, Ethel is not lodging there! She

bowed to Haigh, who lifted his hat and passed on ; and as he did so, and Letty put her foot upon the first step, a card in the window became visible to each of them :

‘ MRS. MATHER,

DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY.’

A DISINHERITED WHELK.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

ON what day or in what year this particular whelk was born, I am unable to say. It may have been quite recently, or long ago. For the whelk itself never came into my possession, and its house, which was dredged from the sea-bottom not far from our Pier, had become so much worn by rushing sea-currents, and had undergone so many vicissitudes, that I could not possibly guess even the date of its construction. Nor am I able to say certainly *where* it was born. It may have been on an oyster-bed in Poole Harbour, or among the rocks off Swanage, or across the sea in one of the sheltered bays of the Isle of Wight. It would not be difficult to argue out a case in favour of the oyster-bed. It is quite certain that many whelks are born there, and everywhere else where rich feasts of succulent flesh-food are to be had. It will be a great comfort, and indeed assistance, to us in our investigations if we may have fixed spots on which to fasten, even as it is to oysters, mussels, cockles, limpets, whelks, winkles, and barnacles. We will therefore assume that, in some now unascertainable year, this whelk was born on an oyster-bed in Poole Harbour. If you will turn over such oysters on a fishmonger’s slab as have come from our neighbourhood, you will be almost sure to see at least one specimen of the nests in which whelk-eggs are laid. They are little light-brown horny bags or capsules, each one with a round hole on the inner side, all fastened together end on end in a kind of ribbon. The ribbons are so arranged, parallel to one another, as to leave many interstices through which the water may freely flow past each open door. The whole mass of capsules forms a sponge-like structure, which, when fastened on to an oyster-shell, is small ; but which, when attached to rocks, is much larger. I saw one the other day as large as a fair-sized bath-sponge. You may often find specimens after a storm, cast up on the shore. The mother of the Disinherited Whelk having, by means of the singular apparatus with which such creatures are furnished, constructed a series of nests on an oyster, deposited in one of the capsules the egg from which my unfortunate

friend was hatched, and with that particular egg she deposited four or five others. In due time the eggs were hatched. Each baby-whelk was invested from the moment of its birth with a tiny shell. Its body was furnished with two oval disks fringed with a multitude of hair-like oars, which, moving with great rapidity, created rushing currents in the surrounding waters, and these swiftly bore the little creature forth into the vast outer water-world.

What became of my friend's brothers and sisters I know not. The family history, if fully related, would, I fear, be harrowing in the extreme. The great plumose anemone, rooted on a huge oyster next door, with its magnificent display of fringed tentacles,—tawny, white, or orange-coloured,—could probably account for one, upon which it calmly dined. Another may have been seized, in payment of house-rent, by the oyster upon whose back the mother-whelk so heedlessly built her nests. A third may have been engulfed in the stomach of a star-fish or sea-urchin. A fourth, avenging the family wrongs, may have prowled voraciously hither and thither, with its long rasp-like tongue boring into shell-fish, ruthlessly devouring all and sundry of dead and living things which came within its reach, waxing fat and big, adding swiftly to the convolutions and ribbing of its house, until, falling a prey to the devices of a human destroyer as voracious as himself, he found his destiny first on a costermonger's cart outside *The Royal Arms* public-house, and finally, with an appetising addition of vinegar and pepper, down the throat of a hungry boy.

My friend, the Disinherited, happily escaping the perils of molluscan infancy, followed the career of No. 4 up to a certain point. That is to say it roamed and bored and sucked and devoured and grew and built until a certain day when—alas! that I, who desire above all things to be accurate, to tell you a true story, to give precise information on every point of that which must have been an eventful history—alas! that at every other step I should be under the painful necessity of drawing upon my imagination for facts. Well, I can only tell you what imagination has pictured to me. The whelk has long ago lost its investment of hair-like oars. It has developed a great foot, furnished with muscular bands, by the help of which it crawls along the seabottom, over rocks, and up and down the thick stems of sea-weeds. On the top of the hinder part of the foot is a small oval horny plate, which, when the creature withdraws itself into its shell, fits like a trap-door into the mouth of the shell. In front and above the foot a snout protrudes, with two eyes and two elastic tentacles, and a mouth which leads into a stomach. The upper surface of the foot is splashed with coloured glands, by means of which, as the shell is built up, it is delicately ornamented; and if you compare

the lines of colour on the shell, you will see that they answer exactly to these glands. Through the notch which all flesh-feeding molluscs have at one corner of their shells, a long siphon is thrust, up which water charged with oxygen is drawn, for the aëration of the colourless blood-corpuscles in the internal gills. All along the floor of the mouth and curled up behind lies a ribbon-like tongue armed with a multitude of sharp flinty teeth of elegant shape and beautifully arranged: powerful muscles enable this tongue to move up and down in the circular notch like a rasp cutting the round holes which you may so often see piercing the hardest shells. It would take a long time to describe all the wonderful organs behind the foot and inside the spiral shell: the heart, with its circulatory system; the liver, which in all these creatures is large in proportion to the enormous amount of coarse food which has to be digested, the lime, colour, and horn glands, and the brain-like ganglia which govern all the nervous system. Suffice it to say that, whatever may be the opinion of the grimy little human monster who devoured my friend's brother, the whelk is a creature 'fearfully and wonderfully made;' and as perfectly and delicately adapted to the work assigned to it by God as is the boy to the work which he ought to do. If the boy fights, feeds, learns, and works as diligently as does this 'whelk,' he will undoubtedly come to be a very wonderful man indeed.

The whelk is still in the vigour of its youth. It has travelled, voluntarily in quiet times, and involuntarily during stormy days and nights, far from the place of its birth, and has found for itself a home and feeding-ground among rocks and weeds on the Swanage coast. Many an empty shell with neatly-bored round hole testifies alike to its hunger and its skill. Only an hour ago, seeing a winkle crawling up a rock, browsing as it crawled, the whelk, gliding noiselessly behind, covered the pretty little vegetarian with its broad fleshy foot, and proceeded to drill through the shell with its long toothed tongue, and then to suck out the juicy morsel. So often of late has such festivity fallen to its lot, and so vigorously have its digestive organs done their work, that the whelk has become conscious that its house is no longer sufficiently roomy for its growing bulk. Its lime-cells also are fully charged with the material necessary for enlargement. So selecting a sunny nook among the rocks, it turns up the edge of its foot and proceeds slowly, surely, with rare grace and instinctive obedience to laws chemical and mechanical, to build a new and wider wing to its house. Alas! that the fruit of such skill should be destined never to minister to the builder's enjoyment! But the moment of its doom has come—the moment when it must submit to be torn from its home, to become the food of a creature as voracious

as itself and stronger. Do you see that big green shore-crab, with its glittering eyes and open claws? It is sidling viciously over the rocks behind our young friend. The whelk, absorbed in its work, has thrust its body far out of its shell. In a moment, swift as lightning, the crab has caught the soft body by its waist, and however vigorously the whelk may work its muscles and try to retreat into its house, the crab will never let go its hold, but rapidly gnawing at its soft-bodied prey, will soon have disinherited it not only of home, but also of all shape and comeliness and life.

And now having traced, as far as my information and the resources of my imagination permitted, the history of the whelk, I ask you to follow the fortunes of the home of which the builder and lawful owner was thus forcibly disinherited.

For a long time the empty shell lay in the little rocky nook in which its owner met with so sad a fate. But one day, when the tide was unusually low and the wind rough, a wave suddenly swept in and round and out of the nook, rousing all the sleepy living things into unwonted activity, and bearing on its foaming crest the empty whelk-shell into the open sea, where for some time it was rolled and tossed and drifted hither and thither by all the curious tides and currents of this southern channel-sea; and that to everybody who knows this coast will be a sufficiently reasonable mode of accounting for the fact that this shell was ultimately dredged up from a sandy bottom not many yards from the pier. But before the moment of its up-dredging it had undergone a most extraordinary transformation, involving a great variety of adventures, chances and mischances—a very few of which I now proceed to relate.

Whether the whelk-shell came out of its rocky nook as perfectly clean as when its owner was slain, I think is doubtful. Probably to this period may be traced the beginning of the formation upon its back of a pure white covered way, not arched, as are most tunnels, but triangulated, and, if you will allow me to coin a word, *serpulated*. It began in a small white spot laid by a little dot of a worm, called *Serpula triquetra*, and has grown longer and higher and sharper and wider in a gently waving line, as the creature itself has grown. There is nothing more to be said about the triangular tube or tunnel except that it is built of hard white lime, and is one of several varieties which may often be found on shells and stones and wreck-timber and pier-piles. One species rises from its narrow base which is attached to shell or stone, in round contortions; fold gracefully, though irregularly, laid upon fold; the circumference of the tube gradually increasing as it rises. This kind is fittingly called *Contortuplicata*. If ever you should be fortunate enough to find a specimen—and they

are not difficult to procure—place it at once in a vessel with pure sea-water. A small stone with green sea-weed attached will suffice to keep the water pure ; add fresh water to make up for the evaporation, and for weeks and months you may have the pleasure of showing your friends one of the loveliest of nature's fairy-pictures.

I never think of the *serpula* without recalling a joy, all too brief, which befell me last autumn. Will you imagine a house on a hill-side, in full view of the Kyles-of-Bute, with a great porch, in and around which the guests who have come from far and near can sit and lounge and gossip. On a table outside the porch stands a great white bowl full of sea-water and weeds and strange living creatures—star-fishes of every imaginable hue ; sea-urchins, large and small, with their delicately tinted spines and curious sucker feet and still more curious *pedicellaria*, with which, it is said, the *echinus* cleanses itself from all the particles of decay and dirt, which otherwise would choke the myriads of delicate water-canals necessary to the carrying on of the wonderful processes by which such creatures grow and walk ; a great white mollusc whose lovely little shell is half lost in the ample mass of its soft body, and which, when irritated, emits a purple dye ; and various other creatures.

In a miniature aquarium on the stone ledge of the porch another mollusc bears over its mouth one of the strangest of all the anemones presently to be described, and shelters in its spiral convolutions a curious crab. And another tiny aquarium on the same ledge contains a little colony of *serpulæ* ; all these creatures and many others have been dredged from the lovely bay below under the shadow of the mountains. Boys and girls, parsons, doctors, English merchants, grave Scotch elders and bailies, ladies old and young, gather around, gazing wonderingly at the curious 'beasties,' and asking more questions than can well be answered. Surely it is worth while to have studied nature and to have brought the little dredge all the way from the far south, if only for the joy of being able to give pleasure to so many. Of all the creatures, no one is more admired than the *serpula*, with its crown of fan-like, fringed, richly-coloured tentacles, with which it gathers at once oxygen for the aëration of its blood, food for the satisfaction of its hunger, and lime for the building of its house. But if you want to see the pretty sight, you must come silently and gently. See ! slowly the stopper with which the tube is closed rises ; slowly the dainty fans glide forth and unfold from behind the stopper ; up one side of each tentacle or rib of the fan the water streams, and down the other side, obedient to the rhythmical beat of the hair-like paddles. Lift your hand, let ever so faint a shadow fall across the glass, and in an instant—quick as thought—the fair vision vanishes.

If you ask, Why do the tentacles come out so slowly and retreat so quickly, you must read Mr. Gosse's description of *serpula's* anatomy. He will tell you, in his own inimitable way, how the creature is furnished at regular intervals along the edges of its body with long, curved, doubled-edged, finely-toothed pushing-poles, by means of which it comes out; and with about fourteen thousand hooks, so minute that only a high power of the microscope reveals their presence, with which it pulls itself in again.

You would scarcely guess that there was any kind of relationship between the lovely *serpula* and the common earth-worm. But in truth they are first cousins. Both are made in rings, and in many other ways they closely resemble one another: the main difference being that the earth-worm breathes along the whole course of its body, whilst the *serpula*, and all other crowned tube-worms, breathe through their tentacles.

(To be concluded.)

THE RAPTURE.

*The following poem was written in 1767 by the brave and godly Admiral Richard Kempenfelt, who was lost in the 'Royal George.'**

HASTEN, hasten, sweetest Dove,
Sacred Sanctifier!
Breathe the soul-abasing love;
Form the true desire;
Clear the gloomy mists away;
Tune the heart to harmony;
Then we'll sing, and then we'll pray,
With celestial energy.

Bear me on thy rapid wing,
Everlasting Spirit!
Where the young-eyed cherubs sing,
And the saints inherit
(Fluttering round the flaming throne)
Joys eternally their own:
This the cry of every one,
Glory to the Incarnate Son!

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysium:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Ope the gates of Paradise.

See! the exalted Son of God
Pours the intercession?
Mark the sin-atoning blood,
Bend in adoration!
Endless glory is secured,
True perfection is restored;
Sinner, see! and be assured,
All thy wants in Jesus stored.

* Our readers will recall Cowper's lines in reference to his untimely end:

'TOLL for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone:
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

'It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leek;
She ran upon no rock.

'His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.'

Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before Him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore Him:
 Angels' trumps resound His fame; ,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of His name,
 Heaven echoing the theme.

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we too the holy lays,
 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Sweetest note in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever rung,
 Jesus! Jesus! flows along.

Four-and-twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout His glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation.

Cast their crowns before His throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Holy! Holy! Holy One!
 To Whom be endless praise alone.

Martyrs in a grand array
 Circle the Redeemer;
 Now their crimson banners play
 Near the imperial streamer;
 And before His pierced feet
 Down they cast the coronet,
 Ruby wreath superbly set
 With the dazzling sapphire.

High ascend the mingling throngs
 Filled with heavenly fire;
 Raise, believers! raise your songs,
 Join the sacred choir.

Soon in yonder faith-viewed plain,
 Ye shall shout in rapturous strain,
 Free from sin and free from pain,
 While eternal ages reign.

AMONG THE GIPSIES.

IN the busy, enterprising Christian life of our time, one would almost think that no district and no class could be long overlooked or neglected; but we are continually discovering cases which seem either beyond the reach of our present apparently abundant evangelistic appliances, or too difficult to be undertaken with any reasonable prospect of success.

The vast masses of 'Outcast London'—that is, the multitudes who are below the strata reached by our mission-rooms—are beginning at last to receive the attention which has been so long called for by those who have for years known and lamented their terrible necessities.

But it is not only in regard to the streets and lanes, the crowded courts and alleys, the slums and the rookeries of our great cities, that there is need for a thorough awakening of attention and interest. There are tens of thousands of wanderers who pass from fair to fair, and from village to village, camping where they can, and living a life not only free from the restraints of civilization, but to a frightful extent unaffected by the most elementary principles of morality and religion.

For many years past, our good friend, George Smith of Coalville, has been struggling to awaken the mind and heart of the British public to the sad and unimproving condition of the gipsies and their children; and it is one of many illustrations of our national slowness

of apprehension, that he has been so long unsuccessfully attempting to get proper legislative action taken in this direction. Once more his modest little Bill, to which few even profess to have any objection, has been crowded out; and there seems strong probability that the much needed provision for the sanitary and educational reforms which he advocates will be delayed for a considerable time. It is important, however, that the case should be continually kept before public notice, and that all Christian people should use such influence as they have in pressing for the fulfilment of our duty to these wanderers who have so long gone in and out amongst us whilst no one cared for their souls.

But this is a matter in which Government help is absolutely necessary. Much as may be done by moral and religious influences judiciously brought to bear upon them, there are educational and other necessities which can only be met by legislation.

We wish all Christian people would read Mr. Smith's last book, *I've Been a Gipsying*,* and ponder its many pathetic stories and its practical suggestions. We are sure that if once the Christian Church of this country could be made to understand the heathen darkness, and the more than heathen immorality, which abound amongst the gipsies, they would not longer tolerate the present state of things.

Many of these poor souls were born 'in the hedge-bottom,' and all their lives have known nothing better than the gipsy's lot; but a considerable number have been in more respectable positions, and have, from one cause or another, drifted down to gipsydom. Some have been Sunday-scholars, and have carried with them some thoughts of the better life even amidst all their later degradation. Mr. Smith tells of one man who had once been in a Sabbath-school, but 'all he could remember,' he said, was, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and a bit of a song:

'Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
O! that will be joyful.'

This man was living, with his wife and six children, in a miserable hut, the description of which, alas! is no worse than that of scores of others: 'None of these poor gipsy children had ever lisped a godly prayer, or read a word in their lives. The father said he would be glad to send the children to school if they would be received there, and they could go free. The whole of these children were born in a

* *I've Been a Gipsying*; or, *Rambles among our Gipsies and their Children*. By George Smith, of Coalville. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

tent upon a bit of straw among the low bushes of Epping Forest.'

It is pleasant to find, however, that there are amongst the gipsies some who have preserved something of religious feeling and principle. One man, who owns 'horses, swings, cocoa-nuts, etc.,' declines to employ them on Sunday, acting on his father's oft-expressed conviction, that 'there is no good got by it. I have noticed it more than once, what's got by cocoa-nuts, swings, and horses on Sunday, the devil fetches before dinner on Monday.'

Amongst those whom Mr. Smith met at Oxford Fair was a man and his wife who had formerly been active members of the Primitive-Methodist Society, but were now 'gipsying.' This man declared that in all his travels he had never known one gipsy to enter a place of worship on Sunday.

In his last chapter Mr. Smith gives an account of a visit paid to the settlement of the Scotch gipsies at Kirk-Yetholm—'the gipsy town.' Here for many years past a colony of gipsies have settled, and despite the efforts made for their elevation by the late Rev. John Baird, which for a time seemed to promise good results, they are still in a most degraded and miserable condition. Their dwellings are mostly the property of the Marquis of Tweeddale, who has greatly improved them; but the lives lived in them require the touch of a mightier hand than his lordship's.

Some two hundred gipsies dwell beneath the shadow of the 'fine old church;' but only one goes there; and his testimony concerning them is that 'the gipsies of Yetholm are worse off to-day than they ever were.'

We have not space for further reference to this most interesting volume, but earnestly hope that ere long something will really be done for these poor outcasts. If Government help cannot be speedily obtained, surely the Churches might do something for the enlightenment and upraising of the gipsies and their children. Mr. Smith, in one of his recent articles in the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*,* proposes that a travelling van might be chartered to go from fair to fair as a gipsy church and school. If a suitable man with a good Christian wife could be found to undertake the work, no doubt much good might be done, and much evil checked. We trust that this suggestion will not fall to the ground.

* February, 1884.



Charlie's prayer.—See page 277.

HOW DICK WAS HELPED TO KEEP RIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

A PUBLIC-HOUSE is not the most inviting place to ask respectable people to enter, and yet as I want you to see my hero under two aspects, I shall be obliged to request you for once to excuse the surroundings, and to let me introduce him to you as he sits drinking, on a Saturday evening in the early part of December, 1882, in the tap-room of the *Victoria Inn*, in a back street of a pretty Welsh village. If the place is not very inviting, the company, as they sit over their cups, are still less so. But it is only to one man that I shall direct your especial attention. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Richard Thomas, or, as he is called by his friends, 'Dick'—rather inclined to be stout, not very tall, a very red face, dark brown eyes, a rough head of dark hair, with short, crisp curls, just beginning to be sprinkled with gray, and a very rough beard of a week's growth. Not a handsome man, decidedly, yet by no means unpleasant to look

at. Of course he has a pipe in his mouth ; indeed, it is so constantly there that it may almost be considered a feature of his face, and it was a matter of speculation with some how he ever managed to sleep without it. But listen for a moment to the conversation. ‘Dick,’ said one of the men, ‘have you heard that the Blue Ribbon Army has come, and there’s to be a meeting next week?’ ‘Yes,’ grunted Dick, ‘I know all about that ; two ladies called at our house and told me and the missus about it. Missus laughed at them. I told them I would go there and speak ; I knew all about the evils of drink ; and you know, mates, I am always good at a speech, only let me be primed with a drop.’ And so they went on talking about the Temperance meeting which was to be held on the following Wednesday, joking about the speakers, and even laying wagers as to who would sign the pledge, and who would keep it. At last, at ‘turning-out time,’ they staggered to their homes, their wages nearly spent, to meet the sorrowful looks or angry words of the wives so sadly in want of the money they had wasted. The greater part of Sunday was spent by Dick in bed. In the evening he lounged out in his working clothes to meet some of his boon companions, and to spend an hour or so in settling the affairs of the nation ; over which, it being such very dry work, they had to drink as much beer as their nearly empty pockets would permit. On Monday, Dick did not feel inclined to go to work. On Tuesday it rained very heavily ; and as he was a mason, he knew it was no good to make the attempt.

Fain would he have fled for comfort to the *Victoria*, but his funds were gone, and so in sullen silence he had to put up with his wife’s sharp tongue as she bustled about over her work. Perhaps as Mrs. Dick took in washing and this was a very wet day, her temper, at the best of times not over sweet, was not improved by the state of the weather. Any way, Dick spent a miserable day, and felt very thankful when night set in, and his wife announced that if he had nothing to do to make him tired, she had been busy enough, and so should go to bed ; and before Dick himself fell asleep, he firmly resolved that he would be up betimes and off to work before his ‘better half’ rose. Alas ! for Dick, when he did wake it was to find that the rain still kept on in a steady pour, and to know that for him at least there would be no work. Inside and outside the prospect was alike dreary : clothes drying by the fire, clothes hanging across the kitchen, clothes folded on every chair, clothes standing wet in heaps ; while from the little back kitchen the steam continued to come in clouds every time the door was opened, showing that there was still washing going on. Dick turned to the window in despair, but nothing cheering met his view. The sky black with clouds, little pools standing

on the road, a blank wall with only a bill on it to enliven it, announcing that some one had 'bought a bankrupt stock, and would sell by auction,' etc. Dick felt it was hard lines, especially as for once he had to do without his pipe, having no tobacco. 'Dick,' said his wife, coming from the back kitchen, 'you have nothing to do; it is fine to be a man like you—you might have turned these clothes for me; but that would be too much to expect. You are not made of sugar or salt, so a drop of rain won't melt you; not that you would be much loss if it did; so just go and fetch me some flour, will you? I want to bake now I have such a good fire for the clothes. It's no good asking you for money, yours is all at the *Victoria*. Here is two shillings and four pence. I will send Charlie for the barm. I can't trust you in a public.'

Dick at first felt inclined to resent this harangue, but at sight of the money his dull eye brightened, and a thought flashed through his generally slow mind. 'Ah! I'll go,' was all he said, much to his wife's surprise, who expected an outburst of temper, and was rather disappointed at his being so quiet. Dick, once clear of the house, proceeded to put his thought into practice: 'Two shillings and four pence,' he said to himself. 'Well, two shillings should go for the flour (his wife would never know), one penny for tobacco, and three pence for beer at the *Victoria*. It would do him good; and as he was so cold he would just ask the landlady to warm it for him.' The thought was so pleasant to him that he could not wait, but went first for the beer; and so it came to pass at dinner-time, when some one asked him jokingly if 'his wife was standing treat,' he found that he had forgotten all about the flour, and that the money was all but gone.

Afraid to face his wife's anger, which, drunk as he was, he felt to be just, he staggered out, and with a little difficulty found his way down the road to his sister's house. She, too, was busy washing, with a woman to help her. Seeing Dick was drunk, she took no notice of him, but went on with the washing and conversation that her brother's entrance had disturbed. She was saying, 'Yes, I am sorry it is so wet, it will spoil the meeting; but I intend to go, rain or no rain. The first Temperance meeting, I wonder what it will be like?'

'Yes,' struck in Dick, angry that no notice had been taken of him, 'I am going too; I am going to make a speech, I tell you; and I'll stand treat for you afterwards.'

'Well,' said his sister, coaxingly, 'you are drunk now, Dick, and you can't make a speech if you are drunk, so go home and go to bed, and get off to sleep, and then have a nice cup of tea. I'll call for you when I go, in good time. Charlie,' she called out to a boy who was

passing, 'here's your father, take him home, and get him to bed. He is soaking wet, and drunk enough too.'

Little nine-year-old Charlie had a bright, happy face, but it looked very sad as he took his father quietly by the arm and led him home. We will pass over the storm of abuse that met Dick on the very threshold of his home. In his drunken state he took little notice of it, only it formed a nice little bit of amusement for the neighbours who were fortunate enough to hear it. Suffice it to say that after little Charlie had helped his father into bed, he was sent for some more flour, this time with no money, but with a message, 'Mother will pay when she takes the clothes home.'

The hours passed quickly by. The bread was in the oven, and would soon be ready for taking out. A knock at the door, and Dick's sister entered, a woman of few words, but with a kindly look in the dark gray eyes. 'How do you do, Jane? Has Dick come down? I suppose you are going with him to the meeting? I have called for you both.'

'I can't go,' returned Jane; 'Dick can, if he likes; but I have got bread in the oven, and I am tired out with the washing.'

'Mother,' said Charlie, who was busy over home-lessons, 'go with them, you can rest there, and I can take the bread out; I won't let it burn.' With a half-reluctant look she consented to go, and began to get ready.

We will not trouble you with the details of that long-talked-of Temperance meeting. The rain did not spoil it. The speakers that evening were very eloquent and very much in earnest; and at the conclusion of the meeting some fifty people went forward to take the pledge. The room was small, and the people were crushing round the pledge-table. The choir were singing, 'Yield not to temptation,' when a woman could be seen half pushing a man before her, and saying, 'Please make room for this gentleman.' No one could believe it at first, but it really was Dick and his sister. In a very unsteady hand Dick signed the pledge; and as a lady was about to pin on his coat the little bit of blue, she paused, for she saw that he was not sober. Putting her hand on his, she whispered gently, 'Do you know what you are doing? Will you pray to God to help you?'

'Aw, I will, I will!' was the answer, and the bit of blue was pinned on; and many an earnest prayer went up to God from those who witnessed the scene, that He would indeed help poor Dick to keep the pledge.

In Dick's home the time passed slowly. Charlie's home-lessons were soon done, and the boy had nothing to amuse himself with but a piece of wood and his knife. He shaped a little boat, and was

thinking of rigging her, when the smell of the bread reminded him that it was time for him to take it out. So out it came, and Charlie set the loaves in a row on the white dresser, and thought how nice they looked. He began, boy-like, to feel hungry, and to search about for something to eat, but in vain; all that he could see that was eatable was the hot bread, and that he knew he must not touch. Just as he was resigning himself to his hunger, he caught sight of one of the bread-tins over which the dough had run in baking, forming a nice hard crust. In a moment Charlie was seated on the floor, the tin between his knees, and with his knife to assist him, scraping off the crust. He was so busy at his work that he did not notice the footsteps of passers-by, or he might have known that the meeting was over. The first thing that attracted his attention was the lifting of the latch, and his father coming in. It was so unusual for his father to come in so early, that it made Charlie look up, and then the bit of blue caught his eye, and the truth flashed through his mind. With a vigorous kick that sent the tin flying to the other end of the room and imprinted a deep dent in it, the boy sprang to his feet, and gazed at his father. Then he sank on his knees, and putting his hands together in the attitude of prayer, said most solemnly: 'Please God, look down out of heaven on this man, and keep him in the Blue Ribbon Army, for ever and ever, Amen.' Then he got up, and was surprised to see his father sitting in his chair with bowed head and tearful eyes, and to hear him say, 'Yes, my boy; please God to help me, you shall never see father drunk again.' The boy went to bed feeling that something strange had happened, something that had made them all happy, and wondering how long it would last.

But last it did. Kind friends helped Dick; the weather became fine, and work plentiful; money came in, old debts were paid, comforts were added to their home. Dick was not satisfied with only taking the first step in the right direction; he felt he was a sinner, and sought and found the pardon he needed. He joined the Church of which his little Charlie was a Sunday-scholar, and evinced by his walk and conversation that he had indeed experienced a change of heart.

It was not very easy work for Dick to keep right. His old companions were not willing without a struggle to lose a mate who could sing such a good song, or tell such a good story. The landlady of the *Victoria* would stand at the door and smile pleasantly at him, and tell him sympathetically that he did not look well: he wanted a little something to strengthen him like, and would he just step in for a minute and rest? But Dick, while he answered her politely, would

turn a deaf ear and hasten away. In his own home, too, Dick had his trials. Though his wife had suffered so much through his drunken ways, she insisted on having her own beer every day at dinner and supper-time; and so putting the evil right in his way. Many a time the temptation would be so strong that he would be about to snatch his wife's beer from her and drink it himself, when the remembrance of his little boy's prayer would come to his mind, and he would hear over again the words, 'Please God, keep this man in the Blue Ribbon Army for ever and ever,' and his own heart would respond, 'Amen.'

And thus it was that Dick was helped to keep right.

S. V. A.

LIFE AND WORK IN SHETLAND.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

SIXTH PAPER.

A FEELING of isolation not unfrequently rests upon our Shetland Ministers. Its depressing grip laid hold of me more than once, and I longed for the hearty shake of a brother's hand, and the helpful influence of his cheery voice. This was met, to some extent, by the arrangements made for our occasional intercourse with each other, which, though they involved long and tedious journeys, were regarded with very great favour by us all. But we longed, notwithstanding, for intercourse with our brethren in the more sunny South, and in some cases a despondency which has been not unaptly called 'Shetland fever' stole over us, and the men were of necessity removed from the islands.

Of late years increased steam communication and enlarged acquaintance with the islands have improved matters in this direction. In my early Shetland days a visitor was a *rara avis*, and any one who wished to make a show of profuse hospitality without incurring much expense, might send his invitations far and wide without fear. Perhaps this led me to invite my friends. None of them came. All the baits I could offer did not provoke more than one rise, and in that one case the fish was not caught. *Now* it is dangerous to invite unless you really wish to have a guest.

Our men in Shetland *really wish to see* their brethren, and a visit from any English Methodist is hailed as a grand event. Mr. Middleton's preaching and holiday tour last summer was a very great blessing to the Circuits. The Rev. W. H. Booth will not be forgotten by our Lerwick friends. Any earnest Christian gentlemen who, desirous of combining work for the Master with true and healthful recreation, might visit the islands, would receive a most hearty welcome.

Several such visits were paid during our later years in the North ; and we look back with great pleasure on the benefit conferred upon us, whether our friends received good or no.

Occasionally a Conference Deputation is appointed. While we were at Walls the Rev. A. M'Aulay visited us in this capacity, and some important changes in the character of our work were the result. Afterwards the Rev. F. W. Briggs, M.A., did valuable service in this way. The last appointment of the sort was to have been filled by Dr. Stephenson, whose father laboured successfully in the islands, and is still lovingly remembered by some old disciples. This design was unfulfilled ; but the Rev. D. J. Waller cheerfully responded to the President's call, and admirably discharged the duty. He was accompanied by Mrs. Waller and by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Taylor, of York. Mr. Waller and Mr. Taylor acted also as a Deputation on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund ; and so successfully pleaded that a sum little short of £100 was raised in the islands.

The good resulting from this visit has been great, and will be lasting. In the first instance Mrs. Waller, with a true sisterly sympathy, saw and felt our wants, and, on her return to England, moved about among her friends stating our case, and soon each manse received a substantial addition to its furniture, the value of the whole being considerably more than £100 ; and her thoughtful kindness led her to pay the entire cost of freight, which was very considerable.

A very severe winter followed, and brought widespread distress. Mr. Waller came to the rescue, and very valuable relief was sent. But this was not all. In visiting the different Circuits, he observed that comfortable houses had been built at Lerwick, Walls, and North Røe ; but that the North Isles house was quite worthy of the name given to it by a recent Minister who dated his letters from 'The Wesleyan Hovel.' No one, unless he has seen it, can realize how thoroughly the name described it. Mr. Waller put himself in communication with friends whom he knew were ever ready to render substantial help in cases of need, and now a neat and comfortable little manse graces the hill overlooking Haroldswick Bay, and by its side stands a substantially-built Methodist chapel, which has taken the place of the low, wooden-roofed shanty of so recent times. The cost of the manse was most generously met by Mr. Peter F. Wood, of Southport, who contributed £300, or more, to the scheme.

Our visits to the different Circuits were very enjoyable. To me the genial companionship was a perfect treat during the long journeys which had on many previous occasions proved dreary enough. The weather was, with one rather serious exception, all that could be desired, although our friends encountered a storm while on their way

to us, which will give them lasting memories of Sumburgh Roost. Mr. and Mrs. Waller were the guests of our unfailing friend, Mr. A. J. Hay.

Our first visit was to Walls. We started on the Friday morning, and after some seven hours' of travel were welcomed by the Rev. J. W. Clucas and his good wife. We held the first of our Thanksgiving Fund meetings there, and a good key-note was struck. Saturday was given to the exploration of what were to me old scenes. On Sunday Mr. Waller preached to large and appreciative congregations. On Monday we returned to Lerwick.

The next morning the whole party having been pressingly invited by the Rev. R. Evans to visit Unst, set sail in the S.S. *Earl of Zetland*. I wondered what Mr. Evans would do with us all, and my wonder was shared by my colleague, the Rev. E. O. Pearson, who had been included in the invitation. Our host was quite equal to the occasion. Our meeting was held, and we adjourned to 'The Wesleyan Hovel' for supper. This over, Mr. Evans rose and delivered himself somewhat after this fashion: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily welcome you to Unst, the garden of Shetland, but to accommodate you in my house is impossible. I have but one bed-room. My study is small, and there is provision made in it for the sleeping of one. This is the only remaining room, unless you deem the kitchen worthy the name. I have lots of friends in the island, any of whom will give you a bed; but the nearest is some three miles away, and some of you will have to walk ten miles at least to be thus accommodated; so, since the weather is fine and there is now no night, I propose that we spend the hours between this and breakfast on the sea. I have got a boat and crew ready, and if you please, at your earliest convenience we will walk to Norwick bay and embark.'

It was evidently Hobson's choice; so, putting on a cheerful courage, we marched to the boat, and were soon speeding over the quiet waters of the bay, and then the unrippled swell of the great Northern Ocean. The most northerly bit of British coast was greatly admired by us, and not without cause, for it is only exceeded in grandeur by the cliffs of Foula and of Noss. We passed stacks and skerries innumerable. We were taken in and out among reefs which seemed dangerously near, and through lofty and spacious water-worn arches which resounded with the echo of our voices as we sang, of the splashing of the oars, and especially of the report of the fowling piece which, according to wont, was in the boat. The sea-birds, whose quiet had been thus disturbed, rose upon the wing in incredible numbers and deafened us with their shrill, unmusical screeches. We saw the crescent moon put up her horns from out the glassy sea, but we seemed

to be the only sailers thereon, and we sped onward to the Muckle Flugga rocks. Our destination reached, we clambered up the steps, which had been cut in the face of the cliff, to the summit, nearly two hundred feet above the sea. The most northerly light-house of Britain afforded us shelter, and the light-keepers, who had been apprised of our coming, welcomed us most heartily, and interested us much by showing us the different parts of the light-house, explaining its machinery and describing their experiences. They are frequently shut up without the possibility of communicating, save by signal, with their families; and only a little time prior to our visit, huge green waves had swept over the immense rock and washed away their strong barrier wall.

The sun rose in an unclouded sky: we saw him come up like a huge ball of fire from the unrippled sea; and, having looked upon the glorious sight, we bade the friendly light-keepers farewell, and made our way back over the miles of quiet water which dimpled and danced in the sunlight, and seemed an entire stranger to the furious storm.

We reached 'The Wesleyan Hovel' while it was yet early, and, breakfast over, made our way to the steamer, and were soon plying our course toward Yell. There, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to go on to Lerwick, we went ashore, and found that our invaluable Lay Agent, Mr. Laurensen, had walked ten miles to meet us. We held service in the Mid-Yell chapel, after which we took to the hills and gave Mrs. Waller a little new experience. She footed it bravely, though she frequently thought her boots would be left behind. Burns and bogs were crossed without fear. The cold, drizzling rain did not dispirit her; nor did she manifest the slightest alarm when, in a small boat too well filled, and with an agitated sea, we crossed the dreaded Yell Sound.

Arrived at North Røe at midnight we were received most courteously by the Rev. W. and Mrs. Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. Waller soon retired to well-earned repose in the spare-room. My colleague and I stretched and yawned and slept upon the study floor. Bad weather prevented our visiting the interesting fishing-stations in the neighbourhood, or climbing Roeness Hill; but did not keep us from holding our meeting in the chapel. Towards the end of the week we found ourselves in Lerwick again, and on the Sunday our beautiful chapel was packed, and our people were delighted with the admirable discourses which Mr. Waller gave us. Our District Meeting was held. The purposes of the visit were accomplished, and we bade our friends adieu, grateful for the loving sympathy we had received, but not dreaming that such valuable help as was afterwards afforded us would be forthcoming.

A DEFENCELESS CITY.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

THERE is a story which some of us know of a picture that had a strange effect on every one who saw it. It was a fine painting, representing a single head merely. The face would have been beautiful, but for something sinister and terrible in its fixed expression, which did not seem of this world. He who had looked at it once must needs look again, and yet again, and could not withdraw his eyes from the unbearable intensity of the pictured gaze, which soon became odious and horrible to him.

The repulsiveness of this painting was explained by its history. It was the portrait of a murdered man, and the murderer himself had drawn it long after the fatal deed was done. The criminal had escaped the pursuit of justice, and was living quietly by his profession as a painter; but he could not escape his guilty conscience.

As he brooded over his crime, his artist's imagination became diseased; it made his eye and ear play him false, and raised an avenging phantom to haunt him. From time to time he heard a voice calling his name; he could not help turning to answer, and when he turned, there was his victim looking steadily at him. The persecution never ceased. In a moment of despair, one day he settled his eyes on the eyes of the Appearance, and deliberately drew the pitiless face; he made a finished portrait of it; and *this* was the picture, and thus it came by its peculiar fascination of terror.

We are not likely ever to see this frightful portrait. But there is a sweet and melancholy song written by an American poet which any one can read, and which breathes the same unearthly awe upon us; it is, indeed, just such another picture, painted in richly-coloured words. For it also is the image of a murdered thing, and the slayer himself drew and coloured it, in its sad and terrible beauty, for men to see and shudder at.

But this murderer and his victim were One. The man had destroyed his own soul, and there were moments when he knew it. In such a moment of clear-sighted despair he wrote this song. It is called 'The Haunted Palace;' and it tells how once 'in the monarch Thought's dominion' there stood a princely dwelling; golden banners floating on its roof, its door glowing with pearl and ruby, its twin windows clearest crystal, through which the Ruler of the realm could be seen sitting enthroned, while duteous spirits moved about him 'musically,' and a troop of sweet Echoes flowed from the gate, singing of his wit and wisdom. But 'evil things, in robes of sorrow, assailed that monarch's high estate:' he has fallen from his throne, his glory is

past away ; only vast forms like those of demons can be seen, moving fantastically, through the red-lighted windows of his palace—

‘ While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.’

Such was the picture which Edgar Allan Poe drew of his own ruined being. It is a little over-coloured ; but the ruin was not due to grief only. ‘ Evil things in robes of sorrow ’ would have vainly assailed the enthroned monarch, if a traitor within the palace had not opened the gates to let them in. The weakness of a feeble will was the traitor here, as it is too often ; the man could do many things, but he could not rule his own spirit.

Poe’s personal gifts were very great, and the gifts of fortune, too, were not wanting. He was not born to prosperity ; his parents were wandering actors, who died when he was a mere infant ; but this early orphanhood seemed only to open for him smooth and easy paths. A wealthy and benevolent citizen of Boston, married but childless, a Mr. Allan, adopted the beautiful, precocious little Edgar, loved him, gave him his own name, and intended to make him his heir. The boy was reared in luxury, with the tenderest care ; his patron’s wife cherished him with all a mother’s love ; he had every possible advantage of education, which was not wasted on him ; he soon showed high ability. What omen of a bright career was lacking ?

Nothing, but self-command. The winning, gifted creature became early entangled in degrading vices ; he resented reproof ; he quarrelled again and again with his adopted father ; he was forgiven, and very soon needed forgiveness again. There came a time when his folly and vice appeared too black to be forgiven.

Mr. Allan, who had been left a widower, was married again, and had other claims upon him than those of the headstrong youth in whom he had once delighted. Edgar resented these new claims, and could not live in peace with those who held them ; and so befell his last quarrel with the protector of his childhood. He went out to face the world alone, with no other fortune than the native power and the personal charm which had won for him so much that he had already thrown away.

One chance was wasted, but others remained. The young man, who had already published a volume of poems, chose literature as his profession. He seems to have won the ear of his public speedily, and to have kept it long. He had gifts so rare and strange as would have earned him distinction anywhere, and ought to have gained him

a royal position in those early days of American literature, when its great writers had yet their spurs to win.

Love came to him in its best freshness. The innocent, lovely girl who became his wife gave him the most faithful affection—not far from worship; and from her mother he received the truest friendship that ever was spent on man. The new beginning of life promised fairly.

But the one thing essential to success was again lacking. Poe had a perverse temper; it never seems to have occurred to him to control it. He had imperious pride: he indulged it on every occasion; he was ‘difficult to help;’ quick and sudden in quarrel. His genius was an airy, capricious thing—a light-winged spirit like the dainty Ariel; he let it take its own way, never striving to learn the sacred spell that would make it obedient to his will. And he had a weakness far more fatal. His was a keenly excitable temperament which its own fervour could almost intoxicate; stimulants were mere poison to him, and he knew it; but he took the poison. From time to time he sank into the mire of excess; then with a sudden strain he got his feet on firm land again, and was again working and hoping. Nor did he lack friends able and anxious to help him. His singular personal attractiveness, his manners which were perfect when he chose, had not failed of their natural effect in conciliating all whom he wished to please.

This life of struggle and failure lasted seventeen years. It must have been a life of painful trial for the women who loved him. His Virginia, the sweet cousin whom he had cared for in her infancy and wedded in her early womanhood, sank under the constant strain of her married life, and left him miserably alone. Her mother continued to bestow on him the treasure of her anxious love, but it could avail him little. The gates of his ‘City of Mansoul’—as Bunyan might put it—had long lain open to the stealthy inroads of his spiritual foes. Now the black besieging legions were free to pour in openly, ‘not single spies, but in battalions;’ for the defending walls of the city were ruined and broken down, and all its fair habitations desolate. There were desperate combats yet—unhoped-for rallyings; there was fighting in the streets, and in the chambers. At the very close of the struggle it seemed as if the enemy would yet be driven out.

In the autumn of 1849 he made a last effort to master himself and his evil fate at once. He had been plunged into the very madness of drunkenness; he would drink no more. He joined a Temperance Society, he lived quietly; he met a lady who loved and pitied him, who was every way fitted to save him, and who longed to do it. On

his way to marry this lady he fell in with some bad old acquaintances ; they enticed him, and he had no strength to draw back. He was seized again by the vice he seemed to have shaken off ; he was dragged down and devoured.

He died in a New York hospital, in direct consequence of a last fit of intemperance, having not lived thirty-nine years.

So perished one of the most brilliantly-gifted spirits of the present century, leaving but little fruit of his genius to the world, and having made utter wreck of his hopes and his life. One of high eminence in the world of letters has lately pronounced Edgar Allan Poe to be the greatest writer that America has ever produced. All will not agree with this judgment ; but such a thing could not be said even mistakenly of a man whose endowments did not far exceed the average. Wretched fate, when such splendid powers only serve to light up a lurid beacon of warning !

They availed their owner nothing, for want of the much more common power of self-control. And his mind never seems to have entertained the belief in a Divine Strength that could fill up his weakness, a Divine Love that could lift him out of the horrible pit of his vices, a Divine Mercy that would pardon all his offences and bid him sin no more.

There can hardly be found in his best work a trace of Christian hope. His religion is a religion of despair, such as might be natural to a highly-cultivated heathen who had outgrown his belief in mythologic fables.

The Wise King truly foreshadowed the doom of such a spirit, in those brief and solemn words of his, which this sketch will have recalled doubtless to the memory of some of its readers.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.—M. Bovet, in his charming book of travels in Egypt, Palestine and Phœnicia, says of the monument traditionally—and not improbably correctly—known as Absalom's Pillar : ' It is surrounded with a heap of small stones which conceal its base from view ; for still, to this day, every Jew and every Mahometan who passes by, throws a pebble at this monument, repeating the Biblical malediction, "*Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.*" So has Absalom, who so much feared lest his memory should perish with him, succeeded in keeping it alive—a malediction ceaselessly repeated has preserved his name for this cenotaph ; and this imperishable monument secures for its builder an immortality of anathemas.'

'FROM A WIDOW.'—Do you remember what happened some years ago in England ? A fearful explosion had buried in the bowels of the earth more than two hundred unfortunate miners ; there, upon the yawning chasm, their widows and mothers lamented, seeking their dead, and asking themselves with

bitter anguish whence would come the bread for the morrow. It came, the morrow's bread; it was assured them for the future, and she who sent it joined to her gift these words: 'From a widow.' A widow! This widow was the Queen; but on that day she had descended from her royal state to weep with them that wept. The Queen! What! yonder, upon that throne, in those palaces, in the midst of that wealth, of that splendour, there is a widow who weeps with us, who mourns as we mourn! I dare affirm that the children of those poor widows will never learn to hate or despise the rich, and none can tell how much of bitterness and revolt that cry, that simple issuing from the heart, has stayed, and rendered for ever impossible.—*Eugene Bersier.*

FREQUENCY OF MURDER IN THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. Mulhall in his *Dictionary of Statistics* shows that murder is more than three times as common in the Union as in England, France, or Germany. We give the figures. Murder is a cause of death:

In England	to 237 per 10,000,000
In Belgium	to 240 "
In France	to 265 "
In Scandinavia	to 266 "
In Germany	to 279 "
In Ireland (1879)	to 294 "
In Austria	to 310 "
In Russia	to 323 "
In Italy	to 504 "
In Spain	to 533 "
In United States	to 820 "

Of course, the degree of the evil varies in every State, and rises and falls from time to time, and in Ohio it has for some time past reached its maximum.—*Spectator.*

THE STUDENT'S PRAYER.—To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we pour forth most humble and hearty supplications; that He, remembering the calamities of mankind and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days, few and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments out of the fountains of His goodness for the alleviating of our miseries. This, also, we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are Divine; neither that, from the unlocking of the gate of sense and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity, or intellectual night, may arise in our minds towards the Divine mysteries. But rather, that by our mind being thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancies and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are Faith's. Amen.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE BEST BED-MAKER.—When a good man is ill at ease, God promiseth to make all his bed in his sickness: pillow, bolster, head, feet, sides—all his bed. Surely that God, Who made him, knows so well his measure and temper, as to make his bed to please him. Herein His art is excellent; not fitting the bed to the person, but the person to the bed, infusing patience into him. But, O! how shall God make my bed, who have no bed of mine own to make? Thou fool! He can make thy not having a bed, to be a bed unto thee. When Jacob slept on the ground, who would not have had his hard lodging, therewithal to have his heavenly dream!—*Thomas Fuller.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Love Enthroned: Essays on Evangelical Perfection. By DANIEL STEELE, D.D. London: R. D. Dickinson.—A devout and helpful book which may be read with profit by those who are seeking a deeper spiritual life. Occasionally Dr. Steele over-states his case, and in his anxiety to exalt the nature of 'evangelical perfection,' under-estimates the grace of regeneration. This is a very common and much to be regretted fault in writers on this subject.

Two Saxon Maidens. By ELIZA KERR. Illustrated by W. GUNSTON. Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union.—The first of the two stories contained in this most attractive volume is of the time of Bæda; the second of the time of Alfred the Great. Miss Kerr's books are always interesting, and always well-written; and she is as happy in these sketches of the olden time as in her beautiful and pathetic Irish stories. Mr. Gunston's pictures are exceedingly good, though the printing does not always do them justice.

Luther Miller's Ambition. By LILLIE MONTFORT. Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-School Union.—A special interest attaches to this little story. The authoress, whose pen was so long and so ably devoted to the service of Sunday-scholars and their teachers, was called to her reward just as this volume passed through the press. Her books will long be treasured in the homes and hearts of those for whom—amidst great affliction—she delighted to toil, and will be in demand in many Sunday-school libraries.

Life and Sermons of F. J. Jobson, D.D. Edited by his WIDOW. T. Woolmer.—*Sermons.* By the late REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D. Second Series. T. Woolmer.—Memorial volumes have a peculiar value and interest, and the volume which Mrs. Jobson has edited with so much good taste and care will be welcomed by many to whom Dr. Jobson's name and voice were long familiar. The Biography, which appeared in the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*, together with the Funeral Addresses of Drs. Osborn and Pope, form the first part of the book, and Ten Sermons, printed from Dr. Jobson's manuscripts, the second. The sermons are truly characteristic; and even in print have much of the fervour and devotion which was one of the great charms of the author's preaching.

The Second Series of Dr. Punshon's Sermons is nowise inferior to the first. It is difficult to say which are the most striking sermons; but certainly one of the most remarkable is that on *The Spiritual Wants of the Metropolis*. From *The Vision of the Waters* we give an extract on page 253.

Life of General Gordon. By the author of *Our Queen*, etc. London: Walter Scott.—The story of General Gordon's wonderful career is one that will bear frequent telling, and there will be few readers who will not follow his history, as sketched in this volume, with eager interest. An earnest Christian as well as a dauntless soldier, his life at Gravesend is almost as romantic as his campaigns in China, or expeditions in Africa. This would be a good book for a Sunday-school Library, and would be very popular with the boys.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JUNE, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.	Sets.
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	3 50	8 16	3 31m	11 22a	0 43m	11 36a	8 12a
June							Rises.
9	3 43	8 15	3 1	10 50	0 12	11 1	3 40m
19	3 42	8 20	2 43	10 5	11 38a	10 27	3 5
29	3 39	8 14	2 45	9 5	11 8	9 53	2 30

PHASES OF THE MOON.

June 8th, Full Moon 7h. 49m. after. | June 23rd, New Moon 5h. 33m. morn.
 „ 16th, Last Quarter 2h. 34m. „ | „ 30th, First Quarter 6h. 15m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 7th . . . 3h. morn. Apogee . . . 252,396 miles.
 „ 22nd . . . 4h. morn. Perigee . . . 223,158 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 237,777 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st 93,006,170 miles.
 July 1st 93,212,420 „
 Increase of distance for the month . . . 206,250 „

THE Sun attains his greatest northern declination on the 21st, at 1h. in the morning, when the Summer Quarter commences. On the 1st of July, at 5h. in the morning, he will be in apogee, or at his greatest distance from the Earth: till then the angular diameter of the Sun diminishes, on that day attains its least value, 31m. 32s., and afterwards increases.

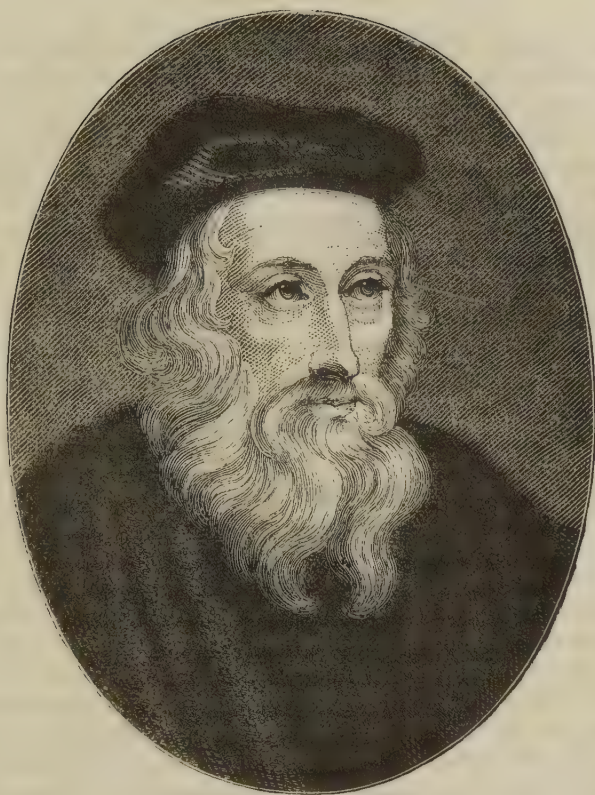
The planets visible to the naked eye this month are *Venus*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, all evening stars. Venus and Jupiter are very conspicuous objects in the western heavens: their distance on the 1st of June is about 10 degs., and on the 1st of July about 13 degs., Jupiter being further eastward. On the 1st of the month Venus is nearly in a line with Castor and Pollux, as far below Pollux as Pollux is below Castor. The Moon will be in conjunction with Venus on the 25th, at 1h. in the morning; with Jupiter at 4h. in the afternoon of the same day; and with Mars on the 28th, at 8h. in the morning; the Moon in each case being from 4 to 5 degs. south of the planet; so that on the evenings of the 25th, 26th, and 27th the crescent Moon will form a part of this interesting group of cele-

tial objects. On the evening of the 25th especially, Castor, Pollux, Jupiter, and the Moon will form a beautiful configuration, garnished on the right by Venus, and on the left by Mars.

There will be a remarkably near approach of Mercury and Saturn, unfortunately below our horizon, on the 25th, at 11h. in the evening; the distance of the centres will be only one minute of space, so that the planets would appear almost in contact.

Mercury will be at its greatest angular distance from the Sun, 23 degs. westward, on the morning of the 13th; on the evening of the same day it will be at its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 21st.

On the afternoon of June 19th the apparent motion of *Venus* among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde. This planet now presents the appearance of a beautiful crescent, the distance between the cusps increasing during the month from 35 to 54 seconds. Seen from Venus, the Earth would appear nearly full, and its angular diameter would increase in the same time from 37 to 57 seconds.



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

‘ON the feast of the passion of St. Thomas of Canterbury, John Wycliffe—that organ of the devil, that enemy of the Church, that author of confusion to the common people, that idol of heretics, that image of hypocrites, that restorer of schism, that storehouse of lies, that sink of flattery—being struck by the horrible judgment of God, was struck with palsy, and continued to live in that condition until St. Sylvester’s Day, on which he breathed out his malicious spirit into the abodes of darkness.’

Thus does a Romish chronicler record the death of the man whose fame the five centuries that have passed since his decease have left undimmed, the man who ‘ranks with Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton as one of the four men who have produced the greatest effect on the English language and literature;’ the man who has long been recognised as ‘the Morning Star of the Reformation;’ as one of the earliest and the noblest of those who won for us our religious liber-

ties; and helped to deliver our fair island home from the heavy yoke of Romish tyranny and the dark night of Romish superstition. And if we to-day would preserve our sturdy Protestantism, and guard ourselves and our children against the insidious influences of the sensuous worship and corrupt creed of Rome, we shall do well to keep in remembrance the lives, the works and the words of the great Reformers. Last year the whole Protestant world celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther; this year we commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the death of the greatest of Luther's precursors; and amidst all the long line of the heroes of our faith in England, we shall find no name more worthy of grateful remembrance than that of the brave, scholarly and devout Rector of Lutterworth.

JOHN WYCLIFFE was born at the now extinct village of Spresswell, near Old Richmond, in Yorkshire, and took his name from the neighbouring village of Wycliffe, of which the Wycliffes were for many generations lords of the manor. The exact date of the Reformer's birth is uncertain, that ordinarily given is 1324. Of course his family were Roman Catholics, and it is a curious fact that till they became extinct, the Wycliffes of Wycliffe were adherents of the old faith; thus once more the proverb is illustrated, that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.'

When still a boy, John Wycliffe was sent to Oxford, and became a student, probably at Balliol Hall, of which in after years he was elected Master, an office which he held for a short time only. This would be about the year 1360; four years earlier he had been elected Fellow of Merton College, and in 1365 he seems to have been appointed, by Archbishop Islip, Warden of Canterbury Hall; but there is a good deal of uncertainty as to this last appointment, as a certain John de Whyteliff is known to have been in Oxford at the same time, who may possibly, in the lack of definite information, have been confused with the Reformer.

Even his enemies testify to his great learning and to the diligence with which he pursued his studies. 'As a doctor in theology,' writes Knighton, 'Wycliffe was the most eminent in those days; in philosophy, second to none; and in scholastic learning incomparable. He made it his great aim, with the subtilty of his learning and by the profundity of his own genius, to surpass the genius of other men and to vary from their opinions.' In these last words, *and to vary from their opinions*, lies the point of his enemies' complaint against him. Had Wycliffe been content to take his place amongst the 'doctors' of his day, he might have lived in honour and peace, and taken high rank amongst the scholastic theologians of the time. But the

shrewd Yorkshireman saw through the subtilties of the schoolmen, and felt that their hair-splitting disputations were but husks compared with the good grain of God's Word.

But this common-place of our time was a startling novelty then, for Biblical studies were held in small esteem, and were considered to be only worthy of men of small theological attainments. 'Bachelors of theology of the lowest degree were allowed to deliver lectures on the Bible; the "doctors" would have thought it beneath their dignity to lecture on the Biblical-books.*' So far had the Romish teachers made the Word of God of none effect by their tradition.

We know very little of Wycliffe's life at Oxford during the greater part of his residence there. For twenty or five-and-twenty years he seems to have gone through the steady work of his various offices—studying, teaching and writing—gaining wisdom and influence day by day, and making himself a power in the University and gradually in the kingdom. During this period the terrible scourge of the plague devastated the country, and to the end of his life Wycliffe carried the solemn memory of that awful visitation, to which he makes frequent references in his works. Thus by the patient study of God's Word, and by the mysterious dispensations of His providence, was he learning the importance of human life and the need for the free communion of man with his Maker. All through those quiet years God was preparing His servant for the work to which He would call him.

'Slowly,' says Mr. Watkinson, 'is the avalanche formed high up in the blue silence, one white flake after another being added to the growing crystal mass, until at length the moment comes when a stir in the air brings it down, sweeping away obstructions and scattering in the valleys its fertilizing treasures.' The 'stir in the air' which brought Wycliffe from his academic seclusion to the busy life of the political world, was the renewal by Urban V. of the papal claim of tribute from the realm of England, in accordance with the agreement made by King John.

But His Holiness found the victor of Cressy and Poitiers a very different sovereign from the craven-hearted, mean-spirited brother of Cœur de Lion. Edward III. had for years—indeed, ever since he came of age—refused to allow the payment, and now, when Urban asked for the long arrears of the tribute-money, the king consulted his faithful Lords and Commons as to the answer he should make. With one consent they repudiated John's submission as a breach of

* *John Wicklif.* By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. London: T. Woolmer 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

his trust, and declared that they would support the king with all the power of the country in his refusal of the Pontiff's unjust and insolent demand.

Such plain speaking warned Pope Urban that he had better let things alone, so his claim was dropped; but an anonymous monk at once issued a defence of the Papal demand, and challenged Wycliffe, who must even then have become well-known as a patriot and an anti-Papal theologian, to disprove the Pope's right to the realm and treasure of England.

Wycliffe's German biographer, Professor Lechler, of Leipsic, thinks that the Reformer was actually a member of the Parliament which thus sturdily refused to acknowledge the Pope as their feudal lord, but this is matter of conjecture rather than of history. At any rate Wycliffe was nothing loth to accept the challenge, and immediately wrote a pamphlet which professes to give a report of some of the speeches made by the lords when the Pope's claim was discussed. This may be regarded either as a condensed report of what actually took place, or as Wycliffe's own putting of the case for the king and country as against the Pope.

Having once definitely entered the lists as a champion of political and religious liberty, Wycliffe soon found other matters which called for the service of his pen. In 1372 Arnold Garnier arrived in England, bearing a commission as nuncio and receiver-general for Pope Gregory XI. He travelled in great state, and opened an office in London, through which large sums were annually remitted to Rome. These remittances were a standing offence to the nobles and to the people generally, for the country was thus greatly impoverished, and no good end was answered. 'God has given His sheep to the Pope,' they said, 'to be pastured, and not shorn or shaven.'

Wycliffe wrote a tract in which he denounced Garnier and his exactions, and did not scruple to reflect even upon the Pope himself. In 1374 he went, as one of the members of an embassy, to treat with Papal emissaries at Bruges for the arrangement of matters in dispute between Rome and England. Wycliffe and his colleagues joined John of Gaunt, the Bishop of London, and others who had gone to Bruges to arrange terms of peace with France. Little good, however, came of the ecclesiastical deliberations, and two years later the 'Good Parliament,' as it was popularly called, presented a petition to the king complaining of the continued and intolerable encroachments of Rome. In the following year (1377) their protest was renewed, and the country became more agitated and the clergy more alarmed.

The prelates saw that something must be done to arrest the progress of the spirit of insubordination, and knowing how largely the move-

ment was due to the influence of Wycliffe, they summoned him from his quiet rectory at Lutterworth—to which he had been presented by the king—to appear before Convocation in St. Paul's. But Wycliffe had powerful friends, and when he appeared before his judges, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Henry Percy, Grand Marshal of England, stood by his side. The nobles were attended by a band of armed men, and the Rector of Lutterworth was attended by five Bachelors of Divinity, who had been instructed by the Duke of Lancaster to plead his cause if necessary. The assembled divines found they had got more than they bargained for, and the Bishop of London (William Courtney) was soon engaged in angry dispute with the noblemen, which culminated in a furious storm when Lord Percy bade Wycliffe take a seat, for he would need to rest whilst answering the many questions to be asked him. The altercation between the Bishop and the two Lords was so fierce and long, that Wycliffe was forgotten, and had never a word addressed to him, but was finally conveyed by his excited friends through the no less excited crowd which surrounded the cathedral.

Foiled in this attempt, the Bishops seem to have appealed to Rome; for in the course of a few months no less than five Bulls arrived from Pope Gregory, all directed against Wycliffe and his followers. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were appointed the Pope's Commissioners, and into their hands the heretical teacher was to be delivered up, and after due examination, was to be by them imprisoned.

But the death of Edward III. occurred at this time, and the temper of the new Parliament was more hostile than ever to Rome and her pretensions. Seven months therefore passed by ere the Bulls were made public. Wycliffe was then ordered to appear before the Pope's Commissioners at Lambeth Palace early in 1378. The Reformer was attended to the Palace by crowds of the citizens of London, who regarded him as the champion alike of their civil and religious liberties, and during the course of his trial a number of them rushed into the chapel and demanded his acquittal in threatening tones. The widow of the Black Prince also sent an officer of her household to bid the Commissioners not to pronounce judgment on their prisoner. The clerics thought discretion the better part of valour, and meekly permitted Wycliffe to withdraw uninjured. 'The monkish historian, Walsingham, in relating the issue of this trial, evinces his deep displeasure: "The delegates, shaken as a reed with the wind, became soft as oil in their speech, to the open forfeiture of their own dignity, and the injury of the whole Church."'*

* Watkinson's *John Wycliffe*, p. 81.

A similar result followed all attempts to lay hands upon Wycliffe, and not all the power of the Papacy nor the violence of the English prelates were of any avail. Surely He that sitteth in the heavens had said of him: 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophet no harm.'

But Rome can deal softly as well as violently, if needs be, and on one occasion at least milder methods were tried. Wycliffe had been taken ill in Oxford and was thought to be dying, and his foes hoped that in his weakness they might be able to obtain from him some retractation of his attacks upon them:

'From the four orders of friars, four doctors, who were also called regents, were gravely deputed to wait on their expiring enemy; and to these the same number of civil officers, called senators of the city and aldermen of the wards, were added. When this embassy entered the apartment of the rector of Lutterworth, he was seen stretched upon his bed. Some kind wishes were first expressed as to his better health and the blessing of a speedy recovery. It was presently suggested that he must be aware of the many wrongs which the whole mendicant brotherhood had sustained from his attacks, especially in his sermons and in certain of his writings, and as death was now, apparently, about to remove him, it was sincerely hoped that he would not conceal his penitence, but distinctly revoke whatever he had said tending to the injury of those holy fraternities. The sick man remained silent and motionless until this address was concluded. He then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed; and, fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remain-



ing strength, as he exclaimed aloud, "I shall not die but live, and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars." The doctors and their attendants retreated in mortification and dismay, and they lived to feel the truth of the Reformer's predictions.*

The last years of the Reformer's life were full of anxiety as well as of earnest work. The Peasants' War, with its awful excesses and its natural provocation of the fears and anger of the well-to-do, caused widespread uneasiness, and made men more suspicious of new doctrines. A vain attempt was made to saddle upon Wycliffe the odium of having stirred up the rebellion. That he had no direct or personal connection with the rising is clear enough, though no doubt the spirit of enquiry which he had encouraged and excited amongst the lower classes had much to do with their dissatisfaction.

In the two years that preceded his death, his friends and helpers suffered much from the persecution stirred up by Courtney, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and some were frightened and others cajoled into denial of their faith. Wycliffe's own health was failing, and his feebleness increased, until a second paralytic seizure, which took place as he was hearing Mass at Lutterworth, struck him speechless, and a few days afterwards he quietly entered into the joy of his Lord.

Our sketch of the incidents of Wycliffe's life is necessarily very brief and imperfect, and our remaining space only permits us to glance at his special work.

Like Luther, Wycliffe's first call to the Reformer's task seems to have come from the evil deeds of the priests. His honest soul revolted against the shameful way in which all spiritual things were put up for sale in the Church's market, and quite early in his public career he denounces the falsehood and the fraud of the men who professed to be called of God to feed His flock.† There is a striking passage at the close of his treatise on the Ten Commandments which, often as it has been quoted, we cannot omit here :

'But many think if they give a penny to a pardoner, they shall be forgiven the breaking of all the commandments of God, and, therefore, they take no heed how they keep them. But, I say thee, for certain, though thou have priests and friars to sing for thee, and though thou each day hear many masses, and found chauntries and colleges, and go on pilgrimages all thy life, and give all thy goods to pardoners, all this shall not bring thy soul to heaven. While if the commandments of God are revered to the end, though neither penny nor halfpenny be possessed, there shall be everlasting pardon and the bliss of heaven.'

* Watkinson's *John Wicklif*. Another version of this story gives Wycliffe's answer as : 'I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.'

† In his tract, *Objections to Friars*, he charges them with 'fifty heresies and errors and many moe, if men woll seke them well out.'

But the greatest of all Wycliffe's reforms was his restoring of God's Word to its legitimate place and authority. Had he merely sought to redress abuses as a political reformer, or simply to correct the glaring faults of the Romish system, we might have thought as little of his work to-day as we do of that of John of Gaunt or Wat Tyler; but Wycliffe went to the root of the matter, and came not simply to destroy but to build up. He saw clearly and taught emphatically that there is no law but God's Law, that ecclesiastical authority made nothing right or wrong, but that everything must be brought to the test of the Holy Scriptures. 'The law of God and of reason,' he cries, 'we should follow more than that of our Popes and Cardinals; so much so, that if we had a hundred popes, and if all the friars were cardinals, to the law of the Gospel we should bow, more than to all this multitude.'

On no account, too, is he more bitter in his denunciation of the priesthood, than for their neglect of preaching and for the idle tales which made up the staple of the few sermons they did deliver. 'What cursed spirit of falsehood,' he asks, 'moveth priests to close themselves within stone-walls for all their life, since Christ commanded all His apostles and priests to go into all the world, and to preach the Gospel?'

Finding that there was little hope of stirring up the friars to a proper sense of their duty, Wycliffe organised a band of preachers who should go from place to place preaching the truth as it is in Jesus. Dr. Lechler writes: 'His people, known as "poor priests," went out barefoot, staff in hand, clad in a long coarse garment of red cloth. From village to village, from city to city, they preached, admonished and instructed. Wherever they found willing ears, they expounded "God's Law" (that is, God's Word) in the mother English, with simplicity and fidelity, with penetration and power.'

The work done by these 'poor priests,' or, as Wycliffe called them in his later years, 'evangelical men,' in leavening the country with sound scriptural views, may be gathered from the bitter complaints made against them by the priests, and especially by Courtney. Like Wesley's itinerants in a later day, they over-ran the country, and to gentle and simple alike carried the glad tidings of the kingdom of God.

But Wycliffe's noblest and most enduring work was his translation of the Bible into English. His translation was necessarily imperfect, for he was ignorant both of Hebrew and Greek; and could therefore only translate from the Latin Vulgate; but he laid the foundation upon which Tyndale, Coverdale, and their successors all built; he showed the way in which others more easily and more successfully trod.

This translation, however, greatly angered the clergy. Knighton thus gives expression to the general feeling:

'Christ delivered His Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that

they might administer to the laity and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of men. But this Master John Wickliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy, even to those of them who had the best understanding. And in this way the Gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious to both clergy and laity, is rendered as it were the common jest of both.'

But later generations have seen more clearly and more truly how great a service good 'Master John Wickliffe' rendered to the cause of God and to the welfare of his countrymen in all ages. Of this, the greatest work of the Reformer, Mr. Watkinson writes with characteristic beauty :

'A legend of Normandy tells of an old pilot who, unable longer to take the helm and feeling the approach of death, prayed to God to send him a successor, whereupon the staff that supported him took root, and growing into a large and beautiful tree, became a beacon for generations on the dangerous coast. In stormiest days on most dangerous seas, Wicklif was the daring and skilful pilot of his nation ; but when, in old age, he translated the Scriptures into the tongue of the people, the staff of his own glorious strength shot forth and became an imperishable beacon to the nation he loved so well.'

TRUST IN GOD.

O, LOVE Divine, that stooped to share	When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,	And trembling faith is changed to fear ;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near !	The morning wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !
Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year,	On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O, Love Divine ! for ever dear,
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near !	Content to suffer while we know, Living and dying, Thou art near !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HUSKS STICK IN THE TEETH.

'The Lord show ye what a fool ye are !'

THE day following that which took Letty and Walter to the queer little shop on High-bank was a Saturday—a wonderfully mild May-day—and in a field above Cratley there was a grand dog-race affair which drew all the sportsmen of Badger Forest, including Tim Nollings, who, although he had no dog, had lots of opinions about dogs,

which he offered in sample and bulk with great generosity. So many dogs, so much talk—it was thirsty work!—but Tim had been in his place in the pit regularly four days a week for a month back, and could ‘afford’ to be thirsty; could rattle the money in his pockets with a sense of magnificence, and feel quite entitled to be positive about the merits of a dog and the result of a race. There were plenty of his sort on Cratley Top that day, and the gabblement was only equalled by the swilling. It would be interesting to know what the dogs thought of it all.

Joys are fleeting, however, and race Saturdays, like other festivals, are all too short. The dogs did or did not do what was expected of them; the hardly-won money ran away in bets and drains; the clear, exquisite lights of the May evening began to fade from river-marge and hanging coppice. It was necessary to take the roads that led back to ill-provided cottages, discontented wives, and pit-bank or foundry gate.

Now the only safe way to Shirlcot for a tipsy man was the high-road along Cratley Dingle and round the head of it. But this meant some five or six miles of walking, and Tim, along with some three or four others, chose a nearer way, a path which kept along the bottom of the glen awhile, and then crossed it and went up through the wood on the other side, and so came out near Shirlcot Lane.

Unfortunately, however, there was still so much to say about the unfairness of this and the other decision, the mighty merits of one dog and the over-praised ‘blue-blood’ of another, and it was all to be said so solemnly and confidentially, with much moral head-shaking, that the progress of the party was decidedly slow, and dusk began to overtake them as they straggled through the wood.

Tim, somehow, came to be the last, and when he reached the point where the path crossed the glen by a little plank bridge thrown over a dam, he was alone, and the others were separating along different paths upon the farther bank.

Not that he paid any attention to this circumstance. On the contrary, he was addressing some loud and rather disjointed remarks to a comrade supposed to be just a few steps ahead amongst the trees.

‘Everybody may know what *I* think, Sir—and’s this—*I* say, chaps——’ Here he lurched against a tree, and so escaped tumbling into the brook. ‘*I* say, chaps,’—stumbling on again—‘*I* haint seen the dog yet—that runs as I’d say a dog—might. Not one, Sir.’

With that he came to the bridge, grasped the hand-rail, and would have landed safely on the other side, finishing his exposition that even dogs and their fleetness are vanity—but the stupid, maudlin

talk was not to end so. There was a gap in the rail, into which his hand slipped unawares, the rest of him lurched after, and a splash and a gurgling cry came from the dusky pool lying deep and still amongst overhanging trees.

Had his companions been the only passers through Cratley Dingle that Saturday evening, Tim had there and then, in one sharp, confused, baffling moment, dropped sheer out of all he called life into that unknown, unprepared-for Beyond, which to think of was to fear—which he never did willingly think of.

But Haigh and his sister had come down the valley an hour before for a stroll, and returning in the rear of the racing folk, were just speaking of the broken hand-rail, and wondering how much longer it would be allowed to remain a trap for unwary or belated passengers.

‘Like those fools in front of us,’ he was just saying, and broke off to hear Tim’s cry.

‘Upon my word, that’s one of ’em gone in!’ he exclaimed, and rushed away at once along the dusky path. Sarah Maria, calling to him to mind he did not fall, hurried after, but she could not equal his long strides, and when she got up to the dam the man was fished out of it, and was coughing the water out of his lungs while Haigh was putting on the coat he had thrown off.

‘If you mun go to Cratley and get fuddled, lad, you’d better not come home this gate. Happen I’ll not be so handy next time, and I reckon you’re like most folks—in no hurry to get to th’ end o’ your tether.’

Tim shivered,—and not with cold merely. He thought the master might, for once, say summut religious-like, by way of showing decent respect to—to Providence, as the pious folk said. It was a mighty near go, this; too near to be pleasant. Another two or three minutes of that fighting and choking, and —— Yes, it was a very near go, and he supposed he ought to go to church some day soon, to show that he had the right sort of feelings. He mumbled somewhat of this half audibly, and Haigh recognised the voice, he thought. Coming into the open beyond the wood, he cast a glance to the drenched figure shuffling behind him, and saw that it was indeed Tim Nollings whom he had rescued.

‘It is Tim, for sure. Well, lad, thou’s got to take t’ pledge *this* time.’

Tim responded that he would see about that when he’d got a warm skin again. It was no time to talk about pledges when a fellow were biting his tongue every minute. He meant to do sort o’ different after this, but he wouldn’t be drove to ’t—specially when it made no

difference to anybody 'cep himself. If his ways was good enough for him, they should be good enough for anybody else.

Haigh made no reply to this, promising himself that he would make the man dry and comfortable, give him a good hot supper, and then have a very plain talk with him, and see if he could not be persuaded to join the Society of Progress, and fall into decent, manly ways. It was vexing to see a fellow waste his life in such manner, especially as he was not altogether stupid, and might improve himself if he would take the trouble.

In Shirlcot Lane, however, just at the turning to Holywell, they met Joshua, coming away from a prayer-meeting, and he must be told what had happened. Then he took possession of Tim. He had been waiting and praying for years for such an opportunity as this, and he was not going to let it slip.

'Tim's used to a wet skin in the pit. It won't hurt him to go a few yards further afore he dries un, Sir,' Joshua declared. 'And he can bide wi' us all night, d'ye see.'

'Ay, and you can haul him to chapel in the morning,—eh?' said Haigh, a good deal annoyed at this interference with his own lawful prey.

'A' wouldn't haul the devil to chapel agen his will,' said Joshua. 'All the same, Sir,—why not chapel? You've got one o' your own down there, as you'd fain have us all go to.'

'I've no parson fattening off it, at any rate,' said Roger, getting quite angry.

'And mebbe no souls fattening, neither,' returned Joshua, quietly. That's a pint I'd like ye to consider, Sir. Mebbe no souls fattening, neither. Come, Tim, you're shivering. Thank the master, and come yer ways to supper and bed.'

Tim was taken by the arm and marched away, and Haigh had to go up the lane alone, and help to drink the coffee his sister was preparing. For the clothes she was rummaging out, they might go back into the closet. Perhaps she had better send the child to Joshua too, and let him 'fatten' it his own way.

It must be confessed that Roger Haigh was most unphilosophically cross that night. He had been hoping for some time to get Tim reformed; had invited him across to Holywell to see Bessy; had got him to a meeting of the Society one night; had kept him on in the pit, in fact, for no other reason than the hope of some day converting him to sobriety and self-improvement. And now, just when a splendid chance had come in his way, that psalm-singer Joshua must needs pop up and steal it.

'Mak yoursen comfortable, lad, and let him go where he likes.

There are plenty more tipsy colliers,' urged Sarah Maria, quite reasonably, from the Society of Progress point of view. If Martin had been there, he would probably have asked why Roger should give himself several hours of vexation because Tim Nollings might perhaps turn Methodist—considering that in that case he would certainly become sober. 'Do you want Tim reformed, or do you want the credit of reforming him?' he would have said; and even though Haigh had found an answer, he would have felt the arrow pricking a little.

Meantime Tim was going with Joshua more willingly than he would have done but for the fright he had got, and the fact that unless he went with Joshua or the master there was neither fire nor supper for him that night. Also, although the master had saved his life, and must therefore have a sort of right to him, Tim had a vague feeling that Joshua's place was the place for him. He could not have explained the feeling, but it was definite enough to make him plod all through Shirleot with Joshua, instead of turning up to Holywell with the master. There came a day when he was able to explain why he thus put himself in the way of 'parsons' talk,' instead of listening to the gospel of a savings-bank and short hours 'mil-lend-youem'; but at the time he did not think what he was doing, nor why he did it; he simply yielded to a strong hand laid upon him, and to the desire for physical comfort.

That he was taking home an unexpected visitor did not disturb Joshua in the least, for he knew it would not disturb Susan. Her housewifery could bear a sudden assault, or, to use Joshua's own words: 'My missis never pawns her Mondays, so she don't have to steal or borrow her Saturdays.' Any time through the week—unless perhaps it were when the grand spring cleaning was in hand—you would find her tidy and placid, doing the bit of cleansing appointed for that day, but never in a muddle, never in a fuss. No palace could be more sweet and orderly than Susan's humble rooms; perhaps one should rather say that few palaces are so fragrant and well-kept.

'If I didna know you to be a Forest-shire woman, there's times when I'd think you were come fro' some o' them old Jews as were always cleansing an' washing,' Joshua would sometimes say; 'only there's nought o' the Pharisee about you, certainly.'

'Well, I hope not, Joshiway,' she would answer placidly. 'I'm sure if there's a thing I'm pertiklar about it's going well inside everything that *has* a inside. I wish the women was more afraid o' being Pharisees.'

For Tim, he had never been so comfortable in his life as he was presently in Susan's kitchen, when he had got into some old clothes

of Joshua's not yet 'passed on' to a needy brother. Every bit of board was clean enough to eat from, every brass and pewter thing was a polished mirror, every white covering was purely, freshly white; and Tim sat in the warmest corner of the hearth, drinking such coffee and eating such toast as had never tickled his palate before. Who'd have supposed that this sort of stuff could taste so good?

Who'd ha' thought, either, that these pious folk kept such a smart house? for very smart did it look to Tim. The place in Foundry Row was never anything like this; Bet Scunnar's, even, though she had some good bits o' things, wasna half so well-fettled nor so genteel-like. Tim really began to feel envious, and for one moment indulged the stupid old sneer at religion that 'paid.' But the next mouthful of coffee washed this wicked sneer into his throat, to choke him unless he gulped it down and confessed to himself that anyhow he had not found his own ways to be of a paying sort. As for that sanded-room at the *Plough* where he had spent so many jolly evenings—well, as Tim thought of it just now, it seemed far less comfortable and inviting than usual, and he became aware that the benches were hard and narrow, the table splashed with beer, and the cloud of tobacco-smoke somewhat heavy. He stretched his legs over Susan's shining fender, and declared that if she were to give her mind to a public she'd draw all the trade, for certain; the missis at the *Plough* wouldn't stand up a week against her.

Susan, mending stockings for Tim's wear to-morrow, smiled compassionately.

'It's me as wouldn't stand up a week to that trade,' she said. 'I'd sooner lie down in my coffin.'

'Ye wouldn't be sittin' there, Tim, served like a lord, if my missis kept a public. She'd want to know if ye had aught else than water i' your pockets.'

'I wish ye'd let's see ye in a warm housen o' your own, Tim, wi' your little un, pretty and clean, sitting on your knee and saying a prayer for ye,' said Susan, in her mild, pitiful tones. 'Don't you fancy it, now?—and her growing up to cook and sew for ye, and fettle ye up like a gentleman?' Tim set down his cup and glowered at the fire.

'Th' little un's goin' to be brought up genteel,' he said, rather short; 'not for the likes o' me. Th' missis won't let her go when she's eddicated her—not likely.'

This speech was to some extent fruit of Bet Scunnar's planting. 'Them Holywell folk know what they're doing,' she had said one day when she met Bessy's father. 'Miss can't get nobody to work for her, she's that pertiklar, an' Bessy 'll be a slave of her own

growing. You're a fool, Tim Nollings. You've given over your gal to be made a fine lady of, an' by and by she'll pass ye on the road an' turn up her nose at the dirty bandsman.'

This truthful and consistent speech did not fail of the effect intended. Tim was missing the child a good deal, and had almost got the length of feeling himself injured. For a few weeks after giving her up he abandoned himself to being 'regular jolly,' and was at the *Plough* every night, mimicking the master and the Society of Progress, boasting of his Bess being adopted and on the way to first-class gentility, prating about the 'mil-lend-youem' and his views of it, and feeling, all the time, at the heart of him, that he was smaller than ever, and disagreeably like a sneak. He led the chorus of 'Home, sweet Home!' more noisily than before, but to himself it seemed to go very flat. He could not help remembering that Bess would not be there when he went 'home,' and once or twice it did occur to him that she might not be happy. Then, for a bit, in order to have a good 'blow-out' at Cratley, he was working and saving closely, and had time to feel dull and to want 'the little un' rather badly, and he began to say to himself why should he be cheated of his own child and her be taught to despise him? why should he want her there to amuse him, and not have her? why should she grow up to slave for the master instead of her own father? He was fast becoming persuaded, although he knew her for a mischievous liar, that Bet Scunnar spoke true. But he only went once to see Bessy, and that was by the master's peremptory invitation. He would lounge about, perhaps within sight of Holywell, until the evening was so far advanced that he might venture to go into the *Plough* for just one quart—one absolutely necessary quart, which would not seriously reduce his funds, and for a bit of talk about the great 'spree' that was to reward him for present moderation and weariness.

'Little Bess won't learn to say no prayers for her dad where she is now,' said Joshua, his quiet, guileless face wearing a serious look. He greatly disapproved of the dealings with the child, and wished that Tim could be made anxious to get her back, for that anxiety would surely make him think of fitting himself to have her! 'She'll learn to be sober an' respectable an' a deal more as you never tried to show her, Tim; but she won't learn a word of a prayer, an' mebbe in a while she'll begin to look down on ye. They won't teach her no such trick, but it's more'n likely to grow out o' what they do teach her. To be sure ——,' Joshua, being extremely fair in all his conclusions, became slightly embarrassed here, 'to be sure you went the right way to make her do that all along. O, Tim, man, the Lord show ye what a fool ye are, and make the swine's husks stick amongst your teeth!'

Turning to the shelf where the Book lay, he opened it at the parable, and read in slow, quiet tones a simple, sweet story that came all new and strange to one hearer,—and yet did not seem strange either, in some ways, it was so like common life. Then, falling upon his knees, the reader carried on the story into a prayer, and Tim, forced to his knees also, felt himself, as it were, borne on into awful unknown spaces, such as he had never imagined before, where dread horrors loomed darkly and mysterious glories flashed across them, and he, swept onward against his will, confused and trembling, knew not what it meant, or what would become of him.

This feeling went with him to his clean, comfortable bed in a low corner under the roof—a bed such as he had not slept in for many a year; and some degree of it yet lingered when he woke in the unfamiliar calm of the Sabbath morning. It went with him downstairs, where again there was reading and prayer, and then a nicely-made, wholesome breakfast, eaten in quiet seriousness, while cheerful May sunshine poured through the small latticed window over a row of geraniums and begonias, to be reflected from Susan's bright tins and brasses. A spot of lovely peace, this; yet so altogether strange to Tim, that he seemed to be moving through a land of visions where he had no right to be, and from which he might fall at any moment headlong into a black gulf, as he fell last night into the dam. More than once during the night had he seemed to repeat that sudden plunge and to wake fighting with the overmastering water. In this curiously-tranquil yet haunted, this homely yet unreal state, he found himself going to chapel, listening to hymns and prayers and sermon, coming back along retired by-ways, eating dinner, sitting on a bench in the potato-plot during the afternoon, while Joshua was at Sunday-school; and through it all, dully sensible of the bare, filthy room in Foundry Row and the dark pool in Cratley Dingle. Where he sat he could see Foundry Row across the waste, and the question would occur: Was he to go back there to-morrow, to tread again the old paths between that bare shelter and Holywell pit or the *Plough and Harrow*, to stumble again, it might be, some black night and go down, down to rot in gloom and oblivion? He shivered in the May sunshine, and looked another way, but even so the head of Cratley Dingle came into view, and under those trees lay the broken bridge and the deep, still dam. The sense of being haunted grew upon him as the afternoon passed: the contrast of this little haven into which he had been drawn with all that lay behind and beyond deepened every hour.

JAPANESE SHRINES.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

To a traveller newly landed in Japan, one of the earliest and most interesting expeditions is a twenty-mile run from Tokio, the modern capital of the empire, to the village of Kamakura, there to visit the gigantic bronze image of Buddha, or, as it is generally called,

Dai Butsu, 'Great Buddha.'



This is one of the finest specimens of bronze-casting to be seen in the world—not the largest, for Japan has at least one very much larger at Nara, not very far from the city of Kyôto, the ancient capital, but it is singularly hideous, whereas this is really very beautiful, and conveys a wonderful impression of calm meditation, which is exactly the idea which the artist desired to express.

While we were still far off, we caught a glimpse of this grand statue appearing among the trees, and when we drew near, and saw how tiny human beings seemed in proportion, we were able to realize what a

gigantic undertaking it must have been to cast this huge piece of metal-work. Though the figure is sitting, it is forty-four feet in height, and eighty-seven in circumference. It is approached by a flight of steps, on either side of which are two tall bronze lanterns, and in the centre stands an altar on which are set two bronze vases and a brazier for burning incense. (The photographer to whom we are indebted for our illustration has, unfortunately, placed three Japanese—who, as usual, are bareheaded—in such a position that these temple-vases might be mistaken for somewhat remarkable head-dresses!)

This statue is hollow, and is itself a shrine wherein homage is paid to the great Buddha. We entered by a doorway at the back, and

found the interior fitted with the usual altar and image and temple decorations. We might even have had the honour of taking up a position within the hollow head of the great image, but this we were not anxious to do.

Wherever we travelled, in Japan or China or in Ceylon, we found numerous temples of Buddha, or images representing him: some sitting in contemplation; some standing, as if preaching; some lying down, as though he had entered into the eternal rest called Nirvana, which is the highest condition to which it is possible to attain for all eternity. Some of these images are of brass, some of bronze, many of stone, and a multitude are of carved wood, or of clay gilded. In many temples of China I have seen three gigantic statues of Buddha, all exactly alike. These are said to represent him as the ruler of the Past, the Present, and the Future. They are generally very richly gilt, and are supposed to be of solid gold. Idols though they be, there is in truth something very solemn in these calm statues looming through the gloom of the great dark temple, while richly-robed priests offer incense and chant litanies, to which the kneeling throng of worshippers respond by a most devout reiteration of *Namu, Amida Butsu*; which being interpreted, means, 'Save us, Great Buddha.'

This is the prayer which, with slight variation, is offered by about five hundred million worshippers, and I know not how many more, in Japan, Burmah, Thibet, and Chinese Tartary. Formerly Buddhism was the prevailing worship in India, where, however, it is now professed only by about three and a half millions of our Indian fellow subjects,—the majority having returned to Brahmanism or Mohammedanism.

But it was India that gave birth to the great and good philosopher on whom these divine honours were heaped after his death—certainly the last honour he would himself have sought, inasmuch as he was the humblest of men—a mighty reformer and preacher of righteousness, who devoted his life to the reformation of his people.

Gautama Buddha was really a son of the King of Oude, and was born near Lucknow, 623 years before Christ. A royal prince in a most luxurious court, he was surrounded by everything that could make life pleasant. Nevertheless, he soon learnt King Solomon's lesson of 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' and turning to the religion of his country, he sought counsel of the most learned Brahman priests; but these men had nothing to teach him save traditions and fables concerning innumerable false gods. Weary and unsatisfied, the prince forsook the court, and devoted himself to an ascetic life of contemplation, seeking with an unutterable longing for peace of spirit.

In this condition he passed a considerable period of his life, till at length he had worked out what seemed a more satisfactory system, and he went forth to preach to others how they too might attain a measure of peace. So he wandered over India, preaching a doctrine of human brotherhood, of universal charity and sympathy with all men. The blessedness which he offered was open to the lowest out-cast as freely as to the noblest Brahman. Thousands flocked to listen to this new doctrine of kindliness, and a mighty reaction set in against the narrow bigotry of the Brahman idolatry, and the exclusiveness of its caste system.

Very soon Gautama's converts were legion, not only among the poor and friendless, but among the great of the earth—kings and nobles rallied around him to listen to his words of persuasive eloquence.

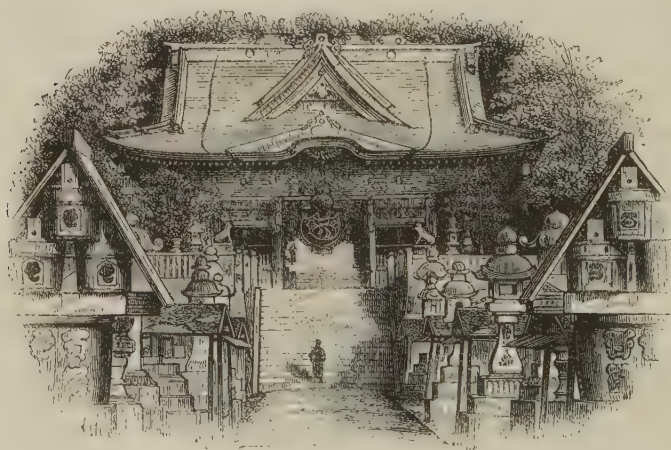
At the age of eighty he died in calmest serenity, and his body was burned with all honour; but from the funeral pyre some relics were saved—bits of bone and of hair, which afterwards became objects of such reverent homage as would have sorely grieved poor Buddha, the denouncer of idolatry. Over each of those relics there was erected a gigantic relic-shrine. Many of these still exist in the depth of the forests in Ceylon, India and Burmah—huge piles of masonry larger than St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

Buddha's disciples, in obedience to their master's commands, went in every direction to preach his doctrine, and so, by about B.C. 300, it had spread all over Asia. Colossal statues were everywhere erected in his honour, and millions, throwing off the trammels of caste, and the oppressive systems of elaborate idolatry, with the worship of an incalculable number of gods, substituted acts of homage to their leader, which were not intended to be worship at all, for the teaching of Buddhism is theoretically atheism—every man working out a salvation for himself. But, of course, human nature craves for some supreme Being to whom it may render the worship which it instinctively recognises as due to some Almighty Power. Therefore Buddha himself was exalted to the place of the unknown God, and, as such, receives to this day the devout worship of a very large proportion of mankind.

In every country where he is acknowledged, his temples are remarkable for their richness of decoration. Many are very beautiful, but none can approach those of Japan, on which all that is most perfect in Japanese art has been lavished with a free hand; and the beauty of wood-carving, silken embroideries, rich hangings, beautiful lamps, and gorgeous blending of gold and colours, produces an effect of refined and exquisite art work altogether unsurpassable.

Here is the approach to such a temple : On either hand are placed enormous lanterns of carved stone, each the offering of some wealthy man. The stairs are straight and steep, but very often there is a circuitous path, at a much easier gradient, for the especial use of women, for Buddha was very tender to all weak things of creation ; and while he generously preached the religious equality of men and women (a grand new doctrine in those days), he afforded chivalrous protection to their weakness, as he did to all living creatures ; and so gentleness to all animals is one of the prominent characteristics of Buddhism. No animal food must be eaten by the religious Buddhist ; and near some of the temples, cages full of birds are offered for sale, in order that the purchaser may acquire merit by restoring their liberty to the little captives.

All the Japanese temples have a heavy thatched roof of the same character, with some carved woodwork, and beneath the eaves there is often beautiful wood-carving of dragon's heads, richly lacquered.



An enormous Japanese lantern hangs from the portal. Such a temple as is shown in the accompanying illustration is but an outer shrine—a gateway probably leading to a court-yard, beyond which lies the actual temple. Such temples are legion all over the empire ; but by far the most beautiful are those in connection with the imperial tombs at Nikko and at Shiba. At both these places the shrines are surrounded by beautiful timber, which sets them off to great advantage—splendid fir-trees and cryptomerias, which are magnificent tall cedars—and an undergrowth of camellia and rhododendron bushes growing wild.

To describe these temples so as to give any idea of their beauty

seems almost impossible, such is the wealth of shining black or crimson lacquer, with beautifully engraved gilt-copper mounting; the hangings of gold brocade; the screens of precious wood, wonderfully carved and painted; the gilded ridge-pole; the red lacquer dragons in bewildering multitude; the panels of wonderful wood-carving in high relief, showing cranes and peacocks, pheasants, coots, trees, flowers, rocks, all life-size and wonderfully real, and coloured according to nature. Some of the flowers stand out three or four inches from the background, and the feathers in the pheasants' tails stand out about eight inches further. Any one who knows the difficulty of wood-carving can appreciate the delicacy of work here required. Round the courtyard of one temple at Nikko there are sixty of these beautiful panels, each measuring four feet by two, and about fifteen inches thick. They are let into the enclosing wall, which is roofed. Some of the most beautiful pieces of wood-carving represent sprays of bamboo, with the sharp, long leaves which appear so light and feathery that they almost quiver in the breeze. And there are boughs of pine in which the very needles stand separate, and the peonies and lotus blossoms are life-like.

You pass through a succession of courtyards and shrines each more beautiful than the last, till you are fairly bewildered with these wonders of artistic work. The colossal bells and lanterns of bronze inlaid with gold, the carved dragon, the black lacquer walls and portals, all just sufficiently brightened by the finest copper-gilt work. On some walls hang rare pictures—paintings on silk by the 'Old Masters' of Japan, representing shadowy dragons and other mythical scenes. And on low tables, exquisitely lacquered, are laid scrolls, which are the sacred writings to be chaunted by the priests—shaven priests of divers orders, in robes of varying quality, from the poorest yellow calico, to the richest gold brocade, but all invariably made of many pieces joined together, thus obeying the letter (though not the spirit!) of the vow of poverty which commands the follower of Buddha to be clothed in patched raiment suited to a mendicant!

The great gateways are guarded by gigantic figures, always in pairs. They represent various forces of nature. One is the spirit who rules the winds. He is painted green, and has a wild, demoniacal face. He carries the wind in a bag round his neck, and stands on idealized clouds and mountains. The ruler of thunder is painted red, and his hair is purple tipped with flame, and under his feet are clouds, whence shoot darts of fiery lightning. These guardians of the portal are always protected by an enclosure of coarse wire-netting, which is invariably bespattered with pieces of wet paper, in consequence of a very odd superstition, namely, that the people who are going to

worship in the temple believe it somehow aids their devotions to chew a little written prayer or charm, and try to spit it through this wire so as to hit the figure! If they succeed, the omen is excellent!

But for these hideous images, there is nothing in such shrines as I have described to bring home to our minds any idea of heathenism connected with their worship; but there are multitudes of more popular temples frequented by the mass of the people, where there are all manner of curious idols. One who receives much devotion is Binzaru, the god of medicine, who vouchsafes healing to the sick and suffering, who come to rub his image, and then the seat of their own pain. The man with sore eyes lays his hand on Binzaru's eyes and then on his own, and goes away hopeful. He whose foot or leg, arm, body, or head is affected, rubs Binzaru on the sore spot, to ensure his making no mistake, and then rubs the corresponding bit of himself. And in proof of the miraculous cures wrought, the shrine of Binzaru is generally surrounded by votive offerings—models of arms and legs, crutches no longer needed, sometimes only old sandals!—from grateful patients.

Another temple much frequented by the people, especially the agriculturists, is the Inari, or Fox Temple, where reverent homage and offerings of rice-cakes and bowls of boiled rice are presented before gilded or stone images of foxes, who are supposed to be in some special manner the guardians of the rice crops.

But the most popular of all shrines is that of Kwan-non, the goddess of mercy. To her good offices are attributed all the mercies of daily life; and, above all, preservation from all manner of dangers. So that her temples, like the shrines of Binzaru, are generally decorated by many gifts, and very often by pictures which represent the very scene from which the worshipper was delivered—sometimes a storm at sea, sometimes a battle, or it may be an earthquake. Among the offerings which appear most frequently are human hair: long braids of woman's hair, or quaint little queues cut from the heads of men (whose hair is curiously combed and tied, so as to come forward on a shaven scalp, and then turns back, when it is again tied and forms a hard queue.)

The chief peculiarity of some of these temples of the merciful goddess, is the multitude of her images. I visited one of her temples at Kyôto, which is said to contain thirty-three thousand images of Kwan-non! Of course this vast multitude is in a large measure made up by having multitudes of minute images encrusted or engraved wherever they can be fitted in, but certainly one thousand are larger than an average human being, and many are gigantic. She is represented with innumerable arms, to typify her far-reaching

mercy—in fact, her special designation is ‘the thousand-armed goddess.’ You would imagine that such a temple as I here describe, can only be suggestive of a vast statue gallery. This, however, is not the case; partly from the fact that the images are all gilt, and that the usual ecclesiastical surroundings never fail to lend a certain impressiveness to the scene.

While such temples as these are generally crowded by apparently devout worshippers (men, women, and children, who come, not for any set service, but just to offer their own individual prayer and pass on their way), there is another class of temple which represents the National or State religion, called Shinto. This is emphatically the worship of ancestors and of certain great ruling forces of nature, more especially the sun, who, being a goddess, is the direct ancestress of the Mikado, *i.e.*, the Emperor of Japan; so that in worshipping the sun-goddess, homage is truly done to the Imperial ancestors, and, consequently, as a matter of State policy, the support of Government has quite recently been taken from the Buddhist temples, and bestowed exclusively on those of the Shinto faith. To these, therefore, must all the military and Government officials repair on all festivals to renew their allegiance to the Imperial House from its earliest celestial origin to its present representative.

It does not appear that Shintoism includes anything beyond this offering of homage to the unresponsive spirits; there is apparently nothing in it to appeal to the affections—all is cold and bare, and the temples themselves are in keeping with this ideal. There is no gorgeous ornamentation—everything is strictly plain and unattractive. Of course (like everything else in Japan) they are scrupulously clean; and the most correct Shinto temples do not even paint their wood-work, only keep the natural wood beautifully polished. No image finds a place in these severe shrines—only a mirror of highly-polished metal, and a large crystal ball, both of which symbolize the sun. These lie on the altar, and beside them is a sacred symbolical sword.

On certain very high festivals, severely classical plays are acted in honour of the departed heroes of olden days. I only saw one of these religious plays, and found it so intolerably dull, that about an hour of it was as much as I could endure, though travellers are bound to see all things. Indeed, I very soon learnt to pass by Shinto temples without the smallest wish to enter them, whereas there is a picturesque fascination in the artistic beauty of many of the Buddhist temples, which was to me irresistibly attractive.

The teaching of ‘the more excellent way’ is progressing, silently and unobtrusively. Christian teachers of many denominations are at work, and here a little, and there a little, they are making way, estab-

lishing small centres of enquiry in many a remote corner; little centres of the heaven which by degrees will assuredly work till a great change has been wrought throughout the land.

Want of space forbids me to enlarge on this subject. I will, therefore, only mention one instance, which was told us at Kyôto (where we saw the temple of the thirty-three thousand Kwan-nons). It was a circumstance which had happened shortly before our visit, and vividly recalled that story of early Christian days, when the malefactors imprisoned at Philippi hearkened to the prayers of Paul and Silas, their fellow-prisoners, and, refusing to profit by the earthquake which opened the prison-doors, quietly remained in their appointed place, and so indirectly led to the conversion of their astonished jailer.

Here it seems that a Japanese native Christian, Mr. Neesima, of Kyôto, gave some copies of the Scriptures and other books to the officer of the prison at Otsu. He gave them to one of the prisoners who was a scholar, and who was detained on a charge of manslaughter. This man read the books, and was so deeply impressed by the new truths they contained, that he forthwith began teaching his fellow-prisoners, over whom he rapidly acquired a strong influence.

After a while a fire broke out in the prison, and to the astonishment of the authorities, the prisoners, in number about one hundred, so far from attempting to escape, did all in their power to extinguish the flames, and, having accomplished their task, remained quietly to be again imprisoned! So unusual a proceeding naturally aroused enquiry among the authorities. The scholar was pardoned; but still remains in Otsu to teach the prisoners, and he has also opened a school for young men, in which Christianity is taught.

I was told that the American Mission alone had established upwards of sixty preaching-stations in and near the great city of Kyôto, which is the capital of Western Japan, and to these many persons come from distant villages to enquire about the new doctrine.

'TICKETS READY!'

THE same old train, the same old man,
The calm blue eye and pleasant
mouth,

'All tickets ready!' still he cries,
And 'Here for London and the
South!'

'Tis twenty years since on this line
I journeyed often, as a boy,
The World before me with its work,
And life before me to enjoy.

'Say, am I dreaming, or is this
Your hand I hold in mine, friend
Will?

How goes the world with you? Or has
Your world indeed been standing
still?'

'Well, thank you kindly, Sir,' said he,
'There's many changes here about;
A' many born, a' many dead,
And scarce a face you'd know, I
doubt!

My old mate Ben—you mind him,
Sir?

Has lain a year beneath the sod,
And his last words was, "Will, I'm
booked

For Heaven, by the grace of God.

"My ticket's ready, mate," says he,
"I didna' get it for mysen."

Will brushed a tear-drop from his
cheek,—

'Ay, Sir, I'll soon be after Ben!'

Then with a hand-shake and a smile

That lit alike both eyes and mouth,
He shouted down the busy train,

'All here for London and the
South.'

Farewell, old friend, how small the
chance

That we shall meet on earth again;
I seek my fortune elsewhere,
You still must guard the London
train;

Yet since short words may bring long
thoughts,

O! tell again that simple tale,
Perchance 'twill reach some hearts to
whom

Fine sermons were of no avail:

That some may hear, as then I seemed
To hear across thy parting nod,

Not only 'London and the South,'
But 'Heaven, by the grace of God.'

E. W. S.

A DISINHERITED WHELK.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

PART II.

WE left the whelk-shell lying on the sea-floor. If you desire to know what is to be seen on that sandy floor, you must ask the diver, or get a Poole fisherman to drag his huge trawl across it, and put all he brings up into glass-bottles with clear sea-water. One thing is quite certain: there are a great many whelk and winkle and natica shells down there, and very few of them are empty. Let us imagine that we are there ourselves, in diving-dresses, on a calm, bright day. 'Why,' say you, 'all the shells are mad! They are racing hither and thither in a most unbecoming manner. I thought molluscs moved slowly, with a soft, gliding motion, except, indeed, cockles, which jump. And these shells—many of them disguised out of all resemblance to their natural selves—are capering, jerking, jolting, tumbling about in a most ridiculous fashion. Surely they are not drunk? Or is this a marine masquerade—a crazy carnival frolic—we are witnessing?' Let us sit down on this bank of sand and watch. Ah! there is our empty whelk-shell, with its serpulæ-tube. And here comes an impudent little winkle, wriggling and rolling along right jauntily. Suddenly it stops in front of the open mouth of the whelk-shell. 'Why,' say you, 'that is no winkle. It looks more like a crab, or a lobster, only it is a very small one, and half its body is hidden in the winkle-shell, and one of its pincer-claws is much bigger than the other. But as far as you can see, it has a mail-shirt and claws and goggle-eyes set on towers, and antennæ

whizzing to and fro, just like a crab.' And now, before you have time to finish your inventory of the creature's belongings, he has positively pulled himself out of the winkle-shell, which seems to have been all too small for its bulk, and, executing a rapid right-about-face movement, he thrusts his tail, which you can see is quite soft and unprotected and hooked, into the empty shell, and, as though conscious of having appropriated, without leave or licence, a house which did not belong to him, or as though fearing lest some bigger and stronger brother-crab might think he had a better right to so eligible a bachelor residence, he scampers away with the stolen inheritance as fast as his legs can carry him.

We have by no means come to the end of our shell-story; but for the present we will let it alone. My belief, and the belief of many people competent to judge, is that the rascally young crab-thief, if he had been at hand when the whelk was building the new wing to his house, would have nipped him by the waist, just as the shore-crab did, and, after dining upon the luscious morsel, would there and then have taken possession of the Disinherited's tenement.

Need I say that this crab is the famous hermit or soldier-crab? Hermit we call him, because he coils himself up in the cave-like shell, as though he wanted to hide himself from the wicked world of greedy, fighting, quarrelsome creatures around him, and have nothing to do with anybody. But watch him when he is quite at his ease, and does not suspect that anybody is at hand to call him to an account, and you will say that 'soldier' or 'brigand' crab is the name by which he ought to be called. Put him into an aquarium, and he will prowl everywhere, tearing, slaying every living thing which takes his fancy, until in despair you pull him out and give him a little water-world all to himself, and feed him on scraps of fish or mutton, or pitch him back into the great wide sea, where he can carry on his mad pranks until some soldier bigger than himself makes him pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

On the shores of our English seas the hermit-crab never grows to a larger size than may be housed inside the shell of the dog-whelk. But in warmer climates, where shells in greater variety and of a far larger size are to be found, the hermit attains to considerable dimensions, and spends much of its time on land, like its near relative the robber-crab, and climbs trees, and feeds on flesh or fruit, and fights and croaks, and altogether conducts itself in a very comical manner.

I need scarcely say that the hermit-crab is a member of a very large family, known to naturalists by the name *Crustacea*. In very ancient times, when the Silurian beds were being formed, the family had a great number of representatives which have long ago become extinct.

Two hundred and sixty-three species of Trilobites have been found in the British Silurian formation. They must have swarmed in those ancient seas, just as crabs and shrimps swarm in our modern seas. But they are all gone, save one curious allied form which, if I remember rightly, was dredged in Loch Fyne, where the finest herrings are found. Next to the Trilobites come the great king-crabs, which are worth a visit to a museum or to the Crystal Palace Aquarium to see, unless one could go to tropical regions to see their majesties at home. Then come all the water-fleas—Cyclops, with her one red eye, and egg-sacs which she carries about, one on each side of her tail; and the tiny Cypris, and the lovely little Daphnia, which, under the microscope, is so transparent that you can easily discern the whole of its internal organisation actually at work—the throbbing heart, the breathing branchiæ, the very muscular bands which enable it to twitch its eyes, as well as all the delicate markings with which its shell is ornamented. Many of these fleas, to use their popular name, live in fresh-water. But others are found in the sea, and form the food-supply of some of the hugest beasts. And after these come innumerable hosts of barnacles, cray-fish, lobsters, crabs, prawns, shrimps, and other creatures which have scientific names, and are well-known to naturalists, but unknown to us ordinary people, and therefore I will say nothing about them. But when next you buy a big red crab or a lobster, or a pint of shrimps, or half a hundred of prawns, remember that these creatures represent a bewildering variety of crustaceans, all of which, together with multitudes of extinct species which have left their shells in rocks of various ages, are formed on one type; and that by almost insensible degrees these water-breathing Arthropoda, as they are called, pass into the air-breathing Arthropoda whom we know as scorpions, spiders, centipedes; and so we get to cockroaches, beetles, flies, and all the rest of the insects of whom there are more than one hundred and fifty thousand different kinds, whilst of the rest of the Arthropoda there may be fifty thousand.

Now the marine-crustacean section of this great family fill a very important place in nature. They clear the rock-pools and the sea-floor down to considerable depths of all dead animal matter; and although they often get eaten, especially in their juvenile forms and when they moult their shells, yet being clad in plate-armour, or having it in their power to appropriate hard shells, and being gifted with great fighting powers and no small measure of craft, and being able to cast claws which may have been seized in battle, and to grow new ones, they hold their own in the great ocean-world and multiply prodigiously.

Look into the face of a hermit-crab as he lies on a stone in the Aquarium, with his mailed-front and claws protruding, and you will see that nature has supplied him with a rich profusion of organs. He has eyes mounted on movable-stalks which may be withdrawn into safe shelter, and thrust out and rolled about all ways—compound eyes they are, with many facets like a fly's. He has two long jointed antennæ, with which he can feel about, two pretty little antennæ which are continually twiddling and jerking one after another with an irregular motion, something after the fashion of the ears of a sensitive horse—ears they are believed to be; another pair of antennæ guarding the mouth and for ever twitching—they are said to be noses. When he dies, as die he will some day, cut him open, and you will find, if you are clever at the delicate work of dissecting, and have a microscope and other appliances, a wonderfully complicated nervous system, which rules and directs all these and the many other organs with which the creature is enriched. And then say whether it is not a more reasonable, and therefore an easier, thing to believe that the infinite wisdom of the Creator has presided over the development of so delicate and complicated a piece of machinery, than it is to believe that, left to itself, the creature has slowly, through rolling years and ages, fashioned itself. Is it not saying to you: 'He hath made us, and not we ourselves'?

Crabs, lobsters, prawns, and indeed all the mailed warriors of the sea, are comical creatures. You may watch a prawn in an Aquarium, staring out of a dark cavern, with its long, pillared eyes, until there comes over you a weird suspicion that it is actually speculating as to who you are, and what you mean. You would never guess him to be a prawn, for he is not red, opaque and solid, as he would be if you were to boil him; but shadowy, transparent, of a faint, delicate yellow tint. He does not rush about, as do most shrimps, but reposes in mid-water, stretched out at full length, with a calm dignity edifying to behold. He will live peaceably enough in an Aquarium, and will come to no harm, which is a matter of considerable moment to an Aquarium-keeper whose heart is tender; for it is not pleasant to come downstairs in the morning and find that any of your little friends have met with a tragic end. Only the other morning a sight greeted us which was as sad as it was comical, and all because a fish, which you know has a proper brain and a back-bone, and ought to have more sense than a poor little prawn, must needs dive head foremost into the stomach of a green anemone. The fish was a full-grown marine stickleback, with emerald eyes and a coat of many colours, who had done good service in helping to pay off a big chapel-debt, and as a reward for good

conduct, had just been consigned to the aristocratic society of the Country Naturalist's favourite Aquarium. If he had been wise, he would have settled down quietly like the prawns who came with him, and when he felt hungry he would have come to the top, like the blennies, to be fed. But first he sulked in a dark hole, and then, selecting a creature smaller than himself, he made a wild rush at it, like a bad-tempered boxer, and got his head into 'chancery,' whilst his tail rose erect—despairing, defiant, desperate. Alas! alas! that sticklebacks, who are so heroic in fight and so clever in nest-building, and so true to their wives, should be so foolish in ferocity. But they are all alike—fresh-water and salt-water—and are not fit to be let loose in good society. If you *will* keep them, let them have a little world all to themselves.

One morning last November a friend and I chartered a boat for dredging. In the bottom of the boat lay a huge mussel. Cutting it open, we found a curious, little, delicately-coloured crab, with a semi-soft shell. It was not there to be eaten, nor yet with mischievous intent. It was no intruder, but at home in its lawful place, doing its appointed work—the friend and ally of the mussel, sharing its food-supply, and in return doing, I fancy, service for its host. The pea-crab, as it is called, is one of the curiosities of nature, and suggests strange thoughts concerning the adaptation of species to surroundings which we should regard as foreign to its true nature.

Search the mud, stones, empty shells, tunicata, and tube-worms which an oyster-dredge will bring up in Poole Harbour, and you will very likely find a queer little crab, with minute pincers and thick, fleshy bands surrounding its claws and covering its body. I do not know its name, but its thick mufflings and fantastic shape fit it to rank as one of the odd characters of our neighbourhood. Let down the dredge again, and your toil in hauling it up, and the discomfort of sorting out its unsavoury contents, may be rewarded by the discovery of the Dorset crab—peculiar to this coast. It, too, is an oddity, reminding us of some people whom one has seen—all legs and arms, save for a pinched-up body and a peaky face—sprawling folks who seem to be in a chronic state of hesitancy as to the most satisfactory way in which to dispose of their appendages.

I have never seen it, but there is a curious crab which rejoices in the magnificent name of *Corysters Cassevilanus*, the roughnesses of whose body, as figured by Mr. Gosse, suggest the grand features—eyes, nose, mouth, chin and forehead—of a typical hero of olden times. Cassevilanus sits bolt upright in the Aquarium, with his long arms lifted straight up by the side of and above his rugged body, as though he were invoking wrath upon all the companions of his captivity.

Another crab which you are sure to find lurking in the darkness and mud under boulder-stones, at low water, all along this Dorset coast, follows quite an opposite habit. It is flat as a pancake, and is covered with short bristles ; and its claws, which are abnormally large, fit close in to its body. When disturbed, it scuttles away with a shuffling, sidelong motion, as though it were ashamed to be seen. Yet it has this to be proud of, that though condemned to live in and upon dirt, it most sedulously keeps itself clean, and maintains a perfectly healthy condition of body.

And here let me say that, in studying these lower orders of life, nothing is more wonderful than the self-cleansing power with which God has furnished all the creatures which find their home and work and means of sustenance amidst foul surroundings. Would that all the human creatures who are doomed, by the exigencies of what I may call the intensified gregariousness of crowded town-life, to do the dirty work of social life, could be redeemed from the curse of personal uncleanness and domestic disorder. Surely if the porcelain-crab can be clean in the midst of uncleanness, men, with far higher powers, can be in the world yet not of the world,—in the grime and soot and dust and dirt of lowly employments, yet neither grimy in mind, nor, when the actual work is done, grimy in body. My earliest teacher and leader in mission-work for Jesus was a sweep, who lived and worked in the filthiest quarter of a not over-clean city ; yet he was a man of clean hands and bright face and tasteful habits—a man who had a soul keenly alive to the charms of cold water and music ; and, indeed, of all things pure and lovely. ‘ Wash you, make you clean,’ is a text which might be literally urged with no little moral gain in many a dark corner where our brothers and sisters are toiling and moiling in hopeless drudgery and misery.

A few years ago, when there was a great outcry against the promoters of a scheme for bringing the pure water of one of our loveliest Cumberland lakes into Lancashire, I ventured to plead the right of the people to the vast stores of water laid up in the mountainous region above our manufacturing districts. And I cannot but cherish the hope that the day is not very far distant when every dweller in close and smoky towns will have the priceless boon of an abundance

fresh, clean, sweet water of which to drink and in which to bathe. And rest assured that the people will not less easily and eagerly ‘ put away the evil of their doings,’ because of the facilities put within their reach to wash and be clean ; and, I will add, to drink and be sober.

You have often noted the fact that the iron gratings of the lower

pier, over which the tide washes, are encrusted with little hard, white morsels of lime. If you stoop down and examine them, you will see that they are all built up of small flat plates, which lean against one another, forming a cone, broad at the base and open at the top. Inside the open top is a lid, or mouth, made also of plates jointed with horny cartilage and closing in with tightly-fitting lips. If you could transfer a chip of the iron grating, with two or three of the lime-cones attached, to a shallow glass of sea-water, you would presently see the lips open, and from the cavity within a many-fingered hand would be thrust out, with a swift, snatching motion. The cones, I need scarcely say, are barnacles. There are countless myriads of them about the pier, on the gratings, on the piles, in fact, on every spot not already tenanted by mussels, sea-weeds, or zoophytes.

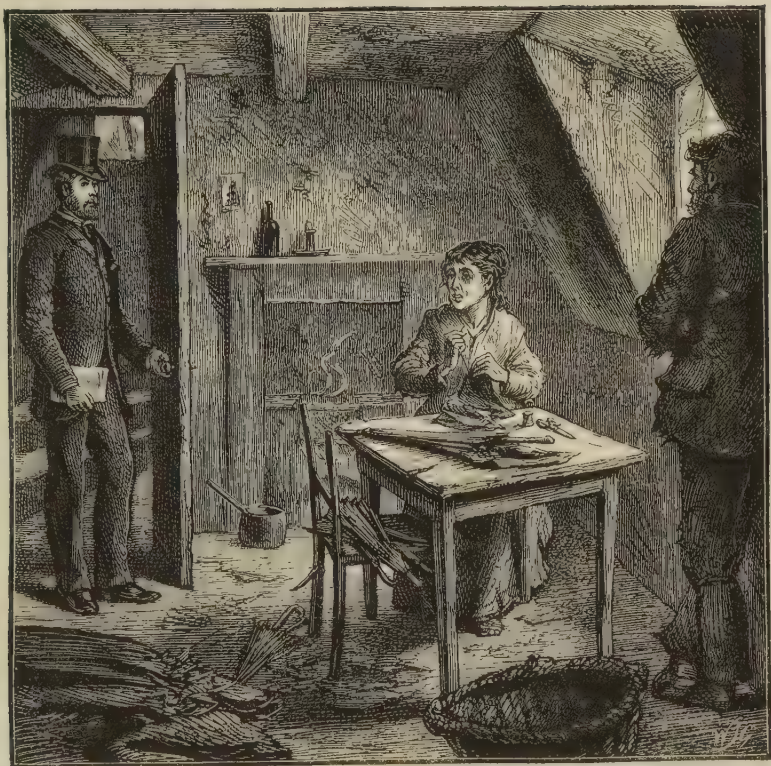
One day there floated out of the open barnacle-mouths crowds of minute atoms, like the finest dust. If you had been at hand to catch them in a muslin-net, and had examined them under a microscope, you would have said, 'Why, these are baby water-fleas. There is no difference between them and the newly-hatched cyclops, such as we find in pond-water.' If you had kept them in fresh sea-water, you would have found them moulting into the cypris form, and finally you would have seen them perform a very singular antic. But this last change I will ask you to imagine as taking place down in the sea under the pier. On a certain day a shoal of youthful barnacles who had survived all the perils of the deep, strayed away from their birth-place among the pier-piles to the open sea, and having exhausted all the joys of the cyclops and cypris forms and modes of life, and being quite weary of wandering about, began with one consent to search for some convenient spot on which to settle down. There were no piles, no baulks of floating timber, no anchored boats upon which they could fasten, but down at the bottom of the sea they discerned with their sharp eyes—for they had eyes in those days—a number of shells with hermit-crabs inside. These would serve their purpose admirably. They wanted a settled home, and yet they desired some little stir and life. Down upon the backs of the tenanted shells came the flea-like barnacles, head-foremost; yes, head foremost! That is the odd part of the business—so odd, that even Professor Huxley, in writing his hard, dry, clever book on the Invertebrata, could not resist the comicalness of this fact in barnacle-life, but made a note of it, which everybody who writes about barnacles makes haste to copy. And as soon as the creatures found their heads in contact with the hard shell, they began to pour out from their antennæ a cement, which quickly hardening, made them fast, never more to move. Then followed a whole series of wonderful changes. First they cast their

bivalve cypris shells. Then they developed plate-armour and became shrimps. Then their legs got transformed into six pairs of arms, with four-and-twenty fingers and nearly five hundred joints, all fringed—as all these creatures I am describing to you are (somewhere, or at some stage of growth), and as, indeed, your throat and nose are, if only you could see them—with delicate hairs, every one of which can feel and wave. And all the while a strong wall, composed of shelly-plates, was being built up; and so the queer little beasties came to be true and proper barnacles, and here are five or six of them on the back of our Disinherited's shell, among the serpula tubes. And great fun it is to watch them opening their trap-doors, thrusting out their beautiful hands, or legs, as Professor Huxley calls them, and 'kicking food out of the water into their mouths.' They seem a long way removed from crabs and spiders; yet they have points in common which bring them into a cousinly alliance. And this peculiarity they certainly share with spiders—they live head downwards.

Two years ago there was cast up on our shore a huge log of timber which was closely matted all over with barnacles, very different in shape to the one I have described. Each animal consisted of a long, fleshy stalk growing up from the head and attached at the far end to the timber. The shell was a kind of compound bivalve, containing a fishing apparatus similar to the one I have described.

THE SEASONS IN THE FAR NORTH.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin, in *Poor Richard's Almanac*, makes the jocular prophecy that in the month of February 'there may be expectations of much ice and snow in Greenland,' he expresses a very safe opinion regarding the popular belief in the climate of the Arctic regions. There is probably no zone of the world extending over such a wide region of which the climate is so unvarying, either in its heat or cold. Spitzbergen in summer is very much the same as the mouth of the Mackenzie, and the amenities of a Greenland winter are not strikingly superior to those of Novaia Zemlia. A greater expanse of sea in the vicinity may make the cold less severe in the winter, or the heat less intense in the summer; but the Arctic climate is, to a great extent, the same over the whole extent of the frozen regions during the same months in the year. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter there are, as in lower latitudes, but these terms express something different from what we understand by them in more favoured regions. Four months of daylight, four months of darkness, and four months of day and night, might more clearly express the nature of these seasons in the far, far North. The summers are short but bright, and their glory is all the greater after the long dreary winter night of several months. Snow is late in disappearing, and in the highlands and shady places, except in very warm seasons, remains all the year round. By June, however, summer is upon us in the farthest North. The snow disappears, leaving the bare mossy soil or smooth ice-shaven rocks to make their appearance, in black ever-extending patches, out of the white background. The ice has broken up in the fjords; though it remains until late in the summer as a covering to the shallow, dreary little lakes, which the traveller may look down upon in every lonely valley. In the course of a few weeks, the 'ice foot' attached to the shore alone remains as the attestation of the wide-spread field of ice which, during the winter months, covers the sea far and wide.—From *'The Countries of the World,'* Part I., for June.



HOMES WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

BY C. R. PARSONS.

YES, English homes without the Bible! It will be my business to-day to visit many such. I must keep one main purpose before me—that of shedding some rays of light in these dark abodes. I am not a relieving officer, and however my heart may ache when brought into contact with abject poverty and want, I have nothing to give except a loaf of bread here and there. True, there may be a few loose coppers and several stray sixpences in my pocket, but these I must use with great discretion. They will be sure to part company before I return. O, happy people, who in a great work have not to think of small economies! Other things, too, will steal away my thoughts. I shall be sure to ‘go a-thinking’ as I wander in and out amongst these foul rookeries, as to who is to blame, and how the

great problem of 'outcast humanity' will at length be solved. There is light ahead, thank God!

I cannot help lingering in my study. Soon the word is given, 'The Lord God Which gathereth the outcasts of Israel saith, Yet will I gather others to Him, beside those that are gathered to Him' (Isaiah lvi. 8). This is a precious word to me, and I will remember that 'He,' our glorious human Brother, has gone in and out amongst these outcasts before me, and from among them will He gather many a trophy for Himself.

In almost the first house I enter I find eight families living in seven rooms. In all, there are about fifty souls. Everything around me speaks of the utmost squalor and destitution. In one of the rooms there is a woman mending umbrellas. She is cutting and stitching with all her might. The place is in a most filthy condition, and the woman has a terrible black eye. She does not hesitate to tell me the cause. 'I borrowed twopence of my neighbour upstairs to get a pint of beer; next day she got drunk, and came to me in a dreadful rage demanding payment. I could not pay her, so she set to and knocked me down. O, it's a dreadful place is this! Do you see that room there? That's where a man hung himself only the other week. I came home just at the right minute to cut him down, or he would have been gone. But it was almost a pity. He's been off drinking nearly ever since. What will become of us all I don't know.' From the manner in which she addressed me, I gathered that her life had not always been as it was now. She glanced into my face and resumed: 'Ah! I have seen better days than these. If my brother in Scotland knew I was in such a plight he would break his heart. He is a Presbyterian Minister, and I dare not tell him.'

This woman had gone down a dark, slippery path, and was now only a wreck of her former self. 'Where is the Bible you used to have?' 'Gone, as everything else has gone. I have no Bible now; and I wish I had no soul!' Yes, the Bible had gone, and all that was dearest of true womanhood had gone too. A man was standing back in the corner, and answered gruffly the few questions I put to him. But my heart went out after the unhappy woman. Poor creature! swamped by the evil forces in and around her, and drifting onwards to eternity unpitied and unforgiven.

'Ah,' said a woman in the next apartment, 'the man that married me gave me a beautiful Bible, that he did—it was a real beauty.' 'Where is it now?' 'O, I don't know! and as far as that goes it does not much matter; what good would it be to me now?' 'It would be much good to you; don't you know that the Bible is a rich treasure, and no one can be really poor who believes and trusts in

that precious Word?' 'I s'pose 'tis all true enough what you say, but such talk don't do for the likes o' we.'

I go into the next house. 'Well, mother, have you got a Bible?' 'Law, bless you, man, I've had lots o' them things in my time; but what's the use keeping sich things about, only in one's way; besides, one can turn them into somethink else.' My readers will guess what that 'somethink' was. It would not cost her a second thought to part with a Bible for a glass of ale. 'How did you get so many Bibles?' 'The children brings 'em here—how they get them how can I tell you?' 'Did you ever hear of Jesus?' 'O, my poor heart alive, whatever will he ax me next?' 'If you will listen I will read to you a few verses telling of His great love to us poor sinners.' Here I was immediately interrupted—'Wonder if you can help a poor body. I ha'n't got nothink, Sir; no, not a bit nor sup in the house.' 'All I can do for you now is to tell you that Jesus loves you, and that He died to save you, and it is all written down in the blessed Book you treat so lightly.'

Close by lives a blind woman, and I read to her the ninth chapter of St. John's Gospel. The tender, loving words of the Son of Man are spirit and life to this old traveller in life's wilderness. She has been blind for forty years. Her pinched, wrinkled face brightens as I speak of the land where there are no sightless eyes, and where all gaze on the beauties of its glorious King.

In the next house are eight families, and not one of them possesses a copy of the Word of God. O, it is pitiful to go from room to room and to see the desolation on every hand! Nothing but poverty, hunger and dirt! In one of these dismal abodes, in the corner is a heap of rags. There all the family lie down at night. The place is reeking with filth. In the next apartment there are not even the rags—only the bare boards. In several instances the rooms are wholly deserted; the inmates are out seeking their living. A dark stair leads to the top floor. 'Who's there? What do you want?' cries an old man. 'I want to see you and to know how you are getting on.' He half opens the door. 'What do you want?' 'May I come in? I should like to know if you have a Bible, if not, may I read to you from one?' The old man shuts the door and bolts it, and I grope my way down, careful of my steps, or I may get to the bottom in less time than I desire. On my way through the court there are two women quarrelling and using the most abusive and the foulest language. In this neighbourhood the women fight and quarrel much oftener than the men. A few days before this, near the same spot, there were three women fighting in the midst of an applauding crowd. They were tearing each other's flesh, while the blood was

streaming down the faces of two of them. With sick and heavy heart I turn away. O, God! what *can* be done? These are Thy creatures, formed by Thy hand, and redeemed by the blood of Thine Own Son. And they are our brothers and sisters still.

A few yards below, a tall, thin youth opens the door. 'You are ill, I see.' 'Yes, Sir, the doctor says I be consumptive.' 'Do you think you shall soon die?' 'I don't know,' he answers with a languid, feeble expression. He told me that he used to go to Sunday-school; but that his old teacher had never been to see him. He had no Bible, and scarcely a thought about the future world so close at hand. I plainly see that soon he will be beyond the reach of man, and so I enter him on my 'special' list.

The next house is a contrast to many around it. Sitting by the fire is a middle-aged woman mending her husband's clothes. 'O yes!' she says, 'I have the Bible my father gave me on his dying-bed. His hand was laid upon it when he died. "Hannah," said he, "never part with this blessed Book. It has been a great comfort to me in many a trouble, and now I'm come to die I'm leaning on its promises. Keep this Bible, Hannah, and meet me in heaven"; and so, Sir, I hope I shall never have to part with it.' 'You often read it, I hope?' 'O, yes!' I take it up Sundays and read it—it's good company when I am alone.' 'Do you love the Saviour Whom it reveals?' 'Well, I'm not so good as I ought to be; I'm nothing like my father was.' There was a pause, and I saw the tears trickling down her face, furrowed with lines that told of care and sorrow. It was several minutes before I answered, caring not to intrude upon the hallowed memories of her sainted and praying father. Her husband was a labouring man, and often out of employment. 'All we can do,' said she, 'is to keep things a bit tidy, and many a time I've gone without a meal that my children may have some;' and she might have added, 'and that I might keep my father's Bible.'

The next five families have no Bible, and indeed no desire to get one. 'Tis no good to tell lies about it, mine is across at "uncle's," and that's the truth; goodness knows when I shall be able to fetch it out.' A second says: 'And mine stayed in the box so long that the mice nibbled it up all in bits. I s'pose there were nothing else for them to eat, poor things.' A third gives a coarse laugh when I put the question to her. 'Mine!' (*mine* means her husband) 'mine puts his away and locks it up, or I guess it would soon get locked up somewhere else.'

In one court there was not a single copy to be seen. 'I think this is a piece of one, is it, Sir?' Yes, it was 'a piece of one,'—a few torn,

dirty leaves. To one of these people I said, 'Would you like a Bible? if you would, a friend of mine will give you one.' The answer given was this: 'Well, I ha'n't got sich a thing, but I warrunt they be very handy-like in the house.' On soil so unpromising I drop a seed here and there. It is a work born only of hope and faith; a work which must link itself with the endless future. This is our source of strength and comfort. Still, there have been many 'fruits of righteousness' in this moral desert; and our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

In one of these courts there has just passed away a trophy of redeeming grace. He was a young married man, and was confined to his room by a lingering consumption for more than two years. A landlady from a public-house close by was very kind to him during the whole time, and it was through her that I got to know him. I found him in a deplorable state: 'I am lost, I am lost; yes, I am lost!' was nearly all he would say. A high-church clergyman had been visiting him; and because the dying man steadily refused his priestly ministrations, thereupon the minister branded him an unbeliever, and told him he would be cast out from heaven for ever. This thought preyed upon his mind until it haunted him night and day. At length the spell was broken, and he could say: 'Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He did not live long after this.

Work away, dear fellow-labourer, whoever you are or wherever your field may lie, and eternity shall reveal your secret and unknown work for God, and Jesus shall crown you with the glad 'Well done!'

A FORETASTE OF THE MILLENNIUM.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. HAMLY.

'And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.'—ISAIAH XII. 1, 2.

THESE words, in the mouth of a Christian, have a wonderful fulness of meaning. It would be difficult to find any single passage of Scripture that would more forcibly express the experience of one who is living in the full possession of the great salvation. No doubt there are many Christian people who cannot adopt this whole passage as the language of their own experience; there are parts of it to which their hearts gladly respond, but there are other parts that represent blessings ardently desired but not possessed. How many there are who

would shrink from saying with confidence, 'God is my salvation'; they are hoping and praying and believing that God *will be* their salvation, but they cannot claim a present salvation. And yet they can very readily adopt a part of this passage, and say that the Lord is their 'strength': they are conscious of Divine help, they are conscious of being the subjects of a measure of Divine grace, and of the Spirit's quickening influence; they are not altogether 'aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise.' Then there are others who can trust in God for present salvation, but their faith is small and weak: it seems a great battle with doubt; fears constantly intrude, and sometimes almost shut out the light of day; they know that it *is* day and not night, but it is often a cloudy day, the sky is frequently overcast; now and then there are bright intervals when it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun as it shines full and warm upon their hearts, but soon the clouds gather again. These can say: 'Behold, God is my salvation!' but they cannot always say: 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'

Now, it is a good thing to be able to claim as our own any portion, however small, of the great blessing contained in this passage: the glimmering dawn is better than the unbroken night, the smallest fragment of the feast is better than nothing at all. But can we doubt that God intended we should enjoy this full portion of Gospel grace and privilege? Ought we to rest content with anything less than this joyful experience? It is not an impossible nor exceptional standard which is here set before us, but the normal privilege of all the children of God. We should, therefore, not be satisfied until we can make not a part only but the whole of this language our own. 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid' for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.'

How, then, is this state to be attained? By what steps may we rise to the possession of this great privilege? The prophet speaks of this as a song that shall be sung at a certain time or under certain circumstances: 'In that day thou shalt say.' It is a possible song for all; but it is possible only on specified conditions. And wherever the conditions are fulfilled, this song will naturally follow. It is not like a difficult piece of music that has to be learnt slowly and painfully, and then rendered with mechanical precision. It is a spontaneous song, like the song of the birds—the song of a heart that sings because it must.

What, then, is this 'day' which the Prophet speaks of as the day when this song shall burst forth from the lips and hearts of God's people? We must learn that by referring to the previous chapter.

There we find a prophetic picture of the millennial reign of Christ ; when the Messiah's kingdom shall be fully established in the earth, and under its beneficent influences there shall be peace and goodwill among men. We are accustomed to refer to this glorious prophecy as the hope of the future ; we keep the beautiful picture before our minds as an inspiring vision of the latter-day glory, when the Gospel shall have accomplished its final triumphs in the earth. No chapter of Scripture prophecy has a more alluring interest for the Church of Christ than this : 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together ; and a little child shall lead them. . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain : for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' This is the 'day' to which the prophet refers. 'In that day' the people of God shall sing this song of holy confidence and joy.

'Are we, then,' you will ask, 'to wait till the millennium before we can sing this song? Clearly this promise refers to a definite period which is yet in the future. It is the song of the millennium. It is the joyful strain with which the saints shall welcome the incoming of the millennial day. But that day has not yet dawned. That happy time has not yet come.' True, that day has not yet come for the world ; but it *has* come for individuals. 'That day' is here now. 'That day' has already begun in every heart where Jesus reigns ; in every soul that has submitted to the rule of Christ. Jesus does not yet reign over the whole world, but in many individual hearts He reigns as completely as if He were the universal King ruling the nations of the earth. And in every heart where Jesus is enthroned the millennium has come. For what do we mean by the millennium? We mean the supreme and universal reign of Christ ; the complete setting up of that kingdom which Christ came into the world to establish, that kingdom which 'is not of this world,' whose laws are spiritual laws, and whose sovereignty is a heavenly sovereignty. 'The kingdoms of this world' shall, in the best sense, have 'become the kingdoms of . . Christ' when the principles of the Gospel shall exercise a paramount influence everywhere. When we speak of Christ's reign, we do not dream of a material throne and a visible personal rule. He will reign in a higher sense than that ; He will reign by spiritual forces. When the principles of Christ's kingdom—righteousness, truth, meekness, gentleness, love—become the ruling forces of humanity, then the millennium will be here. Whatever earthly kings may sit upon the thrones of the world, Christ will then be the real ruler—'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

But is not that exactly the state of things that already exists with-

in the smaller circle where Christ is already enthroned—viz., the hearts of His people? He reigns there already: His laws are more binding than any earthly laws; His authority is higher than that of any earthly monarch; He has the first claim to obedience: loyalty to Him is the first duty of life, and the ruling principle of conduct. This is the kind of supremacy that Jesus has attained in the hearts of His people. Although the world for the most part as yet refuses His rule, here He is securely enthroned, here the millennial day has already dawned, here the gracious results of the Messiah's reign are already manifest—'The wolf dwells with the lamb, and the leopard lies down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;'—the fierce, untamed passions of the natural man have been brought into peaceable subjection, 'and a little child' may 'lead them.' Yes, pride has given place to humility, and arrogance and self-sufficiency to a disposition docile, simple and gentle as a little child. These are the fruits of Christ's millennial rule, and they are already visible. The millennium is here: it is 'even at the doors,' and all who will may participate in its blessings; all who will may take up the millennial song, and say: 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.'

There is wonderful significance and spiritual insight in this prophetic picture. The prophet does not put the song of salvation first, and the reign of Christ next. The song is the result of the reign; the song is the natural outcome of submission to the Messiah's rule. 'In that day,' when Christ is all and in all, 'thou shalt say: Behold, God is my salvation.' Here we have a profound principle of the spiritual life; here we may learn the secret of a full salvation. This is the practical answer to the question: 'How can we make this experience our own?' Complete submission to the rule of Christ is the antecedent condition: it is a law of Christ's kingdom as sure and undeviating as any law of the natural world. If we cannot say, 'God is my salvation,' it is because we have not thoroughly submitted to Christ; there has not been a complete and absolute surrender; there is some resistance to His rule lurking somewhere in the recesses of the heart. The prophet was right; the millennium must come first, and then the song of salvation will follow. 'In that day,' when we fully give up ourselves to be ruled by Christ, when we say:

'Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne;'

then, and not before, shall we be able to sing this song. As long as the world holds out against Christ, its discords will never be healed,

its loud wail of sorrow and suffering and disappointment will never be hushed, the universal song of joy and praise will never be heard. And what is true of the world is equally true of individuals: there is but one balm for the great heart of humanity, and for the individual heart of man; there is but one cure for the woes of the world, and for the woes of this aching spirit—and that is, submission to the rule of Christ. ‘O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.’

Let us learn, then, to seek the right thing first. The submission of the heart to Christ is the point on which all else hangs, the key which admits us to all ‘the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’ All we have to do is to open our hearts and let the Saviour in; and He will bring with Him, without our asking, ‘the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.’ Many make a great mistake here: they are seeking to be made happy, seeking to be filled with love and joy and peace; they fix their eye on the great blessing of God’s salvation and yearn after it with intense desire, all the while forgetting that this can never be attained by simply seeking it directly. This is not the proper object of human search at all. Submission to Christ is all that concerns us, and God will take care of the rest: ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God’—submit to the gentle, loving rule of Christ, ‘and all these things’—the inward heaven of fellowship with God and the outward manifestation of all the fruits of the Spirit—‘shall be added unto you.’ Let us not forget the true relation between these things. When Jesus is enthroned in our hearts, when He reigns there as completely as He will by-and-by reign over our converted world, ‘in that day’ this song will become ours in all its full meaning: ‘Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation.’

SUMMER.

BY ANNIE E. COURTENAY.

‘The sun.....which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.’—PSALM xix. 4, 5.

As in the east the silver light	In shining chariot see him ride,
Of Morning trims the robe of Night,	With treasures for his waiting bride;
Bursting from out his gates of gold	Pure pearls of dew to deck her hands,
The sun, a bridegroom bright, behold!	And clasp her wrists with glittering bands.
The radiant Earth in beauty drest,	Jewels and robes of varied hue,
With glowing cheek and flower-crown- ed breast,	To dress her all the seasons through;
Arises from her slumbers sweet,	Fair emerald robe for days of spring,
And smiles her kingly lord to greet.	When birds their tuneful chorus sing.

The choicest colours of the West,
When Autumn comes to be her guest,
And soft white robe to keep her warm
When Winter howls in wrathful
storm.

If he should long desert his bride,
Nor wait attendant at her side,
Or long withhold the ruddy kiss
That wakes again her bridal bliss,
The blossoms on her bosom fade,
Her days are wrapped in sombre
shade,
She clothes her in the garb of grief,
Till he appears for her relief.

As waits the Earth with longing eyes
Till she behold her lord arise,
So longs the soul that looks above,
To Christ, her Bridegroom, Sun of
Love.

Where'er His healing rays abound,
New graces bloom and fruit is found;
The blight of sin is purged away,
And night gives place to joyous day.

If Thou, O Christ, my Bridegroom be,
And in Thy love abide with me,
Tempests may rage and billows roll,
But it is summer in my soul.

THE TRIAL AND WORK OF WAITING TIMES.*

THE TRIAL OF WAITING TIMES.

WHEREVER we turn in Nature, we find that all things living have their enemies. Nothing makes progress to maturity without passing through difficulties, and very often hardly escaping death. And in spiritual life every grace has its own peculiar enemies. Not only is our actual life assailed, but all the out-puttings of that life; so that every grace may be said to be matured and exercised with great difficulty. Thus it is with the waitings of the soul. They are very blessed, very God-honouring, very profitable to ourselves, but they are full of trial. It is one of the faults of the preachings and writings which are very common in the present day, that this trial side of the Christian life is forgotten. Men preach and write as if 'coming to Jesus' were to be all joy, all exhilaration, all unbroken felicity, no sorrows, no cross-bearings, no strife of soul. One would think that 'coming to Christ' meant warfare ended, instead of begun; the putting on of a crown, instead of the taking up of a cross.

Men see the beauty and preciousness and power of a grace; but they do not see the peculiar trials and temptations to which that particular grace is exposed; and how surely these will come upon them with a strength in proportion to that in which the grace is theirs. He who plucks the rose, must pluck with it the thorns which grow upon its stem. If any grace in the Christian's life could be expected to be free from temptations and trials, we should expect it to be that of 'waiting.' Simple waiting at first sight seems so unobtrusive, so entirely out of the rush of life, that we wonder where anything is to be found that can fasten on it or meddle with

* *My Soul.* By REV. P. B. POWER, M.A. Cassell & Co.

it. But when it is broken up, as a ray of light, into its prismatic colours, when it is seen what 'waiting' is made of, then we can understand its having to experience assault and trial. He who waits, hopes, believes, expects, is constant when appearances are against him, looks to God alone, is content to lay aside his own preconceived ideas as to times and seasons, bears disappointment, does not murmur, does not impeach the wisdom or goodness or power of God....

Satan knows what the simplest grace is made up of if we do not; and can assault it on all its sides, even when we do not know that it is being assaulted at all.

THE WORK OF WAITING TIMES.

Waiting times are the means of calming the soul's natural impatience and fretfulness. There is often much impatience and fretfulness where there is no want of faith. The calm of the soul has to be acquired. We have to learn to be still, and know that the Lord is God. We have 'in patience' to 'possess our souls.' And this patience is of all others a grace to be acquired; and the waiting times are those in which it is to be learned. And these are times of gathering in of the soul. We are shut out from outside activities; sometimes all that can be done has been done—we have only to wait results. The proneness to rush hither and thither has to be curbed; expectations which we formed in one quarter and another, and from this man and that, have to be modified or perhaps given up; the soul, as we say, has to be gathered in on God—*i.e.*, upon the centre of strength, and where all our resources really are. Wherever there is concentration there is power; and in waiting times some of God's people have attained their greatest powers.

For here there is the down-sinking of the roots into God Himself; and in the silence and uneventfulness, and often helplessness, of these waiting times, we learn more of Him than in the times of fiercest conflict or busiest work. And in these times faith grows. Sometimes faith cannot grow except in strained circumstances. God's great aim is to teach us to know Himself. In the waiting times, men learn to look only to God, and so to learn more of God. If we be very strong in our waiting power, the waiting time will not be so devoid of interest as we may think. Many a man has been able to take a calm survey of the by-play of circumstances while he was waiting; perhaps he could see things working together for good.

And lastly, when we are thus waiting, we are in the position in which God has placed us. If we are to wait and not to work, we need not distress ourselves that we cannot work; we are in the right

place, for the present time at least. It might seem much more glorious to attack the walls of Jericho direct than to compass them and wait; much more to go forth at once against the host of the Philistines than to tarry for 'the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees;' but the blessing was in waiting.

So shall it be with us; and we, like the Psalmist, may couple the waiting and salvation together: 'Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation.'

'SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS.'

THE spirit of expectation is encouraged by the parable. . . . Never make up your minds merely to endure, or merely to be resigned. Test what you hear; and if it do not satisfy you wholly, seek for something better. It is not for you, who have a God, a God of infinite resource and infinite love, to accustom yourselves to merely negative blessings and doubtful, limited conditions. You are to start with the belief that you are not made for final disappointment, nor to rest content with something less than you once hoped for, or can now conceive; but that there is somewhere, and attainable by you, the most unchallengable felicity—that there does exist a perfect condition, a pearl of great price, and that there is but a question of the way to it, a question of search.

You are to start with this belief, and you are to hold to it to the end. Under no compulsion or enticement, in the face of no disappointment, give up this persuasion that goodly pearls are to be had, and to be had by you; that into your life and soul the full sense of ample possession is one day to enter. When you come up from a breathless, eager search, like the pearl-diver, spent and bleeding, and with your hands filled only with mud or worthless shells; or when, like the merchant, you have ventured your all and are reduced to beggary, or thrown back to the very beginning, the great hope of your life being taken from you; when all your days seem to have been wasted in fruitless search; when every feeling in you rises up in mutiny against you, and like an ignorant crew, scorns your adventure, and would put about and run with the wind back from the new world you seek, put them down; you have certainty on your side, simple, sheer certainty; for 'he that seeketh *findeth*.' *

* From *The Parables of our Lord*. By Marcus Dods, D.D. Macniven and Wallace.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

SAGACITY OF THE DUCK.—Mr. Sidney M. Hawkes writes in a recent number of *The Spectator*: ‘The duck is considered a particularly uninteresting and prosaic animal. Yet I venture to affirm that, in point of intelligence, social kindness and sagacity, he is vastly superior to the barn-door or any other cock or hen. I have kept and watched hundreds of ducks; I never saw them fight with each other, nor ever knew a duck the aggressor in disputes with some other kind of fowl. But I have witnessed striking instances of charity and kindness in ducks. Let one such case suffice. Amongst some fifty or sixty head of ducks and fowls, I once had a solitary little old bantam hen. She became blind, or nearly so, and like other birds in that condition, “sulked,” as it is called, *i.e.*, kept by herself in a dark, retired corner of the fowl-house, knowing instinctively that her cruel and cowardly brethren and sisters would persecute her to death if she appeared amongst them. Here she might perhaps have starved, but for the constant and sympathetic attentions of a duck. Twice daily, every day so long as the poor bantam lived—some three weeks—this good Samaritan in the form of a duck was observed to fill her capacious beak with from twenty to thirty grains of barley, with which she proceeded to the fowl-house, and there deposited her store immediately in front of the bantam. Several members of my family as well as myself were frequent witnesses of this beautiful incident. One more anecdote in evidence of the sagacity of the duck. I had five Aylesbury ducks, with a number of fowls. The lord of the yard, a most despotic chanticleer, would never suffer the ducks to feed with his family and friends when, at the regular meal-times, the grain was scattered for their common use. Ferociously and without pity he drove them from the ground. This had been going on for many weeks, and one day at the twelve o’clock repast, the act of expulsion was performed as usual. I was present, and saw the discomfited ducks retire to a corner of the yard. There they evidently had a conference. Having been so engaged some five minutes, they proceeded with deliberate and resolute air in single file, as is their wont, towards their oppressor. Having reached the tyrant, they surrounded him, each duck turning his posteriors towards the enemy, and with concerted action fairly hustled him clean out of the yard. To see the surprise of the cock as he jumped from side to side to avoid the pressure of the attacking party, was ludicrous in the extreme. The victory was complete: from that hour the ducks were never again molested.’

DRESS.—In thy apparel avoid singularity, profuseness and gaudiness. Be not too early in the fashion, nor too late. Decency is the half-way between affectation and neglect. The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of that shell. The husk often tells you what the kernel is.—*Francis Quarles.*

FILTER-CLUBS.—The Rev. Thomas Lander, M.A., Vicar of St. George’s, Battersea, has established a filter-club in connection with his Temperance Society. ‘He argues, and rightly too, that if people are urged to make water their beverage, they should at any rate be encouraged and helped to use *pure* water, and thus give it a fair trial. The filter-club has not been very long in existence, but already fifty filters have been paid for at 7s. each, in weekly instalments; and the working people have had the luxury of filtered water in their own homes.’—*Home Words.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

T. B. Smithies (Editor of '*The British Workman*'). *A Memoir*. By G. STRINGER ROWE. — *Memorial Sketches of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of The Hollies, Hill-Top*. By the REV. W. L. WATKINSON. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-Street, City-Road, E.C.—These tastefully got-up and tastefully written memorials will meet with a cordial reception from those who knew the subjects of the sketches. Mr. Smithies was a man whose influence upon the working-classes, and the young people of all classes, it would be difficult to exaggerate. He created a new era in popular literature; and had he done nothing but publish *The British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, etc., would have deserved a permanent memorial in the history of the nineteenth century. But he served God and his generation in many other ways; and his own personal character is well worth studying. Mr. Rowe has written a beautiful little sketch of his life and work; but many will regret its extreme brevity.

The life of Mr. Davis was, compared with that of Mr. Smithies, a secluded one; but he also did good service in church and social-life, taking his part not only in the various organizations of an active Methodist Society, but also in local politics and in educational enterprise. Mrs. Davis was a help meet for him, and has left a name that will long be fragrant in the memories of all who knew her. Mr. Watkinson's short sketches are executed with characteristic felicity of thought and expression, and sparkle with beautiful and striking passages.

Sovereign Grace—Prevailing Prayer—Daniel the Prophet—The Full Assurance of Faith. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.—We are always glad to see new volumes of Mr.

Moody's earnest, forceful, taking addresses. They will do good wherever they are read; and we wish they could be read everywhere. Christian people would do well to buy them to lend amongst their friends and neighbours, and Christian workers especially may read them with much profit, if they will learn from them to put the truths of the Gospel in plain, homely language which the dullest can understand, and which the most obstinate cannot evade. The volume called *Sovereign Grace* contains, beside eight addresses by Mr. Moody, four 'Gospel Dialogues'—two between Mr. Moody and the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, one between Mr. Moody and Lord Radstock, and one between Mr. Moody and Pastor Monod. The first two are specially admirable for their plain putting of the way of salvation, and their straightforward asking and answering of questions which are constantly arising in the Enquiry-room.

The little book on *The Full Assurance of Faith* we cannot commend too heartily for the simplicity and the fidelity to Scripture-teaching with which the Christian privilege of the 'full assurance of faith' is set forth. The addresses on *Daniel* are intended specially for young men. The series on *Prevailing Prayer* abound with striking incidents—most of them having occurred in Mr. Moody's own experience as an evangelist—which illustrate the various topics dealt with.

John Wicklif. By the REV. W. L. WATKINSON.—*John Wycliffe*, No. 18, *Biographical Series of Tracts*. T. Woolmer.—We should be glad to know that Mr. Watkinson's sketch of Wycliffe—we confess that we prefer the popular spelling of this most variously-spelt name—was in all our Methodist families, and in all our

chapel and school libraries. It is a most exquisitely written, though comparatively brief, sketch of the great Reformer's life and work. Several extracts are given in an earlier page of our present issue; but we should have been glad if space permitted us to give here some of the beautiful passages with which the book abounds. It ought to have, both on account of its subject and its own intrinsic worth and attractiveness, a very wide circulation.

The Biographical Tract, *John Wycliffe*, gives a capital, succinct account of his life, and is very suitable for distribution, especially in districts where Popery and Ritualism are influential.

The Tabernacle, the Priesthood, and the Offerings. By H. W. SOLTAU. Morgan & Scott.—It is impossible to read this volume without being impressed with the devoutness of the author's spirit and the carefulness with which he has studied the Word of God—a carefulness which those of us who most dislike the weaker elements of *Plymouthism* would do well to imitate. At the same time we must express our emphatic conviction that the typical interpretations which the author gives of the tabernacle and its services are carried to an unedifying and even an absurd extreme,—e.g., the statement that 'the chaste whiteness' of the half-shekel of the atonement money may represent 'the Lord Jesus' 'as the pure and spotless One.' Such strained interpretations abound, and mar the value of what is in many respects a useful book. There is great danger lest the undue anxiety of many good people to see types of Christ in the most trivial circumstances of the Jewish ritual should lead to a re-action which will hinder

intelligent faith in the Lamb of God,

'Whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed.'

Cluny Macpherson, a Tale of Brotherly Love. By AMELIA E. BARR. Hodder & Stoughton.—This is a capital story, and well deserves its elegant binding and tasteful 'get-up.' The authoress sustains the interest of the tale throughout, and is peculiarly happy in her sketches of the Highland peasantry. The hero of the story has, of course, his faults and his misfortunes; but he is a fine fellow, and keeps our sympathy even when he lacks our approval. Some of the minor characters are very good, especially the old serving-woman, who being asked by her mistress, 'What is the matter, Janet? Are you sick?' replies, 'Deed, my lady, I've a sickness I willna win over, I'm thinking.—I got married yestreen.'

How Sorrow was Turned into Sympathy. Words of Cheer for Mothers Bereft of Little Children. By MRS. PRENTISS. Hodder & Stoughton.—Those who never had children will call this book foolishly *sentimental*; but every mother's heart will be touched by the pathetic story of the suffering life and early death of Mrs. Prentiss' little ones. Many of her letters to bereaved friends are very touching, and some of the poems are beautiful, both in thought and expression. Altogether, it is a book which will serve the purpose for which it is published, and will help to comfort those who have been bereaved of their children, by turning their thoughts to Him Who alone can adequately comfort the distressed. The book is edited by Mrs. Prentiss' husband. The binding, type, and paper are all exceptionally tasteful.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR JULY, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises.</i>
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	3 46	8 20	2 45m	9 5a	11 8a	9 53a	2 30m
July							
9	3 54	8 16	3 24	7 55	10 37	9 19	1 55
			<i>Sets.</i>	<i>Rises</i>			
19	4 5	8 6	8 38a	3 44m	10 7	8 45	1 20
29	4 19	7 52	8 37	2 51	9 37	8 12	0 45

PHASES OF THE MOON.

July 8th, Full Moon 10h. 10m. morn. | July 22nd, New Moon 0h. 54m. after.
 „ 15th, Last Quarter 9h. 39m. after. | „ 29th, First Quarter 10h. 1m. „

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 4th . . . 1h. after. Apogee . . . 251,964 miles.
 „ 20th . . . 7h. morn. Perigee . . . 225,719 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 238,842 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st 93,212,420 miles.
 Aug. 1st 93,017,720 „
 Decrease of distance for the month . . . 194,700 „

THE Sun is now at his greatest distance from the Earth. On the 1st, at 5h. in the morning, when actually in apogee, the apparent diameter subtends an angle of only 31m. 32s.; whereas on the 3rd of January this year, when in perigee, or nearest to the Earth, the angle subtended was greater by a thirtieth part, or 32m. 36s. Thus the Sun is nearer to us in January than in July by a thirtieth part of the entire distance, and, other conditions being equal, the light and heat in January would exceed that in July by a fifteenth part of the entire. The excess would be very sensibly felt were it not for the interposition of the aqueous vapour contained in our atmosphere, raised, in the order of a Divine Providence, by the very action of the Sun itself.

The only planets visible to the naked eye this month are: *Mars*, in the evenings, low in the south-west; and *Saturn*, in the mornings, near the tip of the lower horn of Taurus, 7 deg. below *Beta*, and above Orion. *Mercury*, *Venus* and *Jupiter* are too near the Sun; *Venus* being in inferior conjunction with the Sun, or nearly be-

tween us and the Sun, on the 12th, and *Mercury* in superior conjunction, that is, nearly in the continuation of a line drawn from the Earth to the Sun, on the 13th.

Any one who possesses a telescope will have a good opportunity of identifying *Uranus* on the evening of the 19th. At 7h. Greenwich time this planet will be in conjunction with *Mars* at a distance of only 11m., about one-third the diameter of the Sun or Moon. At 9h. the distance will be 12m., *Uranus* being to the north and slightly west of *Mars*.

The *Moon* will be in conjunction with *Saturn* on the 19th, at 6h. in the afternoon; with *Venus* on the 21st, at noon; with *Jupiter* and *Mercury* on the 23rd, at noon; and with *Mars* on the 26th, at 10h. in the evening.

On the 23rd, at 8h. in the morning, *Mercury* will be north of *Jupiter* at a distance of rather more than 1 deg.

Venus is now a very thin crescent, and though so near the Sun, is a beautiful object in a good telescope. Being in the part of its orbit nearest to the Earth, the diameter is nearly 1m. of arc. It will be in aphelion on the 24th.



See page 339.

A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CHILD'S WORD TO THE MAN.

'Tell him about God, mamma! He doesn't know!'

'I HAVE had peace since I made up my mind to things,' said Ethel, stitching at a child's petticoat. 'When I ran away, I expected Joe would get on so well that I should soon be justified; and when I began to see that was not coming, I had some dreadful times, especially in America, when my other troubles came.'

AUGUST, 1884.

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In the pause that followed, the swift thought-journey was taken once more to that wild Californian valley where two little graves lay in a lonely nook at the foot of mighty cliffs. What those tiny mounds meant to her of solitary watching and suffering, of bitter weariness and grief, no one but herself knew; no one else ever would know. She had learned to keep her lips closed, and now it was not easy to open them freely, even when sympathy was near.

‘I learned what real trouble is, then,’ said the quiet, sad voice; ‘and I just gave up all my dreams, and said to myself I would be content if I might only keep the children.’

A quiet tear fell upon the needlework in Letty’s hands. She let it drop upon her lap, and looked at Ethel, stitching with tired steadiness at the little garment that must be finished before night for Louie, playing in the corner there with her doll. It was a week now since this tall, slight, fatigued-looking woman stepped down into the tiny shop where Letty stood, shocked and confused; and somehow, in no such way as she had pictured, she found her sister again: and yet did not find her, for this was not the Ethel of her recollections, but a world-worn stranger, whose history she could only guess at, for the most part; whose life was strangely unlike her own.

The queer, confined house, every awkward chamber of it separated by three or four sharp, narrow stairs from every other; the slatternly free-and-easy maid-servant; the want of articles without which, as it seemed to Letty, civilized life is impossible; the air of effort and difficulty with which very plain cooking and indifferent service were secured,—all this was utterly confusing and dreadful to the younger sister, accustomed only to the opulent, well-ordered home in Eadminster. What could Ethel have come through before she became able to endure this, and that even greater horror behind the rest—the *shop*!

The husband was not yet an item of the category, except as a shadow looming darkly in the background. He was gone upon one of his ‘rounds’ as traveller for a brewery, and would be away another week at least. Letty asked no questions about him. When his return was announced she must go home. It would be necessary to make his acquaintance some day, but let the day be as far off as possible. Letty thought of him as the author of all these sordid troubles and privations, as the man who had stolen their bright sister from them, and left her a pale, wearied creature by the wayside. In all her life she had never once thought of hating anybody, had never felt that bitter and contemptuous dislike which strains the heart—until this week, until she looked at her sister’s face as she was looking now, and saw there the records of a story Ethel would never tell.

Then came, as had come before, a blessed interruption of these hard, sad thoughts. 'I don't mind anything else if God will let me keep the children,' said Ethel; and from the corner where they were playing there was a burst of clear baby voices and a patter of little feet. A small creature threw herself upon Aunt Letty with soft, compelling hands and roguish coaxing.

'Lady Em-ly ith naughty to-day,' said her owner. 'Thee won't wear her bonnet. I'm thick of her, and I want a thtory.'

'Well, but my darling, take care of the needle and scissors,' said Letty, hurrying these dangerous weapons out of the way, and smiling gently at the fair little face that looked up from her knee. 'Now then, what sort of a story?'

'About Shivery-shakery, the man that could never get warm,' said Willy, leaving his top at the magic word 'story,' and competing with Louie for a place within auntie's touch. With a caressing hand Letty smoothed back the soft, flaxen hair from each eager little face, and her glance met the mother's for a moment as it rested on the group. Yes, there was a look of the old Ethel to whom Letty herself had once clung in the dear Eadminster home. For a moment she saw into her sister's heart, and knew afterwards how she lived. These were *his* children as well as hers: the past was neither dead nor wasted; the present was not barren, poor and tiresome as it might often be. Ethel would not think of saying, 'I wish I had not married!'

'They are good little plagues!' she said, returning to the petticoat. 'What are you going to do for mother, Willy, when you are a man?'

'Going to build a cosy, small house, with no stairs and lots of pantries, and a garden just like grandpa's, where you live, auntie, said Willy, very seriously and manfully.

'And I'm doin to keep a big thop!' Louie announced; 'and thel—O, loth and loth—everything, you know!'

'Chiefly lollypops and dolls, I believe,' said her mother. 'I hope you have got a milliner's fingers, Louie.'

'A milliner!' said aunt Letty, in dismayed voice.

'Milliner or dressmaker; either of them will be a good living for her if she is really clever. Far better than the genteel governessing that Eadminster people believe in, Letty, I assure you, unless she were a first-rate governess; and she'll not be that if she's my child.'

'Nor a shop-keeper, surely, if she takes after you, Ethel,' said poor Letty, secretly laying this blame upon the plebeian father.

'O, I don't know! You see I have fallen into bad ways myself. I found I could make bonnets that would sell, and on the whole I rather like making bonnets. Eadminster is a dear old place, and I

dare say it just suits you ; but I must say I used to feel a little choked sometimes in the Close : there seemed to be so many hedges !’

A sigh ended this. It was impossible not to feel some longing now and then for the calm and comfort and dignity that lay between those hedges—stiff, quaintly-cut and rather prickly old fences as they were. Letty sighed too, and fell to meditating plans for getting the grandfather introduced to these little creatures. He must be interested in them if he only once saw them, and *he* would not agree to that dressmaking or millinery notion. Letty had got the length of seeing Louie established in the Eadminster home and going to the decorous seminary of Miss Jones, when the young lady reminded her by sundry pats that this sort of arranging was rather premature, and that she was desired to give her mind—her full and careful attention—to the adventures of poor Shivery-shakery.

In a few minutes the shop-bell called Mrs. Mather, and she did not return until the story was finished, and Willy was begging for another. ‘Jack, the Giant-killer, please ! O, *do* tell about Jack, auntie !’

The boy’s eager speech stayed as his mother came back with a gentleman—the same gentleman who had come on Monday and given pennies to him and to Louie. Remembering this agreeable fact, the children received him as a friend, in their own shy way ; but just at first he was thinking too much of some one else to mind them. While he patted their heads, he was explaining to their aunt, with somewhat unaccountable eagerness and vivacity, how he came there again so soon. He had got some wool for his sister and it was not the right colour ; she could not use it, so he had to come and get some more. Of course he did not understand about ladies’ work, but his sister was not often in Cratley. All this with Roger Haigh’s usual brightness and vigour, but not quite his usual fluency. The fact was that Sarah Maria had been rather astonished the other day by having a parcel of oddly-assorted wools bestowed upon her, and a request that she would make ‘some things for the parlour—what you call antimacassars.’

‘Why, I thought you hated all that gear,’ she said. ‘And, besides, who could mak’ antimacassars wi’ such dead-like wools as you ? Did you buy ‘em of a Quakeress ?’

He had left the selection to Ethel, and she had given him the newest fine-art tints, which were not at all such as his sister was ‘used with.’ At last she condescended, however, to admit that some of them might look ‘none so bad if they had a yellow to brighten ‘em’ ; and then, the passion for pretty needlework having seized her, she hunted out a pattern and spoke of going down to Cratley some day soon to get the yellow wool. ‘But what could ‘a made Roger

take a fancy for antimacassars all of a sudden?' She concluded that his visits to Eadminster must have bred in him a liking for what she called 'the genteel;' and if it never came to anything worse than a desire to ornament the best parlour, there would be no great harm done.

Her brother, having no mind that she should altogether understand his doings, nor that she should go herself for that wool, took care to announce in a day or two that he had business in Cratley and would get what she wanted. She noticed that he did not ask her to go with him, and the fact lay dormant in her mind, to be recalled on a future day; but in the meantime, somehow, it excited only a vague surprise, which did not last so long as the other, and was not yet linked to it.

And so Roger Haigh came the second time into the parlour behind that queer little shop, having contrived, on the first occasion, by asking after Miss Paget, to get himself invited in to see her. Ethel thought the acquaintance longer and more established than it really was, and had already reached conclusions which made her smile a little to herself as she took up Louie's petticoat again and left the others to such talk as they might or could carry on.

Letty could hardly have explained how it was that she and the Yorkshireman slid so easily into friendly talk. She was annoyed with him the other day for finding her in this place, but his unaffected interest in the children and their liking of him brushed away the feeling.

'That gentleman's a jolly fellow,' said Willy, when he had gone, leaving the pennies afore-mentioned; and Louie repeated in her lisp: 'He'th a dolly fellow, ithn't he?'

'My dears!' said Aunt Letty, quite shocked by this slang—which they had imitated from their father—and yet amused too. 'He'th a dolly fellow' had lingered in her mind since, recurring now and then, and influencing her more than she knew.

They had happened to speak, that first day, of a new book just published—the biography and letters of an eminent and large-natured man of high position and influence in the Established Church. This book Roger had got with him to-day, and offered to Letty's inspection.

'I reckoned from what you said t'would be worth its price, so I ordered it, though t'lives o' parsons are not much in my way, as a rule,' he said, lifting Louie upon his knee and inviting her to uncloset, if she could, his fist, and see if it held anything.

He watched Letty as she opened the volume with delicate fingers, and bent her small, fair head over it. A ray of sunshine falling athwart the room gave brightness to the smooth, soft bloneness of her hair and the fine oval of her cheek. Roger looked, not speaking, while

Willy and Louie tugged at his fingers, and the mother, in the background, watched them all, while stitching that bit of flannel.

‘Have you seen the portrait?’ said Miss Paget, after she had studied it herself for several minutes. Roger had not, and she handed the book to him. In taking it he saw her gentle gray eyes filmed with the dew of sympathetic admiration, for this was the image of one of her heroes. Roger held the book open on his knee in such a position that the children also could see ‘the picture.’

‘What do you think of that man, my boy?’ he said to Willy, when they had all taken a good look at those deep far-seeing eyes under the noble brow, and those mobile, nervous lines of cheek and mouth.

‘I think he’s very like Jesus,’ said Willy, lifting his own large serious gaze to the bright, quick brown eyes above him. Haigh’s lips closed up under the crisp moustache, and after one startled glance at the child his eyes fell to the portrait again, and remained fixed upon it.

‘Very like Jesus,’ he repeated to himself. Very spiritual, very tender, and yet strong was that fine countenance; the childish instinct was not altogether wrong; only, if Christ were what men said, there must needs be more repose in His look. Worn He might be with the constant cry of the poor world, but there would be no trace of a restless spirit, no fretting in the calm lines of His face, no deep questioning in His eyes: for He must know.

Some vague perception of this rose in Haigh’s mind as he pondered the face of one who had searched and questioned in the world’s academy, fought and watched in its camp, been overcome and baffled at times, wounded often, and sometimes triumphant and applauded; and who lay down at last in a sure confidence that he had been serving no vain shadow, no empty word, but ‘the King eternal, immortal, invisible.’ Was he gone down into the abyss, this man, swallowed up at last of the nothing he strove against all his days?

‘He’s *very* nice!’ said Willy, drawing his finger over the face: ‘What’s his name, and where does he live? Willy would like to go to his house and see him.’

The elders smiled. Haigh repeated the name, and Letty added:

‘He is in heaven, my dear.’

‘Everybody that’s nice seems to go to heaven!’ sighed Willy, having met this difficulty before. ‘But,’ cheering up again, ‘*we* are going too, ain’t we, some day?’

‘I hope so, some day,’ answered Letty.

‘Then,’ said the boy, with little jumps of delight, ‘then I will go to see him, in his heaven-house. O my! what a lot of beautiful people there’ll be to go and see, won’t there, auntie?’

Again Letty's eyes were moist, and mamma's lip quivered a little as a fear touched her heart.

'Yes, darling, so there will. But Willy has to grow up first, and be a man, and do such a lot of things. Suppose you and Louie go into the corner now and play with your bricks?'

Louie went off at once. She had pressed open the gentleman's fist and extracted a bright threepenny-bit, which she now took to show to her mother, and then to Lady Emily, for whom, if she would only be good, a grand feast should be spread by-and-by with some of this treasure. But Willy, curious to hear what the visitor was saying, and also hopeful that he too might be invited to find a coin, Willy lingered beside Haigh, looking from him to aunt Letty and back again with those wide-open blue eyes that asked more questions than any seven wise men could answer.

Haigh had listened with impatient pity to the talk about heaven. Of course these were the common beliefs of women and children, and he must not risk offending Miss Paget by any blunt attack upon the opinions she had learnt from her beloved Church; but he was very anxious, at the same time, to convert her to his views, and this bit of talk made such a good chance of beginning! He must say something.

In fact, Roger Haigh had so much fighting-blood in his veins, and was so intolerant of what he called bigotry and cant, that he could not altogether stay his hand when he came into the presence of those pernicious notions that were 'ruining the world,' and 'degrading humanity.'

'That's good advice, I say: to think about growing up and being a man and doing lots of things. These dreams of heaven are all very well for children, same as fairy stories and such like; but we mun learn the true mak o' things as we get older.'

'And what is that?' said Letty, in a puzzled tone, for the range of his 'dissent' was quite unknown to her.

Upon this he launched out a little further, quoting from one writer and another, showing a knowledge of science and scientific thought which astonished Letty and made her feel quite ignorant, and exciting in her mind a vague, terrified doubt that the Church was not so all-prevailing, so regally triumphant, as she had always imagined. There seemed to be such an immense tract of desert suddenly revealed all around Zion, where mysterious enemies arrayed their lines and their engines of war.

And Haigh, as he talked, insensibly grew a little bitter. He was thinking of Joshua Wanstall, and of Tim Nollings, who had been seen twice in the Methodist chapel last Sunday. He was thinking,

also, of some annoying gossip which had come to his ear as set afloat by Mrs. Scunnar. There was nothing, it would appear, too bad to be said of an infidel, as they called him, and no trouble too great for people who hoped to snatch souls out of the infidel's grasp.

His unwonted anxiety not to offend, made Roger's speech less clear and definite than usual, and its chief effect upon Letty was that cloudy vision of war and a sense that the speaker had some personal enemies and conflicts of his own which made life rather difficult and vexing. A few weeks ago this glimpse into the life of such a man as Haigh would not have interested Miss Paget for a moment; but she was being drawn out of the placid shallows of existence into a deep onward-moving river, and began to feel the stern, solemn force of the current. It was too plain that Living meant something far different from what she had hitherto imagined, and she was sensitive to any sign in a fellow-creature's face that here, too, was a soul just awaking to the pains of being. Also, she approached the discovery that anywhere in the common crowd this suffering, struggling human soul might look to her out of eyes that pleaded for sympathy and help.

So the straight, sharp folds in Haigh's brow and the bitter ring in his voice were not unnoticed, and she said to herself: 'Yes, he must often make troubles for himself, I should think, and perhaps feels them more than one would expect. Really his talk is very strange. What does it mean?'

It was getting stranger and less guarded, and it meant this: that the troubles of all reformers were upon him, and bore very hard upon one whose success must be visible and immediate if he were ever to have any success at all. *His* millennium would not wait; his hopes, if frosted, had no resurrection for him; the crop he was sowing, if it did not come up soon, would never spring at all, because he and his generation were fast hastening to the great abyss. This being so, the inertia of human nature, the difficulty of tugging men out of the sloughs in which they foundered, was maddening to an ardent mind, and there was no relief save in railing at churches and parsons for 'spoiling the world,' and 'trying to save folk by fairy tales.'

'The fact is,' Martin had said to him the other day, 'you are finding just the same difficulties that the Church finds in dealing with men, and what is the power whereby you mean to overcome? You're just as eager as the parson to lift Tim Nollings out of the gutter and set him amongst princes; but, my dear fellow, which of you is the most likely to do it? I should say, *the one who can wait the longest*—and that's not you, Roger.'

So it came to pass that Roger was finding the world less comprehensi-

ble and hopeful than he had always declared it to be, and felt at times the shadow of some very unpleasant fears.

'I'd give a thousand pound to t' man 'at could tell me what this fond world means!' he declared, finally. 'It fair beats me! What *is* t' good of it all?'

Letty's eyes were full of sad perplexity. Very faintly as yet did that same question breathe itself in her soul, but it was there, and would lift its voice some day and demand reply.

Willy's gaze had gradually become more widely astonished. Now he put the question that his eyes had asked already:

'What is the matter with everything?'

'T' matter is 'at t' world's a big mess—nought but worry and blunders, and I should like to know who made it so,' said Haigh, to himself rather than to the child. Willy slid off his knee and stood a minute with large, solemn eyes fixed upon this strange man. Then, in clear, childish tones:

'You must think God sillier than anybody, but I know He isn't!'

And springing to his mother's side, he exclaimed:

'Tell him about God, mamma! He doesn't know!'

A SON OF EARLY METHODISM.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

ONE dreary November morning in 1861 four hundred gentlemen and ladies assembled at a breakfast-party in a public hall at Manchester, to do honour to a gray-haired Minister who was nearly eighty years old. The meeting greeted the noble veteran in an address filled with praise of his good deeds and beautiful character. It was evident that he was very highly esteemed and greatly beloved. Do you ask his name? It was Thomas Jackson.

THOMAS JACKSON was born December 12th, 1783. His birthplace was a little stone cottage thatched with straw, standing in a small Yorkshire village, named Sancton. His father, though only a poor peasant, was a very industrious, honest, upright man. His mother had the heart of a true woman. They could not clothe their children in purple and fine linen, nor send them to halls of learning. But they did what they could for them, clothing them probably in coarse fustian, and sending them to the village school when they could afford to give their time for that purpose, which, in truth, was not often.

The village school, to which young Thomas went sometimes, was not favoured with a teacher having many facts in his head or skill

to teach. He taught nothing of grammar or geography. Reading, writing, very little arithmetic, and the Church Catechism, were all he tried to teach the rude urchins who were under his care. The ancient horn-book, from which he taught the alphabet, was a thin board with a short handle, having the alphabet and a few short words printed on a sheet pasted to its face. This printing was covered with transparent horn to keep mischievous or thoughtless fingers from picking off the paper.

The schoolmaster in that hamlet kept his unwilling scholars in order with a thick hazel wand and a tough ferule. When teaching the Catechism he gathered his pupils in a half-circle before him, holding his book in one hand, and his hazel-rod in the other. The forgetful boy, the dull one who could not learn, and the idle one who would rather play than listen, were sure to be reminded of their faults by whacks from that dreaded wand.

That hazel-rod was in the teacher's hand continually. It was made to do duty even at recess. There was a post with a cross-beam in the school-yard to which a bit of lead tied to a cord was fastened. When the boys went out, one of their number set this piece of lead swinging. If the pupils did not return to the school-building before the lead ceased moving, this lord of the hazel-rod and horn-book took his stand outside, brandishing his sceptre and prepared to lay it on the shoulders of the idlers. But his boys, though dull scholars, had their own tactics. They formed themselves into a square, and rushed past him in such a solid body that the rod only touched a few of their number. Surely such inventive lads deserved a better teacher.

Poor as the school was, Master Thomas could not attend it long or often.. The needs of his home required that in the summer season he should earn a scanty pittance by watching sheep on some hills in the neighbourhood. The scenery around those hills was fine, but it gave small delight to an ignorant child of only eight or nine years old. Hence his days were dull and dreary as he sat, stood, or walked through the weary hours, day after day, without seeing a solitary human face. His only shelter from burning suns or pelting rains was a hut built of sods by his own childish hands, with no better roof than a bundle of straw, or a few bunches of weeds. He had no books, nothing to relieve the gloom of those long and wearisome days. His was indeed a cheerless childhood.

When he was about thirteen he was hired by a farmer as a servant. His master was a hard man. He called this poor boy up in the morning at the break of day, making him plough, or hoe, or dig, or thrash wheat until the sun went down. The thrashing with the flail, giving stroke for stroke with a strong brawny man, as he was forced to do,

was a cruel tax upon his boyish strength, and gave him such a fearful sense of weariness that he carried the memory of it with him down to the grave. To a boy thus treated life must have seemed like a long sunless day.

Thomas had an acquaintance who, after one of his days of toil, kneeled down by his bedside to pray. But so worn was this overworked boy that he fell asleep on his knees, and when he was called the next morning found himself in the same position. He had slept all night on his knees! Poor little fellow!

Thomas Jackson spent three such toilsome years as a farmer's servant. Then his father apprenticed him to a carpenter; wisely thinking that, seeing he could not hope to save money enough to purchase a farm, he might by skill and industry rise to the position of a master mechanic.

This change gave him a better prospect for the future, but did not much lighten the present burden of his labour. He still had to work very hard early and late. But not having to milk cows and care for horses on Sundays, he was able to rest from his weariness on the Lord's day. It also removed him from the companionship of the rough, ignorant, and profane farm boys and men with whom he had been obliged to live and work.

It was a great fact in this lad's hard early life that, though ignorant and subject to great hardships, he had kept himself free from the vices of the rude fellows he had known. The good example and instructions of his honest father and his faithful mother, with the sermons he had heard from the Methodist Preachers who visited his native village and its neighbourhood, had kept him from falling into many sins practised by boys of his age and class. When he was an old man he said of this period of his life: 'Whatever my sins were, and I confess they were many and great, I never did, in the whole course of my life, utter a profane oath, nor, to the best of my remembrance, take the name of God in vain.'

All honour, then, be given to this poor boy! Not from choice, but by the force of things he could not control, he had been the companion of ignorant and wicked lads who did not fear God. But, though living and working with them, he was not of them. At least, he kept his lips pure from a vice which most if not all of them practised.

How came he to do this? One of its causes may be found in the fact that the humble cottage in which he was brought up was a house of piety and virtue. His father was a devout Methodist, as was his truly noble mother also. His father was obliged to leave home very early to get to his work in time, and could not therefore conduct

family prayer in the morning. But his energetic little mother, as soon as breakfast was eaten, was in the habit of leading her children into her best room, where, as they kneeled around her, she prayed for them in the deep and thrilling tones which are born of mother love sanctified by the love of the blessed Christ. Hers were no dead prayers, but loving petitions; which, having touched her children's souls, ascended to the ears of the great All-Father.

The deep piety of Thomas Jackson's precious mother, the faithful instructions of his devout father, and the preaching at the Wesleyan chapel which he attended, were the sweet influences which kept the boy from falling into the vulgar vices of the peasant boys and men who were his companions in toil.

Still he was not a pious boy. He did not love his Lord; nor was his heart free from many sinful feelings; nor was his life pure from evil deeds. Yet when the Archbishop of York visited a neighbouring town to 'confirm' the youths who in their babyhood had been baptized in the parish church, he went, with others equally unfit, to receive that rite. One of the questions asked the young candidates was:

'Who is your ghostly enemy?'

'I don't know, Sir,' was the reply which went round the class of untaught urchins, who probably thought ghostly meant something like the ghosts that superstitious people dread. When the question reached Master Thomas, he promptly replied:

'The devil, Sir.'

'Ay, to be sure, the devil,' rejoined the Preacher, approvingly.

But, ignorant and careless though they were, those young rustics went to church on the day appointed, and the white-robed Archbishop placed his hand upon their empty heads. No wonder Mr. Jackson in writing of this event in his life, felt obliged to say:

'Of the imposition of the hands of the Archbishop I confess, like many others, I thought but little. My attention was mainly directed to the holiday connected with it.'

I suppose the worst thing growing out of this old Church rite is, that it leads young people who are yet living in sin to fancy themselves true disciples of the holy Christ. Happily for young Jackson, the Methodist teaching he had received kept him from thus deceiving himself. He knew himself to be still a sinner despite the Archbishop's hands. And this knowledge became deep conviction a year or two after, when, in a Methodist prayer-meeting, his conscience accused him mightily of his many sins, and his young soul staggered beneath a load of guilt, like one crushed by a mighty burden. Of this deep awakening he says:

‘I wept in the anguish of my spirit, and prayed as I had never prayed before.’

The brethren gathered about him, but not to comfort him by telling him that having been confirmed he was a member of Christ’s Church. No, no. They knew that there is no healing virtue in any form, but in Christ only. Hence they begged him to trust in Christ as his Saviour. This he did, though not then, but in another prayer-meeting the next evening. When he did so trust he says:

‘Then my guilty fear at once departed, and my heart, before lacerated and broken, was filled with all joy and peace.’

Young Jackson was no half-hearted convert. His whole life was made new. ‘The entire bent and habit of my nature was changed,’ he says. Hence he felt no shame, but openly confessed that he had become the Lord’s disciple. On the following Sabbath he visited his native village. His mother met him on the doorstep. His first words to her were:

‘Mother, I have found peace with God!’

Then mother and son wept joyful tears together. The father, though less demonstrative, was equally glad. All three went to Class-meeting and to a Love-feast on that hallowed day. At the latter meeting the joyous youth said, among other things:

‘As to my new and spiritual birth, *I am only three days old*; but I hope to share the happiness of heaven for ever, and to sing the praises of my Saviour in strains that will make the heavenly arches ring.’

This was no shallow boast, but the words of a brave young soul thoroughly in earnest. Nor was his conversion fruitless of immediate results. Within a short time, two of his brothers and his uncle Thomas followed his example. Thus the little stone cottage in Sancton became a house of joy. A revival spread through the neighbourhood, and many an evil life was changed into purity and peace. If young Jackson had been a half-hearted convert no such fruit would have grown out of his conversion.

Having crossed the Rubicon, with a stern purpose never to recross the boundary between a good and bad life, young Jackson burned the bridge behind him. By this figure I mean, that he broke off every connection that might tempt him to go back. He forsook all his former worldly companions. He gave up every amusement that might lead him away from his beloved Master. He also joined the Wesleyans. He stood boldly out beneath his Lord’s banner, like a true heroic knight of the Cross.

He was persecuted by his Lord’s enemies. Some cursed him. Others refused to let him work on their properties. One man, and

he a parish minister, threatened to horsewhip him. Another wished he had the power to hang him. But none of these things moved him, since his soul was happy, and those who knew him best approved him. The man who employed him and in whose house he lived was soon led by him to the Lord, as also was his wife. They learned to love him as if he had been their own son.

One effect of this new life on young Jackson's heart was to produce a burning love for the souls of men. His first efforts to win disciples for his Master made him feel very keenly his lack of knowledge. He knew very little indeed. He had none to instruct him. He had next to no books, and very little money to buy them. There was no public or private library within his reach. Yet feeling from the day of his conversion, that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, he determined to prepare himself by study for that great work. Hence his Bible became his constant study. *Wesley's Sermons* and *Fletcher's Checks* he also devoured with eager relish. He walked six miles to buy *Murray's Grammar*. He paid a carrier to bring him, from the town of Hull, a copy of *Watts' Logic*, and subsequently, *The Improvement of the Mind*, by the same author. These books he read and studied during the few spare hours at his command. But he was in earnest. He read not for pleasure but profit. Hence he sucked honey from his scanty store of books. And his hungry mind soon began to grow like a tree planted by the side of a living stream.

Very soon his talents, piety and prayer-meeting exhortations attracted notice. He was asked to preach. He consented; but with much trembling. His sermons, though crude, were profitable, because they were little streams flowing out of his own experience. The people were pleased. Preachers were scarce in those times, and, therefore, without his own solicitation, he was appointed to a Circuit before he was twenty-one years old, and while he was still an apprentice.

His inward call to the work of the ministry being thus outwardly confirmed by the act of his brethren, he borrowed money enough from his brother to purchase his indentures from his master. His Methodist friends gave him means for an outfit. His uncle Thomas presented him a sum sufficient to buy a horse. Thus equipped this untutored stripling went out from home, followed by the blessing of his parents, the good wishes of his friends, and accompanied, without doubt, with the Spirit of the blessed Christ.

He was homesick and discouraged at times during his first year on his Circuit. But he had pluck, industry and perseverance, as well as faith. He studied hard, prayed much, preached as well as he could,

found many friends, and was successful in winning souls. His mind was bent on success, and he succeeded, as all young men will who give all their strength to what they undertake.

Think of this heroic youth for whom the schools had done so little, beginning to study Greek one year after he quitted the carpenter's bench! He was on his second Circuit, and had to preach nine times a week, when he bought his Greek grammar and Greek Testament. To study these and to read works on all topics, he often rose at three o'clock in the morning, both summer and winter. Wrapping himself in his overcoat in the latter season, he often sat shivering over his books in cold rooms, where his Circuit-work permitted him to tarry only for a night.

O, noble young student! Do you ask, What helped him to do this hard work? It was his consecration to it. Here is a resolution he adopted at this time: 'O God, to THEE

" My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy TRUTH they may be spent."

This resolution was not like the morning cloud or early dew, but it was a life-long purpose, which no weariness in working, no difficulties rising in his path, no increase of years, could overcome. You may be sure, therefore, that his path led upward. The work done in secret revealed itself in his sermons, in his manner, in his spirit, and in all he undertook. Men saw it, and learned first to respect, then to honour him. Large Churches soon asked for his services. Men of influence marked him as one worthy of trust, and they who knew him best learned to value him most.

After a few years of Circuit work he was appointed editor of the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* and other publications of the Wesleyan Connexion. He filled this office eighteen years. He was next appointed tutor in the Wesleyan Theological Institution, in which he laboured nineteen years. Twice he served as President of the Conference. He wrote numerous books. His long life, in truth, was filled up with noble work for God. Few men have been more industrious or more useful than Thomas Jackson, the peasant's son and the self-taught scholar.

At last the rolling years bore him to that period of life when the strongest men have to cease working. His noble figure bowed beneath the weight of eighty-nine years. His hair was gray, his steps slow and feeble; but his soul was strong in faith, in love, in hope. He was not fretful and querulous, as too many old men are; but cheerful, sprightly and happy. On that eighty-ninth birthday his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren gathered gleefully around his

beloved person to receive his gifts, and listen to his wise and pleasing words. He was in truth a grand old patriarch.

Among his last words were these two lines of Charles Wesley :

‘ My Light, my Life, my God, is come,
And glory in His face appears ! ’

‘ That,’ said he, ‘ is my testimony—*my testimony*. I have no great joy ; but I have perfect peace, perfect tranquillity.’

Thus sweetly this child of primitive Methodism passed from the scene of his many earthly labours into the presence-chamber of his royal Master and beloved Lord.

Methodism never had a more faithful worker than Thomas Jackson. He loved it with a love second only to the affection he bore for his Lord. Not long before his last sickness he wrote, in the language of a dear friend, ‘ MAY METHODISM LIVE ! AND MAY IT LIVE FOR EVER ! ’

GOING HOME.

THEY are going—only going—

Jesus called them long ago !

All the wintry time they're passing

Softly as the falling snow.

When the violets in the spring-time

Catch the azure of the sky,

They are carried out to slumber

Sweetly where the roses lie.

They are going—only going—

When with summer earth is
drest,

In their cold hands holding roses,

Folded to each silent breast.

When the autumn hangs red banners

Out above the harvest sheaves,

They are going—ever going—

Thick and fast like autumn leaves.

All along the mighty ages,

All adown the solemn time,

They have taken up their homeward

March to that serener clime.

There the watching, waiting angels

Lead them from the shadows dim,

To the brightness of His presence

Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—

Out of pain and into bliss ;

Out of sad and sinful weakness

Into perfect holiness.

Snowy brows—no care shall shade
them ;

Bright eyes—tears shall never dim ;

Rosy lips—no time shall fade them ;

Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts for ever stainless,

Little hands as pure as they ;

Little feet by angels guided

Never a forbidden way ;

They are going—ever going—

Leaving many a lonely spot ;

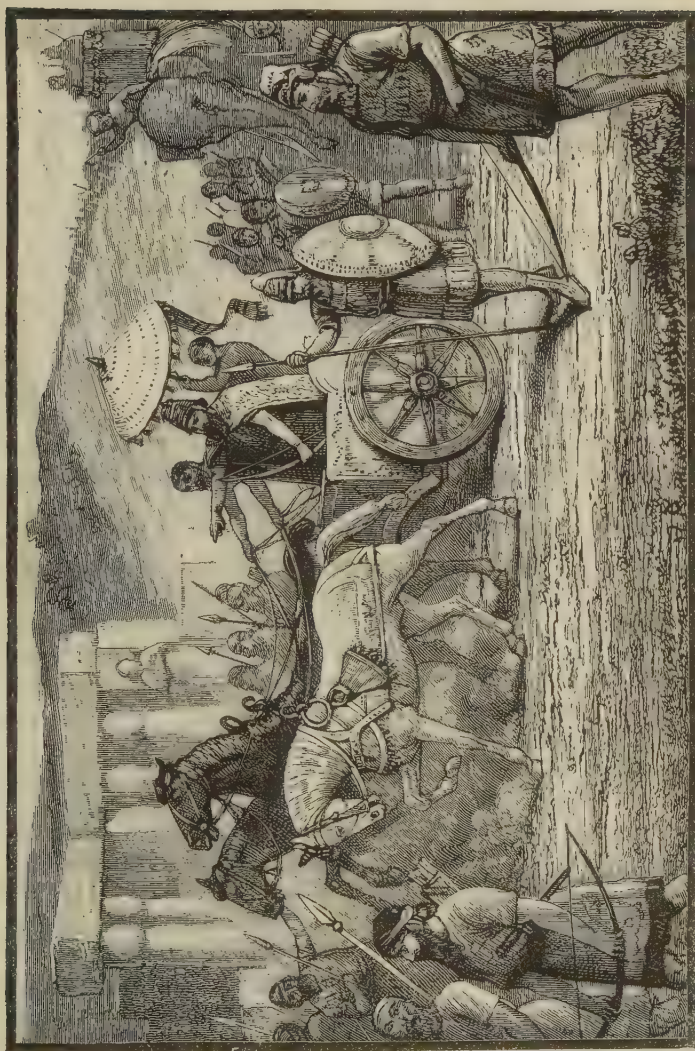
But 'tis Jesus Who has called them—

Suffer—and forbid them not !

THE HAMMER OF THE GENTILES.

BY ANNA LAURENS DAWES.]

THERE is a story of a great peril and a great deliverance hidden away in history, which people have almost forgotten. Of all the struggles for freedom since the world began, it is one of the most exciting and important ; yet it seems like a riddle to ask about the Hammer of the Gentiles.



'DOWN THE JORDAN VALLEY MARCHED THE SYRIAN HOST.'—See page 357.

The story begins in the streets of Jerusalem, nearly two hundred years before Christ. Cruel soldiers are persecuting women and children and old men, murdering and selling for slaves the young and strong, offering every kind of insult to the sacred places and the Holy Temple. Then, soon, the scene changes to the mountains among a crowd of fugitives who have left lands and home and fled for their

lives, preferring exile to breaking the laws of Moses and disobeying their God. Still the soldiers pursue them, and it is their own king who gives the order for their destruction.

And now the story has a hero. He is the son of a venerable priest, Mattathias, and he is one of five brothers, all priests and all great men, but very different. John, the quiet eldest brother, sorrows most for the desecrated Temple; Simon talks of the glories and hopes of the Hebrew people, now almost driven from the face of the earth; Jonathan thinks of foreign nations who might help them, while Judas and Eleazar are fierce to fight for their country. But already it is easy to see which will be among the world's heroes, known to history as 'The Hammer.'

Those were the days when king Antiochus IV. ruled over Palestine and almost the whole East. One hundred and fifty years before, when Alexander the Great died, the wide Grecian Empire was broken into smaller kingdoms. Prosperous Egypt, with its wonderful civilization, made one; Greece itself was the least of them, and already was scarcely anything more than a province of Rome; but in the East, the kings of Syria had built up a great and flourishing and magnificent empire, with its capital at beautiful Antioch. King Antiochus was a very great king, and a very furious one; so that he was sometimes called Epiphanes, 'the Brilliant;' and sometimes Epimanes, 'the Mad.' He thought his great dominions could be governed more easily if all the different peoples had the same religion, and consequently determined that the whole country should be made as much like Greece as possible.

This was what caused so much trouble in Palestine. Great disturbances arose; so that at last Antiochus, in a fit of rage, sent a general named Apollonius with soldiers to force the Israelites to worship heathen gods. These soldiers broke down the splendid courts of the Temple, sacrificed on its altar the swine which are a particular abomination to the Jew, and poured swine's broth over the beautiful copies of the Law. Worse than this, they tortured and killed multitudes who were ready to die rather than give up their religion.

This is what makes the story something more than merely interesting. The priests of Egypt, and the philosophers of the East, and the wise Socrates in Athens, had tried in vain to teach their countrymen of one great God Who is Creator and Ruler of the world, and Who asks goodness and purity of His creatures; but the Jews knew Him, worshipped Him, and believed that to obey Him is better than life. For just as we have learned law from the Romans, and still study art and literature in the schools of Greece, so our religion has come

to us through the Hebrews. The Bible is the history of their nation, and from among them came Jesus. So when the King of Syria tried to destroy this nation and this religion, the struggle by which brave men saved both for the world is a very important part of history.

Mattathias and his remarkable sons opened the contest. After they were driven out of Jerusalem they retired to Modin, a little city in the beautiful Judæan uplands, near Hebron. Here their family had been great for so many generations that their very name, 'Asmoneans,' meant *Magnates*; and it was a family of priests sworn to believe in God and help others to worship Him. They could not forget this; and as they read in the book of Daniel (which was first known in those trying times) the stories of men who would not deny the Lord Jehovah, though tempted and persecuted, and the records of the visions of better times to come, they remembered that to be great is to have much influence over others.

The Syrian officer who planted a heathen altar in Modin did not forget this either, and begged Mattathias to offer a sacrifice thereon, that the rest of the people might follow the example. The indignation of the old man arose at such a suggestion, and grew until it knew no bounds. When a Jew who wanted to get favour with the officer crowded up to the altar bringing an offering, Mattathias could endure it no longer. He cried out: 'Though all the nations that are under the king's dominion obey him, and fall away every one from the religion of their fathers, and give consent to his commandments, yet will I and my sons and my brethren walk in the covenant of our fathers.'

Thereupon he and his sons fell upon the officer and killed him, tore down the altar, and then fled for their lives to the mountains, gathering together there numbers who were like-minded.

The Syrians followed hard after; and, mindful of past experiences, attacked one company on the Sabbath, only to be received in silence by men who could die rather than disobey their law. Then Mattathias, as wise as he was brave, declared that the Sabbath was for man's highest need; and that, fighting as they were for their nation and their God, they might defend themselves on that day.

His followers soon became a large and powerful band up in the mountains, tearing down many heathen altars, restoring Jewish rites, and delivering numbers of their persecuted brethren.

Mattathias lived only a year after this; but dying, he bequeathed the righteous warfare to his sons. The struggle became the particular inheritance of Judas, who began then to be called Maccabæus, which means 'The Hammer.' Familiar with the mountains all his life, he struck blow after blow, sudden and heavy, upon the Syrian hosts,

who did not know the country, and were much confused by the steep roads and rough passes.

Young Judas was the idol of his army. 'Mighty and strong from his youth up, there was a cheerfulness diffused through the whole army when he appeared. His countrymen delighted to remember his stately appearance as of an ancient giant, when he fastened on his breastplate, or tightened his military sash around him, or waved his protecting sword over the camp of his faithful followers.' Like a lion for courage, he was tender and gentle 'to such as were ready to perish;' and, though a great general, he remembered that he was also a priest. 'For our lives and laws,' was his own motto and the war-cry of his army; and he never forgot that 'the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of a host; but strength cometh from heaven.' All the liberty in the world has come from men with such courage and trust. The famous saying that 'God is on the side of the heaviest battalions,' comes from tyrants like Napoleon, who delighted to use it; or, like the Roman emperors, of whom it was first spoken.

In the first two years Judas had won three great battles. Near Samaria he had destroyed a large army, and killed Apollonius himself. He took the sword of the Syrian general, and with it fought; doubtless often gaining courage as he looked at it and thought of his first battle and the miserable end of the man who had so persecuted the Jews. At Beth-Horon in the mountains, he utterly destroyed another great host, and killed their leader, the governor of the whole province.

By this time the Syrians had begun to have some respect for the Jewish army, and the third time they sent to Emmaus nearly fifty thousand men under three of their greatest generals. Perhaps Judas never showed the strength of his character more than at this time. Although he had but six thousand men to oppose this multitude, he did not hesitate to follow the law of Moses, and proclaim that all who were lately married, or had just bought property, and all others who were afraid, should leave the army. Just half his force deserted him; and against the host of his enemies he could array but a poorly armed band of three thousand men; but they were brave men who had fasted and prayed, and who believed it was better to die in battle than to see the calamities of their people and sanctuary.

Partly by stratagem, and partly by the splendid courage of his small troop, Judas scattered the great army of the Syrians, who left behind much gold and silver, and blue silk and purple of the sea. Well might the happy Israelites chant their national anthem of thanksgiving, the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm.

But Jerusalem was still in heathen hands; and the next year King

Antiochus sent for its defence still another enormous army under the governor of all Syria. Once more the Syrian host was utterly defeated, this time at Beth Zur, about thirty miles south of the city ; and Judas and his victorious followers marched into Jerusalem with songs and shouts. His first care was the Temple. He pulled down the hateful Syrian altars, rooted up the shrubs that filled its courts, rebuilt its walls, and hung them with the splendid spoil of the heathen, and with pious care re-dedicated the altars to Jehovah. With great rejoicings and solemn ceremonies the Israelites set up again the worship for which they had endured so much and fought so bravely ; and then for the first time celebrated, with illuminations and festive dances, the beautiful 'Feast of Lights.'

Judæa was not yet safe and at peace, however ; for now Judas and his brethren had to meet and conquer the neighbouring tribes ; and when in 164 B.C., King Antiochus died, leaving two sons who quarrelled over the throne, there were fresh battles to fight with the armies of the new king, also called Antiochus. This time it was determined to crush once and for ever the Jewish army.

Down the Jordan valley towards Jerusalem marched the Syrian host. It was a splendid army of more than one hundred and twenty thousand men. The horsemen were in chain armour, with helmets of polished brass, and 'when the sun shone upon the shields of gold and brass, the mountains glistened therewith, and shined like lamps of fire.' Most terrible of all, in the midst tramped magnificently caparisoned elephants, each with its Indian driver, carrying huge black towers full of archers, and roused to fury with the blood of grapes and of mulberries !

The armies met near Beth Zur again. The Jews fought like tigers. The brave Eleazar, thinking that the largest elephant carried the king, determined, like Curtius or Horatius, that his life was a small price to pay for the salvation of a whole people. He ran under the dreadful creature, stabbed it furiously, and was crushed as the huge beast tottered and fell. It was this deed that made so honourable his curious title of the 'Beast-sticker.'

Notwithstanding all their daring, the Jews had to give way for the first time when Judas himself led the fight, and Jerusalem was given up. Though the people were protected by a treaty, the Syrian general broke it as soon as he was inside the walls, and it seemed for a little while as if all was lost.

Before the year was out, however, the throne of Syria was in new hands, and against King Demetrius the Maccabees (as Judas and his brothers were called) set out on a campaign which proved sometimes disastrous, sometimes successful.

Once Nicanor, a great Syrian, met Judas in a council, and liked him so much that they became close friends. During this friendship occurred almost the only quiet time in the whole life of Judas. It is pleasant to think of him enjoying the comfort and happiness of the home he made for himself in these days, bearing with dignity his short-lived honours as High Priest, and constantly delighting in the society of the congenial Nicanor.

Such a friendship could not last, and circumstances quickly brought it to an end; for soon after, we find this very general again fighting the Jews most fiercely, but in vain, and at last lying slain among his defeated soldiers.

Judas was something more than a brave warrior; he was also a thoughtful ruler. He had heard much of a wonderful people called Romans who were fast conquering the whole world, and to whom the mighty Syrians themselves paid tribute. These Romans, Judas had heard, were ruled by a senate chosen from among themselves, and by 'a captain changed every year.' He had heard, too, that the favour of this powerful people set up thrones, and their anger overthrew kingdoms; so he determined to send an embassy asking their aid.

For many reasons the Romans gladly granted their protection; and though Judas himself did not profit by it, his country did for a time; and thus began the connection afterwards so disastrous to the Jews.

Meanwhile, in the year 161 B.C., so many quarrels had arisen among the Jewish people themselves, that when a fresh army came down from the Syrian king under a general named Bacchides, there were only eight hundred men who were willing to follow Judas to battle. Still his courage did not fail; and, rallying the little band, he led them forth with these brave words: 'If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honour;' and it was given him thus to die; for before the day was over, the battle was lost, and among the slain was the great and wise and able leader.

There was cause for the lamentation that filled Israel. There had been no such leader since David; there was never such another. With a handful of followers, Judas Maccabeus had defied a mighty kingdom, had rescued a whole land, had rebuilt a nation, and had restored a dying religion. All this he had done by his wisdom and skill and military ability; by his high purpose and his sublime trust in a God Who cares for His people. And to-day when men wish to honour a hero, they greet him with the triumphant music in which the great composer, Handel, afterward celebrated the deeds of this very Judas:

See, the conquering hero comes !
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing !'

After his death the struggle went on. Jonathan, called 'the Crafty,' the youngest of the Maccabees, gained by able management, as well as by military skill and great courage, more than had been lost ; and he was soon reigning as High Priest and 'Friend of the King' over his whole country. It was a very warlike reign, however, and soon came to an end.

Simon, the last brother of this wonderful Maccabean family, succeeded in 143 B.C. to the power over the Hebrew people. He was, on the whole, probably the most remarkable of this family who fought so well for national liberty. In a few great battles he subdued three fortresses that none of his brothers had been able to secure, and thereby made himself master of Judæa. He ruled with a wise and firm hand ; peace and plenty filled the whole land. The young princes rode forth in the splendid train of embassies to foreign courts, and dreamt of a day when the Jewish people should be rulers of the earth. The Hebrew maidens hurried to their latticed-windows as the gorgeous trains of foreign kings filled the streets of Jerusalem going up to the stately palace of the High Priest. The hum of buying and selling rose all day ; and the money, for the first time in their history, was Jewish money marked with the name of a Jewish ruler. Old men talked together at the street corners of the new wealth of the country, and nodded with satisfaction that no more tribute was paid to Syria. And in quiet chambers priests and scholars gathered up their sacred writings into almost the very form in which to-day we read the Old Testament. Since the magnificent reign of Solomon, it was the day of Israel's greatest glory and greatest development. The nation, with the priceless treasure of its religion, had at last been saved for the world, by the courage and devotion of Judas Maccabæus and his brethren.*

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

BY EDITH M. EDWARDS.

THE day was well-nigh over. The earth had waked from its dewy sleep to the glad caresses of a bright spring morning. It had basked in the sun's full smile at noon, and now the west was gathering together its splendours, for the king of day was to be accompanied in his departure by a blaze of glory, even as he had been heralded in his coming by a flush of promise. It seemed as if the sun were to pass out of sight through a glittering doorway, round which hung

* From *Magna Charta Stories*. Boston, U.S. : D. Lothrop and Company.

curtains of crimson shading into rose-colour, and about which soft blue melted into tender green. There were stirrings on the earth as though the fresh life of spring could not fall asleep all at once, but must turn to music in the songs of birds, or make itself felt in the perfumed breath of flowers.

On a grass-grown footpath that skirted a wood there walked in the evening glory an aged woman and a young girl: with one it was sunset-time; the mists of morning and the prime of noon had alike passed, and the time was near when, through other western gates, she was to catch a glimpse of other-world light. With the younger it was still spring-time—spring with its changeful sunshine and storms, its strange, sweet music, and its swiftly-fading power, its clouds dark with tempest, and its bow bright with hope.

Sunset and spring-time, they walked together in the evening calm, and so as they walked they spoke: 'I have always loved this hour,' said the elder woman, 'ever since when, as a little girl, I used to think that yonder were the pearly gates of the blessed city, and that through the golden mists one might catch glimpses of the angels as they pass over the shining floor. Ah, well, I suppose it was a childish fancy; and yet, my child, I have thought sometimes lately that the jasper-walled city may be nearer than we think.' As the old woman ceased, the girl, who had been watching her earnestly, suddenly clasped her small hands convulsively and spoke in a tone of suppressed passion: 'Ah, if we only knew!' she cried; 'if there were a little more certainty about the other life! What forms shall we wear by-and-by? What will our occupations be? How much do the blessed dead know of those they have loved and left? Ah! if God had only been pleased to tell us a little more clearly what we shall be; as it is, it is all a mist, a *golden* mist, perhaps, but a mist still; and these questionings wake nothing but their own echoes.' As with a faltering voice the maiden spoke, a shadow fell upon the calm face of her companion, and at the same moment a cloud passed over the radiant west and dimmed its glory, and the two walked on in the deepening stillness, in a silence as great as that which was soon to settle on the world.

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'You tell me,' said the *Caterpillar*, 'strange stories of a life that is to be, of a time when this body of mine will be changed, when I shall have new powers and a different sphere. *Breeze*, you have wandered long through these woodlands, your knowledge is great, do not leave me in the dark, tell me what I shall be; explain to me the mystery of my future state.' Languidly the *Breeze* raised itself from a violet bed and flung a shower of perfume round it ere it answered with a sigh: 'I have told you already that the present is a state of imper-

fection, of preparation—the age that is coming will be a season of unfolding, of blossom—it is not that you will be other than yourself, you will be yourself completed. The sphere in which you now are is enough for your present needs and capabilities, it is not enough for those powers that, even now, slumber within you, but a wider sphere will be yours, and its pleasures—well, I can only tell you they will be suited to your enlarged capacities.’

‘All this,’ said the Caterpillar, ‘you have told me before; you have told me also that I shall have wings some day, that I shall quit this bush and go forth into a world unknown and untried; and yet, Breeze, you bid me be happy; your words awake no hope within me, but fill me with dismay.’ ‘Even so,’ gently replied the Breeze; ‘it were but idle to speak to you, poor, imperfect creature, of the joys that shall be yours; they are meaningless words to you, to your dull ears they have no beauty. Ah! what stories I would tell of the higher, freer life if you could understand, but you cannot. This much I say, what the bud is to the blossom, what morning’s first blush is to noontide splendour, such is the life that is to the life that shall be.’ ‘I cannot understand,’ cried the Caterpillar. ‘Then wait,’ whispered the Breeze; ‘with enlarged capacities come fuller revelations.’

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The sun had set, but the face of evening was fair to look upon, while from among the folds of her mantle looked the pure eye of the first star. The cloud passed from the old woman’s face; at eventide ‘it was light.’ ‘My child,’ she said, ‘it is not much we know, it is but little we could understand, even if we were told perhaps—only through the night of ignorance I see the shining of this star: “Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.”’ The Breeze sang a note of triumph in the tree-tops as, with the light come back to her face, the young girl softly said:

‘My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But ’tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.’

A DISINHERITED WHELK.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

PART III.

WHAT happened next in this eventful history? Would that I certainly knew! But, alas! once more exact information fails me, and even imagination is at fault. My positive knowledge

amounts to this: that when the whelk-shell tumbled out of the dredge, there was stuck upon its back a light-brown leathery lump half as big again as the shell. And, lo! when the whole colony was transferred to the aquarium, not only did the hermit begin to shuffle about, and the worms to display their beautiful fans, and the barnacles to grab with their long lissome fingers, but this ugly, dirty lump slowly opened out into one of the loveliest flowers you ever saw—a little like the passion-flower; and when I dropped a bit of mutton into its centre, the exquisite petals closed over it, and little by little it was drawn down into the flower, and the outside changed its shape, and the next day the piece of mutton, having yielded all its nutritive juices, was turned out, and the sea-flower bloomed more beautifully than ever. From that day the flower often shared our family dinner, taking kindly to almost anything in the meat-line that might be on the table; but manifesting a decided predilection for fish, pork—dairy-fed—and mutton.

Once I had one of these same brown, fleshy lumps in an aquarium, fastened to a stone. But it was very uncomfortable, fidgeting about from stone to stone, and making but a poor show with its half-expanded tentacles. But on a certain evening I dropped a hermit-crab, with its whelk-shell, into the aquarium, and, lo! in the morning my pretty disconsolate sea-flower was perched on the back of the shell; and now, as though it had found what it wanted, all its beauty was displayed. But how it got there I cannot tell. Perhaps the hermit took pity on its forlorn condition, and picking it up in its claws, popped it on to the shell; or, perhaps, it crept silently over the stones to the sleeping hermit, and so mounted into the place where it would be. You can never tell what happens even in your own world, much less in other worlds, unless you, or somebody else, are there to see. And all the most wonderful things happen—so it seems to me—at night, when you are fast asleep, and can see nothing, except dreams.

But this I have seen, only a fortnight ago. This same sea-flower, or sea-anemone, to give it the name by which you will know it, or *Parasitica*, to give it a scientific name, lost its companion hermit by death, and after wandering hopelessly for awhile, settled, and, I am sorry to say, shrank down upon a green stone, where it has lived a lonely life all the winter, feeding occasionally, but dressed always in widow's weeds. The other day I brought home from Poole Harbour a vigorous young hermit, and dropping him into the aquarium, watched to see what would happen. The crab rambled about for a time, and, presently discovering the anemone, climbed the rock on which it was perched, turned the inclined plane of its whelk-

shell to the pretty creature, pushed itself up against its leathery coat, and did all but say, 'Now, here I am at last; get up and I will give you a ride pig-a-back.' But though the hermit waited patiently all day and all night and all the next day, in the same position, the widow would not be consoled. She shrank up into herself, and now the hermit refuses to go near her. But I am quite sure they are both very unhappy, and I have had serious thoughts of trying to pull the anemone from its stone, and compelling it to take its proper place among the barnacles and serpulæ; and so making two miserable people happy.

Of all the inexplicable mysteries in Nature, the most inexplicable—the most curious and interesting and comical—is the alliance between the parasitical anemones and the hermit-crabs. This *Parasitica* is wonderful enough. But there is a species belonging to quite a different family, often found at Weymouth and further west, but not yet discovered—so far as I know—on this coast, which has habits still more singular. It is known as the cloaklet. Last autumn I dredged a specimen out off the Kyles of Bute. It was a lovely creature—in colour red and white, with delicate purple markings. I found it firmly attached to the mouth of a small shell, leaving a long narrow opening fringed with short white tentacles. Inside the shell was a hermit-crab. I had no opportunity of keeping and observing the creature, so after a day or two I was reluctantly compelled to restore it, with many other treasures, to its native element. For the description I am about to give I am indebted, as all naturalists must be until some equally fortunate observer arises, to Mr. Gosse. But I have ventured to condense and interweave materials drawn from several of his books or papers.

There is one species of hermit-crab, called after Mr. Prideaux, of Plymouth, who first made it known, which is always found in association with the cloaklet anemone. The cloaklet cannot live without the crab; nor can the crab live without the anemone. Now, that in itself is a sufficiently remarkable fact. But that is not all. There appears to be an invariable relation between the size of the anemone and the sized shell around the inner lip of which it spreads itself. A young anemone surrounds the mouth of a small shell, and that shell will be tenanted by a young Prideaux-crab. But when full-grown, the anemone will be found adhering to a larger shell, and will have as its companion a full-grown crab. Now, how is this mutually convenient relation maintained? Here are two creatures, widely differing in organization, mysteriously dependent upon one another, and each dependent on an empty shell, which shell must be adapted to their respective ages and sizes. How do they arrange the details

of the successive flittings which must take place? Reasoning from what we know of their organization, we naturally infer that the partner who possesses the most highly-developed organs of sense—eyes, antennæ, brain-like ganglia—was the member of the firm who selected the new house and devised the means by which not only its own removal, but also the removal of its less highly endowed partner, was to be effected. And if, on examination, we found that this same member of the firm possessed also the mechanical appliances—strong claws, for instance—fitted to lift and carry, we should confidently conclude that he was the active agent in working out the problem. Such, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gosse proved by accurate observation was the case. He saw the crab lift the cloaklet to the shell, and hold it in position until it adhered. At the same time it is quite clear that, as in the case of the parasitica in my own aquarium, the cloaklet must be an assenting and, according to the measure of its powers of locomotion, an assisting party in effecting the removal. If it did not unloose its hold on the old shell, and use its adhering powers in taking hold of the new one, all the skill and muscular exertions of the crab would be in vain. So that in all fairness we must give our pretty little friend credit for doing what lies in her power towards the completion of this singular operation. That the operation is grateful to her, is evident from the radiant beauty in which she arrays herself immediately upon its completion.

The mystery, I imagine, resolves itself into a question of feeding. Probably the anemone catches food which the crab needs; and the crab, perhaps, so tears food as to make some portion of its scattered morsels more easily available for the anemone.

Here are two texts which explain, in a matter-of-fact way, many things in human society, and, with equal truth, many of the curiosities of nature: ‘All the labour of man is for his mouth.’ ‘The appetite of the labourer laboreth for him: for his mouth urgeth him on.’ How much toil is sweetened, how many schemes revealing craft and skill and patience are devised! how many seeming impossibilities are accomplished, because men and fish and crabs, and even more lowly organized creatures, *are hungry!*

Two other creatures—probably indeed three, possibly four—were attached to the whelk-shell when I brought it from the depths. The possible tenant was a worm, who lies inside the lip of the shell; and, as the crab eats, picks the food out of its jaws. The probable tenant was a special friend of mine whom I often find on such shells. She is like a wee millet-seed. Her house is pure white lime; her body mere rays of living light; her name *Miliola*; and her ancestors and relatives long, long ago did by far the greater part of the work

of building up the great chalk cliffs. The other two tenants were, first, a bit of weed which was not weed, but a collection of many living creatures, all linked together in the pretty mimicry of a weed, with breathing, feeding, and other organs more like those of an oyster than anything else. And, secondly, a zoophyte, or plant-animal, nearly allied to the bunches of light-brown feathery weed which you may see on any summer's day hanging from the pier-piles, and second-cousin to the anemone perched on the whelk-shell's back.

In some respects the zoophyte last named is the oddest creature of all. It is one of the simplest forms of life, not far removed from the border-land which lies between animal and plant life. Yet it also is wisely, variously and wonderfully adapted to the station it fills, and in its way declares the glory of Him Who made it, and may minister for a moment to the amusement of His children. When the whelk-shell rolled out of the dredge, hydractinia—I regret that it has no English name—looked like a coating of whitish slime covering the lip of the shell, and spreading over every spot not otherwise occupied. But when the shell was restored to its native element, the slime resolved itself into a covering of white velvet, which, around the shell-lips, became a graceful fringe. Once hydractinia was obliging enough to glide from its native shell to the glass side of an aquarium, and the owner of the aquarium, being a learned naturalist, was able to search the creature through and through, and make out all the peculiarities of its structure. This is what he saw: A network of fine filmy threads and canals, out of which grew five different kinds of polypes, the nature and appointed work of which, after much study and experimenting, was clearly ascertained. The long fringe-polypes, as the whelk-shell, mouth downwards, is trundled by the hermit-crab over the sea floor, catch food for the colony. They are the fishermen, hunters, yes, and the butchers; for they have curious stinging-cells and lasso-threads, as have all the zoophytes, including our pretty anemones, with which they can kill living prey. Other polypes, armed also with stinging-cells, having also mouths and stomachs, do the feeding for the community. Two other kinds, beautifully coloured, lay and fertilize eggs from which new communities may arise. Whilst a fifth set do the fighting, if fighting is needed; and I suppose it is needed, or nature would not have provided the hydractinia colony with its soldier-polypes. These said soldiers look quiet, innocent and even useless, as do our bare-legged Highlanders when they are sauntering about the streets of Edinburgh off duty; but let any peril threaten the peace or safety of the community; touch one of the most distant feeding polypes; or lacerate any portion of the connective network of nerve-tissue, and

the lazy fellows, like the Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir, will develop an amount of energy and rage perfectly astounding, lashing out furiously until the peril is past.

All living creatures may be divided into two classes: those which have, and those which have not, a back-bone—the Vertebrata, and the Invertebrata. Of those which are back-bone-less, nearly all the leading families have their representatives on, or inside, this whelk-shell. Some of them, indeed, are doubly represented. The Foraminifera (*Miliola*) represents all the lowest and simplest forms of life, included under the title Protozoa, or 'first life.' The zoophytes, as representing the Cœlenterata, or the Radiata, come next. Then follow all the ringed creatures—the Annelida, represented by the serpula-worm. After these come the Arthropoda—mailed warriors, as Miss Buckley calls them, represented by the crab and the barnacle. And last of all we have the Mollusca, represented by the disinherited whelk.

My hope is that some who read these papers may be inspired to attempt natural history observations on their own account. For the sake of all such, and at the risk of some repetition, allow me to explain how a beginning may be made at small cost and with but little trouble.

Give a fisherman a big jar and a few pence. Tell him that you want a soldier-crab, with an anemone and as many other living things as possible on the shell. When he brings it to you, put it into a shallow glass or earthenware-pan, with a few inches of seawater and a little gravel and a few green stones. As the water evaporates, change it, or add a little clean rain water. Feed the crab with bits of fish, and now and then put a morsel among the tentacles of the anemone. Keep the pan in a north window, and let it have plenty of fresh air, with daily ebbings and flowings of the tide and frequent storms, the imitation of which I leave to your ingenuity. Spend half-a-crown in the purchase of a pocket-lens. And then, note-book in hand, spend a few minutes each day in watching the creatures, briefly writing down what you see. You will soon want to read about the creatures, and then you will learn to what a world of wonder and interest your little aquarium has introduced you. And this also you will learn, that Nature has her responses to that desire to be amused which is as imperious a part of our mental and moral self as hunger is of our physical self, and that Natural History is one of the most enjoyable of all hobbies—recreative science in the truest sense of the term, and for that reason useful and for the glory of God.

'Houses that ye builded not.' These words of Holy Scripture the shell of the Disinherited Whelk, with all its inside and outside tenants, has brought incessantly to my recollection whilst these papers

have been in course of preparation. 'Houses that ye builded not.' In that and in many other respects God's ancient people were to enter into other men's labours. And is not that a law which runs through nature? Or rather, is it not part of the working out of another and wider law—the law of inter-dependence? No life is altogether for itself. Throughout all God's wide domain life is always for life. The whelk built for itself and for the crab and for all the crab's strangely-consorted companions. The crab slew and tore for itself and for the zoophytes, barnacles and worms. Whilst I doubt not that if we could find out all the details of the life-history of each creature, we should discover that they all, in varying degrees, and perhaps in startling ways, were dependent upon one another. Mr. Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, and others have lifted a corner of the veil, and given us to see how wonderfully the world of plant-life is dependent upon the insects which haunt its lovely scenes. And every entomologist knows how the insects, in their turn, are dependent upon the plants. We live to-day to a great extent upon the fruit of work done by life and death ages ago. Our coal bloomed in forest-plants long before there was eye of man to behold their weird beauty; and our lime swarmed as hosts of living creatures in seas unploughed by ship or coracle. What have we here in England that we have not received? and how true all the history of our nation proves it to be that we are more blessed when we in turn give than when we receive. 'Houses that ye builded not.' It is true of us all. Others have 'laboured' and we have 'entered into their labours.' Let us so live and love and labour; so sell that we have, and so give of that which has been given to us, that we may provide for ourselves 'bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief' can 'break through nor steal;' even 'an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

HOW METHODISM CAME TO MEXBRO:'

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF DR. ROBERT NEWTON.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. THOMAS.

MEXBRO'—now a busy, thriving, bustling place, lying on the river Don—was, about three-quarters of a century ago, of limited dimensions and very sparsely inhabited. It had a small church; and, as our story will show, some form of local government. The parish clerk, Robert Glasby, who was also its schoolmaster, held the office of constable, and evidently considered it his duty to keep the peace, and prevent any approach towards disturbance. At this time Methodism had no existence in the village, although it is only six miles from Rotherham.

A change, however, was at hand. In the year 1804, the Rev. ROBERT NEWTON was appointed to the Rotherham Circuit. His fame as a Preacher of distinguished eloquence and power had already been spread abroad, and he was the first Wesleyan Minister who visited the place. In what is now called Old Mexbro', near the church, on the opposite side of the road, stands an old farm-house, enclosed within walls, then occupied by a Mr. Sellers. Mrs. Mary Styring, of Wickersley, near Rotherham, 'a mother in Israel,'* who was acquainted with the popular preacher, and who felt an interest in the place, got his consent to come and preach to the people, and accompanied him on his visit; the farm-house already named was the place chosen for the purpose.

Among the hearers, or perhaps we should rather say the lookers-on, was the important official who blended in himself the threefold office of constable, schoolmaster, and parish clerk. Irritated that any one should presume to interfere with the religious care of the parish, and zealous to preserve the peace, he told the Preacher that if he should presume to come again he would apprehend him. Doctor Newton was not likely to be deterred from his work by these threats: he announced another service in a month's time, and again made his appearance at the place, and began his service in the same house. The constable, also true to his word, had engaged several men to render their help in taking the Preacher, and had provided handcuffs for the purpose. So well was the intention known, that a man from Wath, James Thorpe, an old Methodist, along with several others, came with the expectation of seeing the apprehension. As the service proceeded, the men employed said to the official: 'Shall we not take him?' 'No,' replied the constable, 'he has not yet said anything amiss against the king or the country.' The service still progressing, again they whispered, 'Shan't we take him now?' 'No,' again was the reply, 'he has said nothing wrong;' and so the service was peaceably concluded, and the congregation dismissed.

The Cause of Methodism grew, Mexbro' was taken under the care of the Rotherham Circuit, and a small chapel was built. At length in the year 1849, Rotherham was divided, Wath-upon-Dearne was made the head of a new Circuit, in whose boundaries Mexbro' was included. We have about ninety members of Society, a flourishing Sunday-school, etc.; but we much need larger premises. A site for a new chapel, adjoining the old farm-house, has been purchased; and it is hoped that ere long a nobler sanctuary may be raised.

* See a brief memorial of her in the *Christian Miscellany*, 1856, page 287.



THE STREAM OF THE WILLOWS.

BY T. P. GRAY, F.R.A.S.

THROUGH the open gates of light

A flood of evening glory downward pouring ;

To meet the rays, in wreathèd flight,

The mists of earth, as incense, softly upward soaring ;

An idle brook, whose murmurs never cease,

With willowy banks ; a gentle, sunlit scene of English peace.

Gnarled and moss-grown, wrinkled trees

Bend their branches to the breeze ;

Wave their fan-like boughs in greeting,
 Nodding promises of meeting
 To their neighbours o'er the stream ;
 Bow their leafy heads and dream,
 Till the brooklet's kiss they feel,
 Till the waters higher steal,
 Bring these floating gifts of straw,
 Hang them there and fall once more,
 Leave them dangling long and dry
 Overhead a clouded sky,
 To the brighter west extending,
 Ceases where the gold is lending
 Strange distinctness to the hills,
 While reflected dulness fills
 All the wooded plain between,
 Like our life and future sheen.
 In the sky a cloudy sea
 Turns to gold all suddenly ;
 Angry tossings seem to cease
 As if a fairy-hand had touched them into peace.

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 'ROGER MOISTER, THE PATRIARCH OF WYOMING.'\*

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

THE autumnal leaves of 1783 were falling in red and yellow beauty along the lanes and the streams in the neighbourhood of Sedbergh, when a child was born at Underbank, a farmhouse near that picturesque Yorkshire town. As the parents, John Moister and his wife, looked in the dim light of the shortened days on the face of the boy, whom they named Roger, their highest hope probably was that the little features would develop into those of honest manhood, earning a living, and something to spare, by worthy handicraft or healthful labour with the plough and the scythe. But for Roger there were honours never anticipated by his parents when his cradle was touched by the subdued gold of November sunsets. He became a preacher of the Gospel, was venerated as 'the Patriarch of Wyoming,' and had unspeakable joy in a son, who, in placid old age, looks back on years of Missionary labour in the West Indies and Africa, and whose industrious pen has largely added to the treasures of Methodist literature.

In early boyhood, Roger was instructed by his uncle, who kept a school, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of history and natural science. His father also gave him valuable educational helps, and his mother endeavoured to foster in him a love of truth and honesty, and took him on the Sabbath to the parish church of Sedbergh. When fifteen years old he was apprenticed to a stone-

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\* *Memoir of Roger Moister, the Patriarch of Wyoming. With a Brief Account of Methodism in America.* By his Son, WILLIAM MOISTER. London: T. Woolmer.



mason and builder, at Cartmel, in Lancashire. The men and youths with whom he was associated were profane and dissolute; but while learning from them to take the Lord's name in vain, he would have no share in their tavern-excesses. In obedience to his parents, he returned home at the end of his apprenticeship; and, being drawn to the Methodist chapel in Sedbergh, was so impressed by the truth that he ceased to swear, as he had done, and effected other reformatations in his conduct. He was in good repute as a clever mason, and was employed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood to superintend the erection of buildings on his estate. One day he was working at a mill on the bank of the Lune, while at a short distance children were playing and gathering wild flowers in a field by the side of the river. A little boy, tempted by a flower of more than common beauty, ventured on the steep bank, and losing his foothold slipped into the water, and was borne rapidly along by the current. Mr. Moister seeing his perilous position, plunged into the river, and rescued him from death; for in another moment he would have been almost dashed to pieces by the revolving mill-wheel. The boy became a fine, tall young man, and when on a visit to Sedbergh called on Mr. Moister to thank him for saving his life. The Rev. William Moister remembers the visit, and speaks in glowing terms of the emotion manifested by the young man.

Mr. Moister was married in Sedbergh on August 12th, 1805. His wife had been a member of the Methodist Society, but was persuaded by him to abandon the Class-meeting. After a time, however, husband and wife were influenced by better thoughts; and, uniting in prayer for Divine light and guidance, had in their hearts a melody sweeter than that which the soaring larks rained from the blue above the gardens of Sedbergh. Mr. Moister thus noted the new experience: 'O, what a blessed change was thus effected in our domestic circle in the course of a week! The family-altar was now erected, and the worship of God was regularly established in our humble dwelling. Every night we retired to rest not only happy in each other, but truly happy in God, and arose each morning with prayer and praise on our lips... These were golden days. The Lord seemed to carry me in His bosom, and all was love and joy and peace.'

Mr. Moister, constrained by the love of Christ, began to work in the Sabbath-school, and to take part in prayer-meetings. The Class-meeting, from which, in an evil hour, he had drawn his bride, was regarded by him as an institution of special value, and an additional Leader being required in Sedbergh, he was appointed to the office. His members were most of them new converts, who had been won for Christ by the powerful ministry of Hodgson Casson, who at that

time was labouring in the Kendal Circuit, which included Sedbergh in its out-stations. About a year after his conversion, Mr. Moister was urged by the Superintendent Minister to employ his powers in the pulpit, and received a copy of the Circuit-plan bearing his name as an exhorter. He began the work with fear and trembling, but was aided by the Divine Spirit, and was welcomed as a messenger of glad tidings in the villages nestled in the romantic dales of the Lake District.

In July, 1827, he saw his son William enter the liberty of God's children, and two years later it was his happiness to see the name dear to him on the Circuit-plan. Unutterable joy was in his heart when he and the studious stripling, after an early breakfast on the Sabbath morning, started for their appointments: at times treading deep in snow, and at other times made glad by the songs of birds, and by balmy airs lightly stirring the leaves overhead; but in winter and summer toiling up the dales with a like determination to do their utmost in the name of Christ. No wonder that the aged Minister, now in Sedbergh, retains a vivid and grateful memory of those happy days.

To promote the temporal interests of his family, Mr. Moister emigrated to the United States of America in 1831. He settled at Wilkesbarre, in Wyoming, the beautiful valley on which Campbell has caused his *Gertrude* to shed the light of her immortal loveliness. In connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church he found abundant scope for his activities; and, writing to his son, who was then labouring as a Missionary on the Gambia, said:

'I am the only Local-preacher on this station, and I have plenty of work, I assure you. The friends are very kind, however, and often send us presents of various articles which they think we may require. They think that no one should preach the Gospel for nothing, whatever his rank and status in the ministry may be. We have many negroes in this country, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I have preached to a congregation of blacks with great freedom and comfort. I am engaged in preaching in town or country twice or thrice every Sunday, and frequently during the week. I have attended one camp meeting, where I preached twice. This meeting was held at a place about forty miles from Wilkesbarre, and lasted five days. There were forty wagons on the ground, and to give light during the evening services, fires were made of pine-knots on scaffolds built in the trees. It was a grand sight, and we had many soul-refreshing seasons, scores of sinners being savingly converted to God. I have preached at nine funerals since I came here, when a solemn influence rested upon the people, and I hope some lasting good was done, and that the name of the Lord was glorified.'

In 1833, Mr. Moister, in accordance with the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was ordained, so as to be able to administer the Sacraments; but like other ordained Local-preachers in the United States, still retaining his secular employment. Being able to officiate as a Minister, his services were in great request, not only

in Wilkesbarre, but also in numerous townships on the Susquehanna, and in other parts of the valley. For many years he went almost every other Sunday to a township known as the Plains, where the people appreciated his labours so highly that they regarded him in a special sense as their pastor, and insisted on his accepting a small stipend.

When he had been about fourteen years in Wyoming he was visited by his son, who had been stationed in the West Indies. It was a memorable time both for the Patriarch and the Missionary. The latter thus writes: 'As we gradually descended from the hilly region, towards evening, and beheld the far-famed valley of Wyoming, with the river Susquehanna bending its serpentine course like a thread of silver through its centre, with its placid water glittering in the departing rays of the setting sun, I became the subject of peculiar feelings. Observing the interest which I took in everything that we saw, the coachman enquired if I had ever been in this part of the country before. I answered in the negative, and ventured to ask him if he knew any person in this neighbourhood of the name of Moister. He replied: "It's Father Moister that you mean, I guess. I know him well; and as for that matter, everybody in this valley knows him, and respects him too, for he is always trying to do them good." . . .

'As we approached the town of Wilkesbarre, we came in sight of Mount Pleasant, and the coachman pointed out my father's little farm and dwelling-house, and my brother's residence just beyond. A few minutes later we were close to the house, which stands near to the main road. The coachman said: "There's the old gentleman himself;" and at that moment I saw my father passing through the garden-gate. He proceeded along the road a few yards, but on seeing or hearing the coach stop at the gate, he turned round, and addressing the coachman, he asked, "Have you got something for me?" "I should think I have," said Jehu, pointing to me by his side, for he had ascertained who I was. At the same moment I exclaimed, "Father!" and he responded, "Is it William?" I instantly alighted; but I cannot attempt to describe my feelings or the particulars of our meeting under such peculiar circumstances. Suffice it to say that the good old man rejoiced exceedingly on being permitted to embrace once more a son whom he scarcely expected ever to see again in the flesh after I had embarked for Africa, and he with his family to America, fourteen years before.'

For three weeks there was happy intercourse between father and son, and then the two had to part, but with the hope that after all their wanderings they would meet 'where adeius and farewells are a sound unknown.'

Mr. Moister continued his work in Wyoming, serving God and his fellow-men with the fervour of youth and the wisdom of age. Writing to his son in the early part of 1854, he said: 'Last summer I was sick for about a month, but I am now better, and have been able for some time past to attend to my duties without interruption. I am now in my seventy-first year, and I labour as hard as ever in the service of the Church. But, thank God, we are living in the enjoyment of every blessing that we could desire. When you read this, try to praise the Lord with me, that your aged father is so comfortably provided for in his declining years, and more especially that he has a blessed hope when time shall be no more.'

The venerable writer of the above died on August 9th, 1859, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The river of death was to him calm and bright as the Susquehanna when its waters are seen rippling gently in the splendour of a summer sunset, and he went over cheered by the music and beauty of the better country.

His Missionary son, the Rev. William Moister, still lives, and finds in Sedbergh a pleasant rest for a happy old age. As he passes along the quiet streets or looks on the slopes which dip towards the silvery waters of the Lune and the Rother, he can bring before his mind scenes of heroic toil in the name of Christ; the swamps of the Gambia; the lovely landscapes of Trinidad and Grenada; and the stern majesty of mountains in South Africa. In the eventide of life he retains his early passion for the honour of Christ in the salvation of souls; and after having built a house for the Wesleyan Minister in Sedbergh, and seen his native town become, mainly by his own instrumentality, the head of a Circuit, still writes and preaches with an energy that years cannot subdue. If his father was the 'Patriarch of Wyoming,' he is the Patriarch of Sedbergh.

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## THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING.

### *AN ALLEGORY.*

BY FANNY HOSKINS.

**T**HERE was once a mighty king, who ruled over a vast territory. He had many officers under him, who were honoured and esteemed by his subjects. One of these officers had made himself useful to the king, and as a reward for many faithful services was raised to high dignities, till he came to be next in position to the heir-apparent. But unhappily this man's elevation occasioned his ruin. He had formerly been devoted to his sovereign's interests, and grateful for the favours conferred upon him; now he became proud and



haughty, seeking in every way to advance his own interests, till at length his pride and arrogance came to such a pass that he wished to take the place of the king's son, and laid plans to compass his life. The plot became known to the king, who stripped the traitor of all his dignities and honours, and banished him for life to a desolate and uninhabited region called Adramyttium (the Court of Death). When the proud rebel heard his sentence, he summoned all his friends and servants, and gathered a large number of malcontents who were ever seeking some occasion of revolt against the king. A great battle took place, and the rebel, Horonaim, was defeated by the king's forces, and taken to the place of banishment with all his followers. Adramyttium was a wild, dreary region east of the king's country, with many precipices, deep gulfs and dark forests, where wild beasts prowled by day as well as by night. A few adventurous persons had gone to explore it, deceived by the blue mountains, crowned with waving pine-trees, which divided this region from the rest of the king's dominions; but none who went there ever returned, and the king strictly forbade any search to be made for them. As soon as Horonaim and his followers arrived at this place, they made a solemn agreement that the one object of their life should be to entrap the king's subjects, and bring them into this dismal region, whence they could never depart.

Now, the king was not only a mighty monarch, but a kind father: he had a large family of children, boys and girls, growing up together, and he did all in his power to make them happy. The one thing he required from all was *implicit obedience*.

Behind the royal palace were large and beautiful grounds, stretching away for miles as far as the hills which bordered Adramyttium. Green hills and pleasant valleys were there, clear streams and tall trees gave refreshment and shelter; there was everything calculated to delight the eye and charm the senses.

You would have thought that these children would have been quite contented with their lovely home, and so they were for a time. But as they grew older they became restless and dissatisfied, and gazed with longing eyes on the blue hills beyond. 'Why cannot we explore the region called Adramyttium?' said a bright, eager boy one day to his brother.

'Why, Arduo, don't you know our father has forbidden us to, and I am sure he has some good reason, for he always studies our happiness,' answered Celeste, with a look of surprise.

'Well, of course this garden is a very pleasant place, but it is too confined, its limits are too narrow; I long to roam wherever my fancy leads me, and not to be checked at every step.'

'Yes, so I think,' chimed in another, called Marcus; 'though I didn't like to say so before. I am growing weary of these quiet vales and streams, and this even, monotonous life; but I shouldn't like to tell the others for fear it should come to our father's ears.'

'Ah, you are a rank coward!' shouted Arduo, as he turned laughingly away.

After this conversation, dissatisfaction was more freely given vent to, and at last one or two became rebellious. One fine day in autumn they were all out gathering flowers and fruit. Arduo and Marcus kept together, and they had wandered as far as their boundary-line before they noticed the absence of the others. 'Look at this beautiful little stream, Marcus,' cried Arduo; 'see, it runs at the foot of these dark mountains.'

'It is our boundary-line,' answered Marcus.

'Bah! don't talk to me of a boundary-line,' cried Arduo, scornfully; 'my ambition knows no bounds, and my love of enterprise no limits; such ties are only given as protection to the feeble.' So saying, he leaped lightly across the stream and began to pluck some gay flowers which grew on the opposite bank. 'Come and help me to gather these, Marcus; they are just the same as those in the palace grounds.' Marcus turned round to see if any one was looking, and then hastily stepped over the stream.

'The flowers have thorns growing with them, Arduo,' said Marcus, doubtfully.

'O! come up here and taste this lovely fruit, it is so sweet,' cried Arduo, climbing higher up the mountain.

Marcus followed, and they soon disappeared down the other side. Meanwhile, Celeste and the others had gone home, expecting to find Arduo and Marcus there before them; but twilight fell, and deepened into night, and still they came not. Then their father asked Celeste where he had last seen them: 'Near the boundary-line, at the foot of the dark mountains,' he said. And the father's brow darkened. Could they possibly have disobeyed his command and crossed the boundary? Then turning to his servants, he chose from among them one who was faithful and obedient, and sent him to search for his children, with a message of love and yet of warning. The messenger set out on his journey, and traced the footsteps of the wanderers across the stream and up the mountain side. Here and there were garlands of faded flowers which had dropped from their hands.

When he reached the summit and looked upon the dark forests, gloomy caves and yawning precipices of that desolate region, he marvelled that they cared to exchange their father's sunny gardens for

such a dreary place. He travelled far, not heeding the sneers and jests of Horonaim's satellites,—who were ever going about to decoy travellers,—till at length he came to a cave. In front of it trickled a stream of clear water, and wreaths of flowers were twined round the entrance. Looking in, the messenger saw Arduo and Marcus engaged in conversation with a stranger, evidently one of the servants of Horonaim. He was giving them a false description of Adramyttium, and rousing Arduo's spirit of ambition and enterprise.

'Those high hills look rugged and dark from yon fool's paradise of sunshine and roses,' he said; 'but to a bold, adventurous youth like yourself they only offer opportunity to display your courage and bravery.'

'And yet,' said Marcus, timidly, 'I have heard that those who came here to explore the country never returned.'

'That is easily accounted for,' said the stranger. 'They were so pleased with the varied enjoyments of this region, that they asked Horonaim's permission to remain, and are now holding offices of trust in his kingdom. A youth with your abilities would speedily rise to power,' he added, fixing an admiring look on Arduo. At this moment the King's messenger entered the cave. Marcus shrank back to hide himself, but Arduo advanced boldly to meet him.

'I bring a message from your Father,' said the messenger, in earnest, pleading tones; 'He invites you to come home; you shall be forgiven freely and fully. Return with me now, and all shall be as before. But if you refuse, destruction will overtake you; and when the King comes to judge and punish the inhabitants of this region, you will be included among them.'

'A fine message, truly,' cried the stranger, in scoffing tones; 'it is not at all likely He will forgive you if you return, now that you have strayed so far away; and the threat of destruction is merely to frighten you; for we well know that all who have remained are much happier than they were before they came.'

The messenger turned from the evil one, and again addressed himself to Arduo and Marcus:

'Unhappy boys,' said he, 'will you not come with me? Your Father has sent you a message of love and warning. He is merciful and gracious, if you return He "will heal" your "backslidings and love you freely."'

Marcus crossed over to the messenger's side. Arduo looked at the evil one a moment, and then proudly tossing his head, answered:

'Here I shall have opportunity to display and cultivate my talents,

while in yonder garden I am kept in subjection like a child, and everything is given to the eldest brother.'

'Bravely spoken,' cried the evil one; 'come, don't waste any more time on that fellow.' And seizing the two boys by the hand, he led them down the road, gaily laughing and talking.

"'Ye will not come" to Him "that ye might have life,"" said the messenger, mournfully, as he turned away.

Another and yet another messenger did the loving Father send to the wanderers, but they paid no heed; Marcus was half-inclined to go with the last one, but Arduo pulled him roughly away, saying:

'It is no use for you to go now, we have stayed so long away that we shall never be forgiven; let us enjoy ourselves while we may.'

But I noticed that even as he spoke a look of despair and misery crossed his face, which was instantly banished. They had now spent a long time in Horonaim's dominions, and Arduo held a high post of honour in his service. One day the brothers received an invitation to be present at a great banquet given by Horonaim. They made ready, flattered by the high honour, and set out for the banquet-hall. It was dark when they reached the palace; all the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the great hall itself was a scene of mirth and gaiety.

Large chandeliers filled with wax candles shed a soft light around, wreaths of flowers were twined about the marble pillars, and fragrant odours filled the air. Groups of guests were dispersed about the hall, talking merrily, and sweet music could be heard from an adjoining room.

At length Horonaim entered, and all took their seats at his table. Outside the door lingered a wretched-looking boy.

'Come, Vigo, come in,' cried one late comer as he hurried inside.

'I dare not! O, I cannot!' cried Vigo, in an agony of grief. 'O that I had never left my happy home!' He groaned, and hid his face in his hands; the late-comer passed on. As the sound of his footsteps died away, Vigo lifted his head and looked anxiously out into the night. It was dark and stormy; black, angry-looking clouds were driving furiously across the sky; the rising wind sighed drearily among the trees, and all nature gave signs of an approaching storm. The scene within the hall was strangely different. It seemed as if Horonaim wished to make his subjects forget the misery and desolation of their abode, in the brilliantly-lighted banquet-hall, where they vied with each other in feasting and merriment.

Sweet music was heard, lulling the senses into dreamy unconsciousness, and delicious perfumes scented the heavy air. Ever and anon a peal of laughter would break from the guests, ringing through the



lofty hall and echoing down the corridor. Such sounds as these reached Vigo's ears as he lingered outside the door, undecided whether to go in to the feast or to return to his lonely dwelling. He turned suddenly as a footfall broke upon his ear: one of the messengers of the Great King stood beside him, clothed in white raiment, and carrying a scroll in his hand.

'The Master is at hand,' he said; 'prepare for His coming.'

'It is too late,' said Vigo, trembling.

'Nay, there is time. Go forth to meet Him. Return even in this eleventh hour, and you shall be saved.'

Vigo turned with feeble steps and followed the road pointed out by the messenger. Meanwhile the bright one passed swiftly and silently into the banquet-hall and laid his hand on Arduo's shoulder.

'Arduo,' he said. The boy started up, the guests looked round, and the music was hushed, as the messenger spoke, and his solemn, earnest voice thrilled through the hall: 'The Master is coming; prepare to meet Him.'

Horonaim laughed bitterly, and sneered contemptuously at the speaker.

'The same old tale, always the same; why don't you vary your strain? We shall believe in His coming when we see Him.'

The music again struck up, the wine went round, and the guests feasted and laughed as before. The messenger passed from the hall.

'Arduo,' whispered Marcus, 'had we not better go while there is time, and ask our Father's forgiveness?'

'No, foolish boy. He is our Father no longer, He is only the King; we have gone too far to return, let us enjoy ourselves while we may.'

Marcus turned pale and shuddered. 'While we may,' he whispered to himself; but he dared not oppose Arduo, and eagerly drained a proffered bumper. The night grew darker and still more dreary, the wind rose higher, and drove before it a perfect whirlwind of dust and leaves. All nature was in commotion, when suddenly the moon shone out from behind a cloud and revealed a chariot approaching swiftly along the road. It was bright and shining, most beautiful to look upon, though something terrible was mingled with its grandeur. A long procession of shining beings followed it, and seated in the chariot was the Great King. His countenance was bright and shining as the light, judgment and majesty sat enthroned on his brow, and every motion expressed dignity and power, yet a loving, sorrowful look shone in His eyes.

Following close behind, with the other attendants, was Vigo, clad in a pure white robe. O, what a change had passed over his face! the

look of anguish and despair had given place to one of joy and peace, mingled with humility and penitence.

The chariot reached the banquet-hall; the King alighted and entered, followed by His shining retinue. At once every eye was turned on Him. The guests fell back in their seats pale with terror; the music ceased, the lights grew dim and went out before the exceeding brightness of that face, and a death-like silence reigned in the vast hall. The King passed on until He reached Arduo and Marcus. There he paused, and fixed on them a look of anger and reproach mingled with sorrow.

'Children,' he said, 'you disobeyed my commands, strayed from your home, slighted my love, insulted my messengers, disregarded the warnings sent you—now you must receive your just punishment.' And calling two of His messengers, He bade them take them thence. As they left the hall, Horonaim and his guests were seized and hurried away by the King's servants, and with a loud crash the splendid building fell to the ground. Gone was all its pomp and show; its fragrant garden, gleaming lights, marble pillars, and sparkling fountains had alike perished, and the foolish, wicked men who had so long dwelt there were doomed to the death that never dies.

And with them, dragged down by them, were the sons of the Great King.

Arduo, led astray by flattery and bewildered by a misuse of the talents committed to him; and Marcus, weak and yielding, ruined eternally by 'the fear of man' which 'bringeth a snare,'—the dread of ridicule and opposition.

Taking warning from their sad example, may we 'watch and pray lest we enter into temptation.'

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### EARLY GATHERED:

*MEMORIAL SKETCH OF RICHARD THEOPHILUS MORGAN.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BARBER.

**R**ICHARD THEOPHILUS MORGAN was born on December 21st, 1867, and was the child of earnest Christian parents, members of the Wesleyan Society, in good social position, who taught him the fear and love of God from his earliest years, and not without the encouragement pledged to such efforts. For, although naturally reserved, their son from his earliest years displayed the utmost attention to the lessons of religious truth, whether received at home or in the Sunday-school, where he attracted the affectionate regard of his teachers. He was a bright, happy boy, full of intelligent interest in God's Word;

who, while not free from the faults of childhood, was loving, respectful and obedient; displaying, in short, those traits which form the best foundation for the structure of solid Christian character. So short a life could scarcely contain much that was eventful. Once, indeed, when four years old, he was brought to death's door by serious illness, but graciously spared awhile to the prayerful solicitude of his friends. Our remaining references will be confined to incidents connected with his last illness, the suddenness of which, with its brevity, invested it with features of peculiar sorrow. On Tuesday, October 19th, 1880, he left the town for his pleasant country home at Bahailon, some seven miles distant, being then apparently in his usual health and spirits. Complaining, however, of poorliness in the afternoon, he partook of the simple remedies administered by his parents, who summoned their medical man on the following Thursday, alas! in vain, as their beloved child continued to grow worse, and passed away on the following Saturday.

It was not till the day before his death that serious apprehensions began to be entertained. His distressed mother, who had been hastily summoned from the death-bed of another near relative, now reminded her dear child of the prayer for the forgiveness of sin and for a clean heart, which she had taught him from infancy. Instantly responding, he begged her to lead his petitions, and earnestly joined her in the familiar words:

‘Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to Thee.’

In cases like this, may it not often be that the solemn impulse supplied by the conscious nearness of eternity is employed by God's good Spirit to develop a soul's latent trust into saving faith? Soon after, at any rate, the child turned to his father, who was sitting by, and exclaimed with a bright smile, ‘Father, God has given me a clean heart;’ and shortly afterwards repeated the assurance to his mother, adding with emphasis the words:

‘Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.’

The wisdom of storing children's memories with passages of Scripture and suitable hymns was pleasingly demonstrated in the last hours of this young life. Replying to his father's reference to the comfort which these portions would now bring him, the dying boy said, ‘Yes, they will;’ and tried to sing the verse beginning,

‘What a Friend we have in Jesus!’

He then recalled several other hymns, singling out more especially the one numbered 287 in the Wesleyan Collection, repeating by himself the former part of the fourth verse :

‘ Loose me from the chains of sense,  
Set me from the body free,  
Draw with stronger influence  
My unfettered soul to Thee.’

When on that sorrowful Friday evening the medical man pronounced him to be sinking, he calmly asked if the doctor thought he would live to see the morning. On his father's replying that he could not say what God's will might be, but he hoped his boy was not afraid to die, the instant response was, ‘ O ! no, father.’ Being then asked if he could recall any other Scripture passages, he commenced repeating the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, when it was suggested that he had better content himself with the last two verses. He then, accordingly, with a distinct deliberateness almost surprising in one so young, repeated the weighty utterances which, from the lips of a dying child, were felt by all present to form a peculiarly solemn lesson : ‘ Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep His commandments : for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.’

It now became clear that the end was not distant ; and his mother asking, ‘ You are trusting in Jesus, dear, are you not ? ’ he emphatically replied, ‘ Yes, I am.’ Soon afterwards he wished his parents good-bye, and saying, ‘ I think I am going,’ he embraced them most affectionately, as well as his little brother, whom he begged not to cry. Yet again turning to his father, he said, ‘ Perhaps this is only a dream. My Heavenly Father may give me back to you yet. How good God has been to me ! Do thank Him for me, father.’ But no ; already the pale-robed messenger was at the door. A prayer was offered for the suffering one, to which he responded with a fervent ‘ Amen,’ the last word uttered ; and about ten minutes past three o'clock, on Saturday morning, the 23rd October, 1880, in the thirteenth year of his age, this early matured plant was removed to the Heavenly Paradise by the Lord of the Harvest. ‘ Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in Thy sight.’



## A YEAR OF LIFE-BOAT WORK.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution have just published their Sixtieth Annual Report. After thankfully acknowledging the valuable and important monetary assistance they have received during the past year, without which it would have been impossible to carry on and sustain the great work entrusted to them, they remark that in no previous year, perhaps, has the necessity for the existence of such a Society been more plainly demonstrated. The revolving seasons have brought with them to our rock-bound shores the same dangerous winds and terrible gales as heretofore, imperilling the safety of thousands of vessels and their living freights. It is therefore a matter for deep gratitude to Almighty God that the strenuous efforts made by the Institution have been instrumental in mitigating to a very considerable extent the dire evils entailed by the terrible disasters at sea which have been so frequently brought into notice in the public press.

The high appreciation shown by the masters and owners of fishing vessels of the benefit first afforded them by the Committee in 1882, at the suggestion of the fisherman's friend, Mr. Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in furnishing them with reliable Aneroid Barometers at one-third the retail price, has induced the Committee to extend the boon to needy masters and owners of coasters under 100 tons burden; no less than 91 of whom have, in the course of a few months, availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them. The total number of these valuable instruments supplied to both the classes mentioned, has been 1567, and there is every reason to believe that by this means many wrecks have been averted, and the loss of life which annually takes place on our coasts among the crews of small vessels, lessened.

During 1883 new Life-boat stations were established at Llanaelhaiarn, Mablethorpe, Port Erin, and Aranmore Island. New Life-boats were also despatched to the coast to replace old ones at Caistor, Cardigan, Margate, Padstow, Swansea, Winchelsea, and Withernsea.

It is with the deepest regret that the Committee record the sad loss at Clacton—while on service—of two of their gallant Life-boatmen since the publication of the last Annual Report. They at once contributed £450 towards the fund raised in the locality for the widows and orphans.

According to the most recent published statistics, shipwrecks have of late considerably increased in number around the British coast, necessarily resulting in a corresponding increase in the number of lives lost. It is therefore more than ever incumbent on the public to do all that can be done to multiply and sustain the means which science has placed at its disposal, to lessen the evils which it would seem cannot be averted; and it is most gratifying to find that in the past year so much has been done in this direction by the brave and intrepid crews of our Life-boats.

The number of Life-boats now under the management of the Institution is *Two hundred and seventy-four*, and their services during the past year were as follows: Life-boat launches during the year, 283; lives saved, 725; and vessels saved, 30. In addition to these services, 230 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, which had received rewards from the Institution, making the total of 955 lives rescued last year.

We will only add that contributions are thankfully received for the Life-boat Institution by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., 14, John Street, Adelphi, London; and by all the London and country bankers.

# ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR AUGUST, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RISEING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

| Day.  | SUN.   |       | MERCURY. | VENUS. | MARS. | JUPITER. | SATURN. |
|-------|--------|-------|----------|--------|-------|----------|---------|
| 1884. | Rises. | Sets. | Sets.    | Rises. | Sets. | Sets.    | Rises.  |
| July  | H. M.  | H. M. | H. M.    | H. M.  | H. M. | H. M.    | H. M.   |
| 29    | 4 19   | 7 52  | 8 37a    | 2 51m  | 9 37a | 8 12a    | 0 45m   |
| Aug.  |        |       |          |        |       | Rises.   |         |
| 8     | 4 35   | 7 35  | 8 20     | 2 11   | 9 7   | 4 32m    | 0 10    |
| 18    | 4 50   | 7 16  | 7 53     | 1 44   | 8 37  | 4 5      | 11 30a  |
| 28    | 5 6    | 6 54  | 7 20     | 1 29   | 8 9   | 3 38     | 10 54   |

## PHASES OF THE MOON.

Aug. 6th, Full Moon 11h. 7m. after. | Aug. 20th, New Moon 9h. 54m. after,  
 „ 14th, Last Quarter 3h. 8m. morn. | „ 28th, First Quarter 3h. 42m. „

## MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 1st . . . 4h. morn. Apogee . . . 251,402 miles.  
 „ 16th . . . 5h. after. Perigee . . . 228,766 „  
 „ 28th . . . 11h. „ Apogee . . . 251,152 „  
 Mean distance for the month . . . . . 240,022 „

## SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 1st . . . . . 93,017,720 miles.  
 Sep. 1st . . . . . 92,459,000 „  
 Decrease of distance for the month . . . 558,720 „

*Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Jupiter* are so situate that they can hardly be seen by the naked eye this month. *Jupiter* will be in conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 7th. *Mars* sets on an average an hour and a half later than the Sun, almost due west; and *Mercury*, though at its greatest elongation from the Sun, 27 degs. eastward, on the afternoon of the 23rd, sets only half an hour later, in consequence of its being 12 degs. further south.

*Venus* and *Saturn* are very conspicuous as morning stars. The former attains its greatest brilliancy on the 17th, and as it rises more than three hours before the Sun, it will be a very fine object in the eastern sky, not far from the Moon on that day. The conjunction of *Venus* with the Moon occurs at 10h. in the evening, and so below our horizon. Seen from the centre of the Earth, the angular distance of the centres of the objects will be only 32m.; and at some regions of the Northern hemisphere will be witnessed the interesting phenomenon

of a disappearance of *Venus* behind the Moon.

*Venus* will be stationary on the afternoon of the 2nd, when the apparent motion changes from retrograde to direct. On the 16th it will be at its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic. The apparent diameter diminishes in the course of the month from 47s. to 30s. The form is a beautiful crescent.

*Saturn* will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 16th, and can thus be easily identified. It is slowly receding eastward from *Beta Tauri*; and by directing the eye northward, over *Orion*, will be at once detected. The extreme length of the ring is now 39s., the breadth 18s.

*Uranus* is nearer to the Sun than *Mars*, and will not be visible for several months.

*Neptune* will be in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 15th. It rises on the 2nd at 11h., and on the 18th at 10h. in the evening.



## THE MIDNIGHT DRIVE.

BY THE REV. J. COLWELL.

‘**Y**ES,’ said the old man, ‘it happened long ago. My head is now white as the apple-blossoms that glitter in yonder orchard, and it was then clustered round with golden curls. But I remember it all, as well as though it had took place but yesternight. Uncle Jim had long been ill. Slowly they had watched him, as he faded away. Mother had made him jellies and little knick-knacks to ease his cough, and I had often been sent with them. We all liked Uncle Jim, he was such a generous, loving fellow. He always had a smile for us boys, and would talk to us as though he was one of us, as natural, as simple, and as homely as could be. ¶ Indeed, he was just like ourselves everyway, except that he was older, and could tell us about things that took place before we were born. So of course we were very sorry when he fell ill, and more sorry still when the doctor said to us one day: “Lads, your Uncle Jim will soon finish his journey and lie down



to sleep." I was almost as sorry for mother as I was for Uncle Jim : she loved him so ; and she was so cut-up when we told her what the doctor said. When anything disturbed her, you would be sure to lose sight of her for a bit, then in a while she'd come back looking all right again. But when she knew Uncle Jim was going to die, we missed her often and often, and we well knew where she was gone. She didn't get right so soon as she used to do, and she would shake her head gently and talk quietly to father ; and one day I heard her say to him : " Poor dear Jim, if he had but taken the blessing as, by the Lord's mercy, we did in the days of youth, he would not be as he now is ; what *can* we do to help him ? "

' While Uncle Jim was pining, the spring-time was filling the land with its beauty. Thrushes and blackbirds were building their nests in the wood, and all the earth was alive with song and gladness. But it seemed as though he went out of life just as other things came in ; and late one evening early in May there came a message to father that he must come and see him for the last time. I was away at school, and as I came home that night later than usual—for I had been having some play with my cousins—I met father and your Uncle Dick driving off to the death-bed of poor Uncle Jim.

' The trap drew up at the kerb-stone when my father saw me ; I got in, and we drove off on our sad journey.

' The cathedral-clock rolled out ten strokes as we passed under its shadow, and by the time we got to old St. Nicholas, his belfry chimes were ringing away to the tune of *Nehemiah*. I have never been near them old chimes since ; but when I stand still and listen, I can seem to hear them even now. But we had no time to listen then, we had to make all the haste we could, lest we should be too late. So on we went, over the old bridge from the top of which my great-grandfather fell into the river Severn many a year ago, along the road my forefathers had travelled to market time out of mind, under the shadow of the Dunham woods where the poachers' snared and fought, through the meadows where Uncle Jim gathered the wild flowers when a boy and drove his team a-field in later years, and past lonely farm-houses and cottages in which the lights were going out one by one. Clatter, clatter, up and down went the horse's feet upon the hard road, and every stroke brought us nearer to the place where we longed and yet dreaded to be. Such a moon as shone that evening I think I never saw, and if I only had some poetry in me, I could say something fine about the wonderful beauties of that May night. But poetry is not in my line ; besides, how could you talk fine talk about your poor Uncle Jim that you loved so much dying ? I couldn't ; I could have cried a lot easier. But with a good horse the journey soon came



to an end, and we crept quietly into the house. Now, my bonny young folks, shall I tell you what happened at Uncle Jim's bedside? Yes, I will; because though it may make you a little sad, there's a good lesson in it, and it is only for the sake of that lesson that I'm telling you the story of my Uncle Jim, that's your great-uncle, at all.

'Three brothers met in Uncle Jim's room that night. There was my father, Uncle Tom who had come as far in one direction as we had come in another, and Uncle Jim himself. Father and Uncle Tom were good Christian men, and had been so for years. Often and often had they spoken to their brother Jim, and urged him to forsake his sinful ways and go with them. But it had all been in vain. He loved his jolly companions, his glass, and his free-and-easy ways of life too well to leave them. His loving, generous, open nature made him an easy prey to evil. He would not hurt anybody, why should anybody hurt him? If there was any harm it was to himself, he said; and that was his own business. Couldn't he do as he liked? So he had gone on. And the end of it was that by the time he was forty, the seeds he had sown in his life were bearing their fruit, and he was dying. The greatest harm was to himself, as he said; but there was harm to others, to his wife and children, to his brothers, and to us all. Not that it was all harm. While the dark shadow had been slowly creeping over poor Uncle Jim, he had listened to his brothers as he had never done before, and had found what he then so sorely needed, the comfort of a Saviour's love.

'I don't know why my father took me into the room that night, and let me see that last scene. But I think it did me good. I shall never forget it. It wasn't like some things of the same sort I've seen since. Uncle Jim was different to some folks who have got religion, or who thought they had, in the time of illness and trouble. He was as thankful and as full of gratitude and peace as anybody I ever saw; but there was no boasting, and no great rejoicing either, in him. He was like a little lamb who had been out among the wolves, and who was only snatched away by the shepherd just in time to prevent its being torn in pieces. And while he nestled in the Shepherd's bosom as only such a frightened little lamb could, he did it in a shy way, as one who was not used to it, and as one who did not deserve it. God had for Christ's sake forgiven him, he said, and they none of them could tell how thankful he was for that; but he could never forgive himself. The Shepherd had brought him home, but had wounded Himself in doing it. And that was not the worst, he said; he never ought to have gone astray, and he never need have done. Why-ever had he? "But you do not doubt the Blessed Saviour, do you?" asked my father.

"O dear no!" was the reply. "How can I doubt *Him*? I have

often and often grieved you, but you have forgiven me; and the Saviour must be more willing and loving than any earthly friend or relation I have, however near or dear."

"Then," answered my father, "rest in Him, and be at peace." But strength and life were fast going, and Uncle Jim could talk but little. Every other word, however, was one of regret over lost chances of life and usefulness. "Precious Jesus!" he would murmur; and then in the next breath would say, "O that I could serve Him; but I can't, for life—is—gone!"

Two dear little children had Uncle Jim, but they were too young to know aught of death or sorrow; so while he lay dying in one room, they lay sweetly sleeping in another. His thoughts were often of them, and tender and earnest messages were left for them. Such a deep stillness filled the room that when I moved the dying man heard me. Raising his head, he looked upon me, and said: "Willie, is that you?" "Yes, uncle," I said; and stood before him. He made a great effort to speak to me, while a look of deep tenderness overspread his face. "My dearest boy," he said, "love and follow Jesus in your *youth*. I went astray, Willie; and though I have been brought back, the mire clings to me and mars me. My heart breaks while I think of all that might have been, and now never can be. Meet me in heaven, Willie, and O, dear Willie, start *now*! God—bless—you!" Poor Uncle Jim was so earnest that I wept,—what else could I do? I could but answer him with my tears. But I have tried to answer him with my life too, since then; and I think my father took me to see him die, that I might learn how sore a thing it was to go astray. Soon after his appeal to me, all was over. Now and then, when his lips were moistened, he would murmur: "Precious Jesus!" but his thoughts were far away. As we stood silently round him, Aunt Jane suddenly said, "Hush!" A bright smile flitted across his face, and he was gone.

When we had knelt and prayed beside his silent dust, we left the chamber to those who were needed there, and gathered around the fire below. But why stay longer? So we passed out beneath the silver blossoms of the apple-trees, and left Aunt Jane with her trouble and her dead.

As we drove back through the Dunham-woods the last nightingale was finishing his song, and the rising lark was just greeting the morning dawn. When we got to our home, mother stood on the doorstep, and looked at father with an anxious look. He answered no single word, but taking her hand led her to the lawn, and pointing to the sun that was just rising over Primrose Hill, he said: "So is it with the spirit of Uncle Jim."

Thus ended the old man's story.

Dear wanderer, come back. Jesus will receive you, for did He not gladly welcome 'Uncle Jim?'

Dear young friend, wander not, but take Jesus now and follow Him ever. The memory of past wanderings was the only thorn in the dying pillow of poor 'Uncle Jim!'

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### A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,  
Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

#### CHAPTER X.—STRANGE, DARK HOURS.

'My soul cries out for the Living God.'

'AUNTIE LETTY, are you the doctor? Coth poor Lady Em-ly ith all to bitth, and mutht have thomthing dedful done to mend her up. Lookee here!'

The small, lisping owner of Lady Emily—a world-worn but much-beloved member of the doll aristocracy—threw herself upon Aunt Letty, and besought her attention to the sad condition of that lady, whose life, so far as it depended on the connection of head and shoulders, most literally hung upon a thread.

Aunt Letty, however, was rather absorbed to-day, and not so easily interested as usual. She made an absent reply, and continued to look at the book in her hand—without reading it, however; while poor Lady Emily reclined, a horrid invalid, upon her lap, and Louie repeated her lament that 'thomthing dedful' would have to be done.

Then Willy came along, his serious eyes fixed upon the doll, and a notion in his head which seemed to have a good chance of being realized.

'No, don't mend her, auntie. Let's have a martyrdom with her. You get mamma's big black shawl and be an Inquisitor, and I'll be a torture-man. She'll do it beautiful!'

Louie screamed and snatched her dolly again; nor would she be persuaded to see anything beautiful in a martyrdom. If Willy wanted that sort of thing, he might play it with his toy-sheep.

'Can't do it with a sheep!' returned Willy, still intent upon Lady Emily. 'Must have peoples for a martyrdom; that's what makes it so splendid, don't you see?'

Louie did not see any more than some bigger people—Haigh, for example; but Aunt Letty, roused from her meditation by the little dispute, caught these last words more distinctly than the rest, and

did not forget them. A day arrived before long when they became a window through which clear, shining rays of truth passed to her soul, and all the rest of her life that window stood open to the south.

Just now, however, her mind was full of other thoughts, and after getting Willy to leave his sister in peace—‘because Louie has got a cold, you know,’—and promising to doctor poor dolly very soon, these thoughts rose again over the concerns of the moment, and she fell into another absent mood.

There was plenty to think of; and how was it all going to end? That miserable affair of Walter’s, these poor circumstances of Ethel’s, and something else, which came nearer and disturbed Letty more even than the rest. Strange that it should! Was she not drifting into the very life she had always dreamed of: was it not just her ideal that drew near and began to be the actual? Why did she tremble so much and feel so unwilling to drift any further? Was it really true that she was almost glad to be out of dear old Eadminster for a short time; to be here with Ethel and the children, who knew nothing of Walter’s naughtiness, or of—of the other matter that exercised Aunt Letty?

But she was going back in a few days, and the Close life would be resumed, and would carry her on its quiet stream, and—

It would be so pleasant if all might go on as before, only with Ethel and the children comfortably settled, and coming over sometimes to enliven the quietness and amuse grandpapa; yes, that, and Walter’s marriage to Anna Glendower, would be change enough for some time to come.

At this point, Louie, whose cold made her pettish and exacting, insisted that the doctor should attend to Lady Emily, and when that was done, she required a story to be told, and then she complained of having ‘a brush in her throat,’ and Aunt Letty had no more time for thinking. By evening it was evident that Louie was very ill, and a real doctor must be sent for to examine the little throat and get ‘the brush’ out of it.

When the doctor came he spoke a new and dreadful word—‘diphtheria.’ The child must be separated at once from the rest of the family, and be kept apart until she was quite recovered.

It was Letty’s first close contact with infectious disease, and she trembled as the medical man spoke. In Eadminster Close they were rather in the habit of thinking that these horrible disorders belonged to the lower town; a part of the general misconduct or misfortune of the folk in that locality.

But Letty knew what to do. There were the other children to think of; and the business, which Ethel could not afford to lose.



The father, too, ought to return to-morrow. Letty could not undertake the charge of all this, but she could nurse poor little Louie. She would take the child into her own bedroom at the top of the house, and leave her sister to manage the rest downstairs; and she would sit up with Louie during this first night. 'To-morrow she may be better, you know, Ethel; and if her father comes home he will be able to help in some way.'

Ethel, her face pallid with a silent fear, could only repeat to herself the cry: 'If God will but let me keep the children! O God of pity, let me keep my children!'

Their father? Yes, he would be useful if he were there; he would do anything for the children when he saw a need; but away from them, absorbed in some plan of his own, their needs and hers would be all forgotten. He would entertain an easy opinion that they were all 'doing well enough,' and that he might quite properly stay here and there to enjoy himself a little; or, his business calls finished, turn aside to some race-meeting, where jolly acquaintances met and rollicked.

That he would be at home to-morrow was not at all certain; and the worst of it was, although Ethel could not tell her sister, that she did not know where a letter would find him. Whatever happened, she must bear the weight of it herself, alone.

A dull, rainy evening came down upon the valley. From her high window over-looking the slope of Cratley, Letty saw the hanging brows of hill grow darker and darker until they were spangled with small twinkling lights. Again, looking forth at intervals, she saw the lights die out, and the black night swallow up all signs of life, except her own lamp, a solitary glimmer in the dark rise of High-bank.

Between the window and the bedside she spent that night; her first night of watching. Outside seemed silent nothingness; a void where there had been a world. Inside, a fevered child moaned and tossed on the bed, and at intervals in the weird silence of the house there came a soft step and a low question at the door, 'How is she now? Is there any difference?'

The strange, dark hours, the silence weighty with unutterable words, the black void outside, separating from all accustomed thoughts and companionships, oppressed the watcher with a nameless dread; seemed to swallow her into a gulf, far from God and light, where a bitter voice wailed:

'How doth God know; and is there knowledge in the Most High? Can He judge through the dark cloud?'

Her faith had been unquestioning hitherto, but it had rested on

the Church, and been fed perpetually by the rites of the Church. The Church held truth; the Church dispensed it; by the sacraments of the Church the soul came to God.

And now the soul, leaving behind for ever the placid fields where this faith sufficed, plunging suddenly into the depths of human life, and overwhelmed by the dark confusion that seemed to reign there, the soul lost its sense of God. He was not to be seen, not to be felt here; yet more than ever before was it necessary to see and touch at least the hem of His vesture.

Her feet faltered where they had firmly trod; her hands groped for the altar-stairs which had vanished in darkness. Familiar words and forms lost their meaning; they would not bring God near again. One breath straight from His living presence, one vital touch of the personal God: this, the invincible need of the human spirit, was her need that night and for succeeding days and nights when the darkness deepened about her, and the waters went over her head.

‘Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord! My soul thirsteth...for the Living God!’

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#### CHAPTER XI.—INTO DEEP WATERS.

‘Listen!—I will tell you about God!’

ROGER HAIGH went away from Cratley with the child’s word in his ear, and the child’s look of grave wonder fast printed on his memory. ‘The little preacher!’ he said to himself with a smile. ‘He’s in reet earnest!’ For Willy had given his small hand quite reluctantly to the gentleman on parting, and signified unmistakably that his confidence was shaken. Another bright threepenny-bit was produced and offered to him, but he would not take it; and Haigh, although he smiled and hoped to be forgiven soon, was rather astonished, and reviewed the incident pretty often during the next few days. Was it really with a little uneasiness? Pooh! children were such odd little imps; and the boy was only repeating a lesson!

Nevertheless the oddity insisted on presenting itself, and the lesson would not be dropped.

He had left his book with Miss Paget, and was to go back for it ‘in about a week.’ Perhaps by that time Willy would be inclined to make friends again, and to accept that small coin which, in the meantime, Haigh slipped into a waistcoat-pocket, and went on his way, thinking of other eyes and other tones than Willy’s. Would *she*, too, if she knew all his thoughts, withhold her hand? Would she turn from him again, more decidedly than at first, and shut herself away from him within the doors of her Church? A fear or two

of this kind could not fail to haunt him. He knew, to use his own phrase, that he had 'got the parsons to fight.' He felt how soon that puzzled look in the gentle gray eyes might change to one in which there would be no toleration, much less the fellowship he hoped for—a look that might banish him, once and for ever. Why, the boy's saying might do it! She might even now be shutting the door against him. Yet he durst not go back before the end of next week.

That Miss Paget would suffer any loss were she indeed drawn out of her Church to meet him, was not likely to strike this confident iconoclast. She was living in delusions; he could set her free: only it must be done very cautiously, else it would not get done at all. When done, what a help she would be, with that rare style of hers! Here he caught his breath. To be 'helped' by such an one as Miss Paget was a dream beyond any dreams of former days. Yes; it *did* seem too good to be true.

Going back over looks and tones, as he did often during the next few days, there occurred now and then a throb of something like envy—that this Christianity should give its believers such a calm assurance, such a certainty of the goal they were marching to, that they could *afford* to walk under clouds sometimes—could afford to have the distance veiled in mists. He was confident his views were true and must prevail. Nothing had happened that could for one moment incline him to doubt his judgment, or to even wonder if it were possible that the object of his pursuit was a mirage floating over an abyss. He was only annoyed because it was so difficult to make fellows see that if they wanted prosperity they must do something to get it; that a tipsy chorus of 'Home, sweet home!' in the public-house every night would never bring the millennium. He was out of heart a little because of this, and because Tim Nollings was snatched out of his very grasp by the Methodists: so he explained to himself the novel touch of depression and dissatisfaction which haunted him just now.

He waited eagerly, impatiently for the day when he might return to High-bank, make his peace with Willy, and satisfy himself that Willy's aunt was at least as approachable as before.

More than once that week Sarah Maria demanded to know 'what was wrong wi' t' business. Was t' pit filling wi' water, or wer' t' men framing to strike?' and would hardly believe that neither of these troubles was imminent.

'There mun be summut to do when you go about wi' your eyes on t' back-side o' t' moon,' she insisted, not without reason. As for 'them Nollingses' (in a tone as contemptuous as Bet Scunnar's own)—she hoped he would trouble himself about them and what they

said as little as she did. She was keeping the child, and that was better than keeping hold of Tim. For one thing, it was a standing reproach to the grandmother ; for another—well, the fact was that by this time Sarah Maria was so fond of the little thing, and so proud of keeping her nice and teaching her, that she was fully resolved nothing but legal force should part them. That woman Scunnar might rail as she pleased ; Miss Haigh had quite the advantage of her, and would improve it.

In truth, Miss Haigh was not so well provided with friends in this new locality, neither was she so popular amongst the pit-folk, that another object of interest and care was unwelcome or burdensome. The child would forget her father, and would cling to those who had taken his place—who had in some respects more than taken his place. It began to seem possible that she might remain with them altogether, very much to their help and comfort by-and-by. For a practical, clear-eyed woman like Sarah Maria Haigh this was certainly a pretty dream. Strange as it may appear, she did actually picture herself and her brother going through life together, as at present, finding their close agreement and understanding of each other so complete and satisfying that no other companionship would be thought of by either.

Whether it was altogether right that Tim should have his last motive for reformation withdrawn, that he should be left to fight his battle alone, and with the knowledge that his child was forgetting him ; whether he and Bessy might not have been helped without parting them ; of this Sarah Maria took no reckoning. He had made a bargain ; and the child was well out of his evil way. She congratulated herself on the result of that early-morning expedition to Foundry-Row. The men might sniff suspiciously at the Shiricot Society of Progress, and declare that ‘ all this talk didn’t mean much unless wages was riz ’ ; the women might care as little for her visits and her meetings ‘ as though I went about with tracts and preached ; ’ but at all events one good experiment offered itself : she had got a child to train : Bessy should vindicate herself and her brother before the world ; Bessy should be a monument of the truth and value of their principles.

The day came when Roger might again present himself on High-bank, to talk with Miss Paget and to ‘ make it up ’ with her little nephew. As he went up the steep road he felt for the threepenny-bit which he hoped his small judge would now be willing to accept. It lay safe and ready in its corner.

He had chosen to come in the evening, and he found the bulging shop-window fast shuttered. The door, however, opened to his push,



and he entered, hoping that Miss Paget had not been tempted out of doors.

A small maid-servant appeared in answer to the bell, muttered something he did not comprehend, and awkwardly allowed him to grope his way into the back-room. The blind was drawn down, there also; probably, he supposed, to hide a disorder of tea-service and clothing that littered the table. But he understood that Miss Paget was in the house, and sat down to wait for her.

It seemed to him that he waited a very long time in the twilight, and there was such a quiet in the house that he began to conclude that himself and the stupid little maid were the only persons in it, and to think of trying to find her. 'At least there may as well be some light in the place,' he said to himself, impatiently, and was in the act of drawing up the blind when some one came into the room. He turned quickly. It was only the girl again.

'Please, Sir, missis says she'll try to come down presently, but;—yes, she said, ask the gentleman if he knows?'

A vexed look came into the gentleman's quick, brown eyes.

'If I know what? Has she gone?'

But the girl had noticed the half-raised blind and began again, interrupting the visitor's question with:

'O, please Sir, draw it down again, Sir! It ain't proper to have it up, you know.'

What was it that leapt into the brown eyes now? Round the room they darted, seeking answer to the question in them, and came back to that red, stupid face. Now he saw that the girl had been crying—*was* crying; and his own face grew pale as he said, low and quick:

'Can't you give your message? Has aught happened?'

She burst into a blubbing cry, and ran away.

'O, it's Willy! Master Willy's dead and gone. Oh—oh!'

A door closed, deafening her sobs; and in the room she left there was silence. A still, dark figure stood with its back to the window, with one hand pressing upon a table, with eyes full of blank horror that gazed and saw not. One word only had dropped from him—a word not often on his lips: '*O, God!*'

That was all. Then the stillness again—a stillness full of that awful message:

'*Willy is dead and gone!*'

He knew nothing more until the mother's hollow eyes met his in the twilight, and her quivering lips said:

'It is too true.—My bright, beautiful boy!—O, I cannot bear it!'

It was real, then, this horror; no dream; no phantasm of the night that would pass with it and be forgotten when the new morning

dawned. It clutched his throat, darkened his eyes, paralyzed every power and sense. It was DEATH, and it would overcome him some day as it overcame and destroyed all—the best and the most beautiful. Death was master.

A few broken words told him when and how. Two days' illness, hopeless almost from the first, cheerful patience that would have glorified an old saint, one or two sayings that would be held deep in the mother's heart for ever, then an unconscious departure.

'He wanted very much to see you again, because, he said, your mother hadn't told you about God when you were a little boy. And he said he would tell you.'

She flung her hands before her face and dropped upon a seat. He would have given his life twice over for a word to speak, but no word came; that awful, petrifying grasp was upon him, soul and body. There was nothing to say; it was death—*death*.

There was a long silence, then she rose and beckoned him to follow. In a small upper room he found Letty sitting in the dusk, beside a something—a white, cold image with a strange, unearthly sublimity radiating from it; a face set in moveless calm, and gleaming with a vision unexpressible in mortal speech.

Again silence, save for a low sound of restrained sobbing. The man had come back; and the child, with that pale, shining wonder of a face and those still, silent lips, delivered his message:

*'Listen!—I will tell you about God. He knows everything, and I know Him!'*

A hand fell upon Letty's shoulder with a strong grasp, and a low voice muttered:

'Tell me what this means. I mun know; I mun know!'

Her sad, heavy eyes looked their enquiry through a mist of tears.

'There's a tremendous meaning in this, and I mun find it out! It means a deal more than I ever thought. Tell me what it means! You know!'

Awed and shaken by this cry from depths beyond her own darkness, she could find no reply. His face worked; his grip of her arm became terrible.

'What a fool! Yes, I *did* think God sillier than anybody; but you knew better, Willy, and you were right!'

And the strong man fell upon his knees with the cry:

'Tell me what it means! Tell me about God!'

Her own soul echoed the prayer. Tremendous indeed must be the meaning; but she could not read it. The smooth, still waters of her life had shot suddenly over a crag, and swept her into wild depths of tumult. Sinking herself, how could she sustain another.

She, too, was at the mercy of blinding foam and deafening wave.

‘BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.’

I CANNOT now remember where I read  
 A touching story of a little child,  
 Who with his young but widowed mother dwelt  
 Upon the outskirts of a forest wild.  
 The cottage was exposed to every storm,  
 Nor was there shelter from the wind and rain  
 Even *within* their home; for through the roof  
 The water trickled, and the cold blasts came.  
 The widow's heart by want was often tried,  
 But daily to the Throne of Grace she led  
 Her little one, who, with a child's faith, prayed :  
 ‘Give us, O God, *this* day our daily bread.’  
 The prayer of faith was heard; its answer came  
 As surely as the rain falls from above;  
 Like it in measure, too, now much, now less,  
 But telling always of a Father's love.

Inured to hardships from his infancy,  
 And knowing nothing of an easier lot,  
 The boy grew hardy as a mountain pine,  
 And made a paradise of that lone spot.  
 One winter's night, however, when a storm  
 Was raging outside, and within, the rain  
 Came dropping through the roof in every part,  
 The widow's courage failed; and, filled with pain,  
 She gazed upon her boy, who in his bed  
 Tried, but in vain, a nice dry spot to find;  
 The chilly rain-drops through the scanty clothes  
 Untiring fell; but to the mother's mind  
 The sight a thought suggested; so she took  
 Some planks, and laid them gently o'er the child,  
 Hoping the timber might some shelter prove  
 Against the fury of the tempest wild.  
 She watched him, till he smiled up in her face,  
 And whispered, in a happy, drowsy voice :  
 ‘I wonder, mother, what *poor* women do  
 Who have no boards to lay upon their boys?’  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Such was the tale; and through my heart a rush  
 Of shame and genuine repentance tore,  
 That I, whose cup with blessings overflowed,  
 Had ever dared repine, or crave for more.

Ramsay.

A. M. N. L.

IN JAPAN.

FUJI-YAMA—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

IN Japan, as in other places, the approach through the suburbs of a town does not always give us a very pleasant impression of its beauty; and so I fear that this little sketch of a Japanese village will



not convey any notion of how pleasant the same street may look, when from the verandah and from beneath the eaves are hung rows of pretty paper-lanterns of bright colours, and groups of picturesque people come out, men, women and children, all in costumes suggestive only of most ornamental flowing dressing-gowns.

In the immediate foreground an upright plank of wood, engraved with Chinese characters, is the sign-post of the nearest shop: a very gaudy and conspicuous object, six or eight feet in height, and painted and gilt in the most brilliant and attractive manner. Some of these sign-posts are really works of art, enframed in a beautiful scroll of fine wood-carving, probably representing the dragon, who is supposed to bring good luck.

In the distance we catch a glimpse of a foreign house, which we recognise as one of the Mission buildings at Tokio, in the low, flat district of Tsukiji, *i.e.*, 'The reclaimed land,' at the mouth of the Sumida-gawa (the Sumida river). This is the 'Foreign Concession:' the only part of the town, except the British legation, where foreigners who are not actually in the pay of the Japanese Government are allowed to have permanent homes.

I cannot say it is at all a pleasant district, being intersected by numerous canals, crossed by a multitude of bridges, and on damp, steamy mornings and evenings, when a chill miasma rises from each, it is like a heavy pall veiling the houses. Then, too, a large proportion of the numerous barges which ply to and fro on these quaint water-ways are freighted with the sewerage of the town, which is being carried forth to nourish the rice and millet fields, which by their



richness well repay the unsavoury offering, though that is small consolation for the luckless foreigners who are subjected to such unfragrant exhalations.

Owing to the jealous policy of the Government, all Missionaries, of every denomination, are compelled to live on this 'Foreign settlement,' which consequently is a highly ecclesiastical neighbourhood, all varieties of Christian teaching being here grouped together in far too close quarters for their own usefulness. Happily they make the best of the situation, and form a Church union in which all try to work together in promoting the common cause. No foreigner is allowed to travel in Japan without a passport; so though each of these clergymen has his own recognised district for preaching and Church-work, he can only go thither for the period allowed by his passport, and may only live as a lodger in a native house, unless indeed he is engaged as a teacher by some wealthy native, or by the Government itself.

Our second illustration shows the junction of two streams in the city of Tokio, crossed by several of the singularly arched bridges peculiar to the country. I need scarcely say that they are not intended for carriages or carts, both these are recent innovations. In Old Japan (that is, till about ten years ago) all great men and their retainers either rode on sturdy ponies or else were carried in a sort of sedan-chair, while all cartage was done in the same way; that is to say, carts were dragged and pushed by men, while pack-horses, or else men's shoulders, carried many burdens.

All along the edge of the river are ranged the go-downs, or store-houses, into which the householders and shopkeepers carry all their most valuable goods every night at sunset, as some protection against the frequent fires which prove so terribly destructive in these lightly-built towns, where the majority of dwelling-houses are simply a wooden frame-work, with movable wooden-walls, and inner compartments of paper-screens. So these go-downs are very strongly built, and are as nearly fire-proof as they can be made. Under these circumstances you can understand that 'early closing' is an institution fully understood in Japan, where no shopkeeper will attend to a customer who delays his visit till the dusk; unless, indeed, he comes in quest of some common object not worthy of a place in the fire-proof storehouse.

On the further side of the river we see part of the moat which surrounds the great Palace of the old Shoguns—formerly the military rulers of Japan. The picturesque high towers mark the angles in the wall, and were doubtless useful as watch-towers in the days when the nobles of Japan were all warriors and rode about escorted by

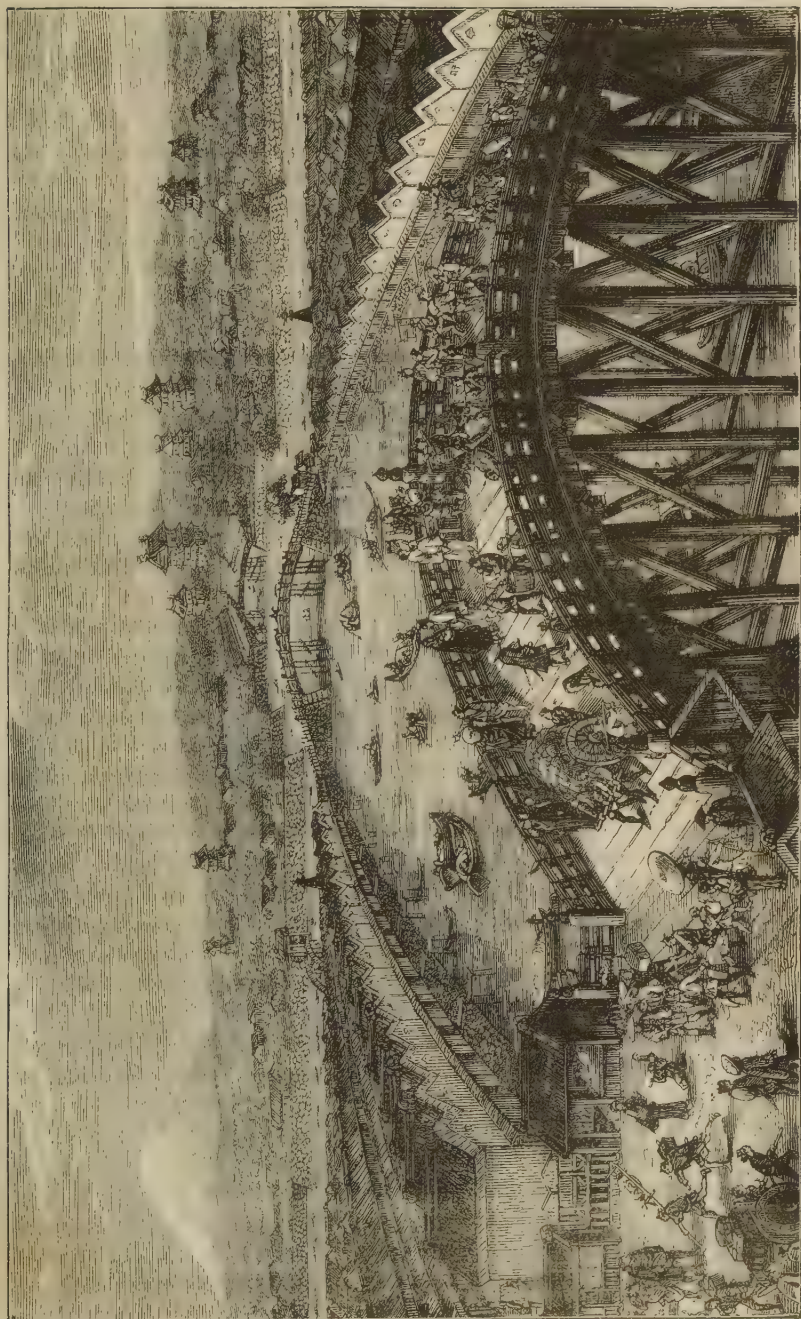
large companies of turbulent retainers, clad in most picturesque suits of armour, made of small pieces of hard lacquer, joined together with silken cords.

But the true centre of interest in this picture is the distant view of the beautiful snow-capped mountain in the far distance, for this is none other than Fuji-yama, or, as the Japanese love to call it, Fuji-San, *i.e.*, Fuji—the most honourable. It is the ideal of beauty and sanctity to every true Japanese, and poets and painters never weary of doing it homage. Consequently its outline must be familiar to all who have given the most casual attention to Japanese art in any of its varied applications, and dear to the traveller as the first and last vision of beauty that enchants him as he approaches the Land of the Rising Sun, or watches its receding shores.

While still too far at sea to discern any land of ordinary height, this lovely mountain appears towering above the clouds, sometimes bathed in golden light, sometimes pale celestial blue, or else relieved in purple gray against a clear primrose sky, its colours varying with every change of atmosphere, never lovelier than when the early sunlight sheds a rosy hue over the newly-fallen autumn snow, which clothes that peerless cone in dazzling white; while the grand, unbroken curves of the wide, far-spreading base sweep downward in purple gloom. Beautiful as are the low ranges of mountains around, they are so utterly dwarfed by the gigantic volcano, that they serve but to add to its apparent height. Thus queenly alike in her beauty and in her solitude, rises this majestic mountain—the holy mount of Japan—the goal to which, from time immemorial, thousands of eager pilgrims have pressed year after year.

I had seen the fair vision while yet distant a hundred miles from its base, and from many nearer points, both on sea and land. I had gazed on its snowy crown when, in the autumn of 1878, I first visited Japan. And yet the hope of ever being myself numbered among its pilgrims had never presented itself as a possibility.

At last I had the good fortune to find a lady as anxious as myself to make the ascent, and a gentleman who had already accomplished it four times, but always in unpropitious weather, volunteered to try his luck once more, and be our escort. So, being duly provided with passports, which ordered us to abstain from scribbling our names on temples, attending fires on horseback, and various other crimes, and empowered us to travel in certain districts for thirty days, we started from Yokohama at sunrise on the 7th of August, not, however, beginning our journey in true pilgrim style, inasmuch as we had engaged a very good three-horse wagonette to take us as far as Odiwara, a distance of about forty miles: a very pretty drive through



(BRIDGES AT TOKIO.—See page 399.)



cultivated lands and picturesque villages, beneath cryptomeria and fine avenues, along beautiful sea-coast, and past orchards and temples.

Heaps of luscious, green water-melons with pink flesh, were offered for sale in slices ready cut to tempt the thirsty pilgrims, of whom multitudes thronged the road, on their way to or from the holy mount, nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats, like huge mushroom, straw sandals, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, cloaks of grass-matting—sole protection against the rain—and a stout staff to support their flagging steps on many a weary march. They come from all parts of the empire, visiting and making offerings at all the most sacred shrines along their path. One at least, sometimes several in each company, carries a small brass bell, which he rings continually, and the majority carry rosaries which they prize exceedingly. Some of these are really valuable heirlooms, the large beads being either of crystal or agate. The rosaries of different sects vary somewhat; but those I have most frequently examined consist of one hundred and eight beads, which represent one hundred and eight holy persons; while four beads of another colour represent four distinguished saints; and ten small beads hanging separately, represent ten holy precepts; and two very large beads typify the sun and moon, or Dual principle. In praying, the beads are not counted, but rubbed together, and the chain is turned over to make a cross, and kissed: these two actions representing two Chinese characters which signify success, and which is likewise represented by the knots on the silken chain.

Every tea-house along the road was gay with a multitude of quaint calico-flags of all colours, having mysterious-looking symbols inscribed on them. Of these, dozens fluttered from a bamboo erected in front of the house, or from a long rope suspended under the eaves. These are the visiting-cards left by previous pilgrims, and now hung up as testimonials to attract others. Another pretty custom added colour to the scene. This being the seventh month of the Japanese year, a sort of school-examination was going on everywhere, and in front of every second or third house was planted a graceful branch of bamboo, from each twig of which fluttered little strips of bright-coloured paper, whereon the children of the house had written some little sentence or poem, as a test of their progress.

When we returned by the same road a fortnight later, another festival had its turn. The children's trees had vanished, but in every house feasts for the dead were spread before the domestic shrine; coloured lanterns and straw ropes, from which fluttered sacred symbols of white paper, were suspended in the streets. The heaps of water-melons, too, had disappeared, the sale of all fruit being pro-



hibited by law, as a precaution against the dreaded cholera, which, alas ! was spreading in every direction ; its presence being marked by a house here and there enclosed by the police with bamboo-fencing, to prevent ingress or egress from its infected walls. At one door we noticed an onion hung up as a charm to keep off the dreaded malady. But the most singular and common medicines which attracted our attention—hung up in fanciful patterns outside the houses—were dried lizards, which, when reduced to powder, are supposed to be exceedingly efficacious in some simple childish maladies (as a vermifuge).

But in Japan there is always something interesting to notice, either for its beauty or its oddity. For instance, how strange to one newly arrived in the country, is the first halt at such a tea-house as that where we stopped to change horses and partake of a light native meal: the pile of wooden-clogs lying on the threshold—the tired coolies squatting on the mats, enjoying what looks like the prettiest doll's feast, in little china dishes with bowls of black and red lacquer, served on lacquer-stands, by the most winsome and polite of prettily dressed damsels ; while close by, always next the street, is the kitchen where all these dainties are prepared. And probably in the open courtyard, a large wooden-tub is being heated by means of a charcoal-stove, for the benefit of some dusty travellers. Probably those travellers, well-to-do tradesmen, will proceed to divest themselves of all superfluous garments, and, hanging them up to air, will sit down in the very lightest attire, to share the family meal with the well-dressed ladies of the party. And all these different groups, your own included, are, as it were, in one large open room, for the paper-slides which divide the house into many rooms at night have all been thrown open during the day, leaving free space.

It was about two o'clock when we reached Oodiwara, the point at which we were to leave our carriage and ponies (for in Japan all horses are mere ponies) and proceed in *jinrikishas*, literally *man-power carriages*, which are simply bath-chairs, quite a recent invention, but one which has multiplied all over the land with marvellous rapidity, the men who earn their scanty pittance by doing the work of ponies, having, in many instances, been a few years ago wealthy and in good position, but who lost their all in the sudden overthrow of old feudalism.

On the present occasion, owing to the steepness of the road, we had but a short run in these little carriages, and were next transferred to *kangos*, or mountain-chairs, which are basket-work seats slung on a pole, which is borne by two men. Being made for the little Japanese, they are of course horribly uncomfortable for full-grown Europeans, for whose benefit, however, kangos of a larger size are now made, and

can be had at Myanoshita, whither we were now bound. It is a pretty village in a wooded valley, noted for its shops for the sale of all manner of fancy wood-work, and much frequented in summer by foreigners, for whose benefit two large hotels are now kept in semi-European style. As we infinitely preferred a purely Japanese tea-house, we pushed on a short distance to the far prettier village of Kinga, where we found excellent quarters.

On the following morning, having secured kangos of extra size, three men to each, and a pack-horse to carry our baggage and provisions, we started very leisurely across the plain, and up a very steep ascent to the O-to-mi tonga Pass, a very narrow saddle, from which on the one side you look back on the Hakoni lake and the valley through which you have travelled, while before you lies outspread the vast level plain from which the faultlessly harmonious curves of the great mountain sweep heavenward. Probably from no other point is so magnificent a view to be obtained as from this, as we acknowledged when, on our homeward route, we contrived to reach this point soon after sunrise, and, for a little while, beheld the giant revealed in cloudless beauty.

On the present occasion, however, our march was one of simplest faith, not a break was there in the close gray mist which clung around us as a pall, and veiled even the nearest trees. Vainly did we halt at the little rest-house on the summit of the pass, and there linger over luncheon, in the hopes that the mist might clear a little ; we had to console ourselves, as our coolies assuredly did, with the consequent coolness of the weather, and devote our attention to the beautiful wild flowers which grew so abundantly along our path.

It was already five o'clock when we reached Gotemba, a pretty town lying about half-way across the plain ; but we had determined to push on to Subashiri, which is considerably nearer the base of the mountain. Heavy rain came on, and the coolies very sensibly demurred at going further. British obstinacy, however, carried the day, and we subjected ourselves to the misery of reaching our destination in the dark, to find the only good rooms occupied, and all our clothes and other goods soaked ; a serious matter in a Japanese house, where the only means of drying them is over a small hibachi, which is simply a small brass-bowl containing a handful of charcoal. We spent a considerable portion of the night at this primitive occupation, aided by a pretty little Japanese damsel, and, as a matter of course, were not inclined for an early start next morning.

The village is a long, straggling street, gay with the pilgrim flags which float from its many tea-houses ; while from the grove of rich green cryptomerias which clothes the base of the mountain, appear

the quaint overhanging thatch-roofs of a fine old Shinto gateway and temple, at which all devout pilgrims pay their vows ere commencing the ascent. Passing by a shrine which is the stable of the sacred white wooden horse, they perform their ceremonial ablutions at the fountain, where a sacred bronze dragon ceaselessly spouts clear running water into a stone tank, from the wooden canopy of which float bright calico flags which act as towels. Then the pilgrims, who, at this season, press on in ceaseless stream, assemble in groups before the temple, or else kneel reverently before the sacred mirror on the altar, while the old priest, rapidly repeating some formula of blessing or of prayer, holds up a great bronze sort of crozier, from which floats an immense *gohei*, a sort of banner of mystically-cut paper, hanging in very peculiar folds, which is the Shinto symbol of God, supposed to have originated in a play on the word *kami*, which expresses both God and paper. Having thus consecrated the first stage of their pilgrimage, the wayfarers will on their descent return here, or else by the sacred village of Yoshida, a very picturesque spot on another spur of the mountain, where the priest will imprint a stamp on their garments which shall prove them true pilgrims in the sight of all men, and the raiment thus sanctified will become a relic and heirloom for ever.

(To be concluded.)

## THE SEA IS NO MORE.

BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

A POPULAR writer, whose initials used to be familiar to Magazine readers, once wrote an essay, or began to write it, on the nose of his horse. Very likely he soon wearied of so fantastical a desk, or if he did not, his horse probably raised objections which proved fatal to the completion of the task; and so the essay got finished, as no doubt this will, on the more convenient if less romantic supports of the Country Parson's study.

This essay is being penned on a smooth, water-worn boulder of Purbeck marble, picked up from a multitude of similar stones which strew the shore between Swanage and Durdlestone Head. It is Monday afternoon, and a week of hard work, crowned by a Sunday full of services, has entitled the Parson to an escape into solitude and rest. A gentle rain is falling; so is the tide. And slowly, but surely, the long, black weed-fringed lines of rocks are being laid bare. Under the shelter of an overhanging rock one can sit and think, watching the stilling of the waves, which an hour ago were rolling—

green and angry and white-crested—against the rocky shore. A great white sea-gull is sailing against the wind, with a weary, wheeling motion—Westward Ho! Another lies, torn and dead, under the cliff a few yards away. Six more, even while I write, have suddenly appeared close in-shore, hoping no doubt to find a late dinner among the emptying rock-pools. A little land-bird, with a sweet, chirping note, has just come down to the rocks, and is hopping about among the sea-weeds, daintily bathing his feet in the still pools, and also, I presume, looking for something to eat. His mate, fearful to trust him so far from home, has flown down, calling him away; and, with a merry whistle, he is gone. Ah! he has come back again, and at last has found his heart's desire—something to eat. Yet still he lingers, drinking in the joy of breeze and wave and gentle rain. And down from the bare hills come other birds, breaking with their happy songs the silence of the shore. Surely the land-birds love the sea, at least when it is peaceful, as do dogs and horses and most living creatures.

Have you ever come to the sea-shore after months of hard work in the suffocating atmosphere of a crowded city, or even from the pleasanter life of an English village, without wondering whether, under any circumstances, you could enter into John's feeling of rest and thankfulness when he beheld a new creation in which 'there was no more sea'? The other day certain city friends wrote asking if I could tell them of a quiet village in which they could combine the pleasures of sea-side and forest-life. And when the force of circumstances compelled a choice between the one and the other, although the greater part of the family were enthusiastic entomologists, I was not surprised to find that the forest, with all its treasures of lovely scenery and insect life, was sacrificed for the sake of the rocks and coves of Lullworth and Durdle Dor. There is something ingrained in the nature of English people which makes us all crave for the sea. Nothing so perfectly rests the weary body; nothing so refreshes the overwrought brain; nothing so soothes and inspires and refits for future toil, as the sea. Even in the winter time, when you can neither go into nor on the sea, when the wind wails in doleful cadences, and the shingle-roar fills the air, night and day, with melancholy sounds, and the heavy purple swell sets you shuddering with thoughts of watery-graves, there is a fascination in the sea which we can neither explain nor shake off.

Considering how long ago and how far away the Bible was written, it is very wonderful that we nineteenth-century English people are able so fully to enter into the spirit and form of its imagery. Yet are there a few things which seriously traverse our sympathies.



One is the dislike of the Bible-writers for the sea. There are many passages in the Old Testament which refer to the wonders of the deep, and it is scarcely true to say that they 'never refer to its æsthetic aspects.' But, so far as I can remember, there is not a single sentence which betrays affection for the sea. Unquestionably, the prevailing impression is that of awe and fear, amounting to dread if not aversion. But avoiding vague generalities, let us muse for awhile upon these three questions:

What was the sea to John, personally? What place does the sea hold in the symbolism of the Revelation? And what part does the sea play in the history and imagery of the Old Testament?

I. There are many indications that John in writing this book was influenced by reminiscences of his early life, and that he saw the apocalyptic scenery through the coloured medium of his own conceptions of nature, of bygone events, and of passing history.

Now in early life John was a fisherman, and therefore a sailor. He was a sailor on a sea that was apt to be suddenly and unaccountably perilous. A fisherman in waters which, though teeming with life, yielded but an uncertain return for labour bestowed and risk run. The sea, therefore, to John, was the memorial, not of rest and refreshment and recruited health, but of toil, sometimes fruitless, and always involving danger. I do not mean to convey the impression that this is the leading idea in this famous text, but we may imagine it to have entered to some extent into the Apostle's thought that the abolition of the sea in his vision of the new earth represented the cessation of all toil which was at once unremunerative and perilous. All the sorrow and sighing of dangerous and fruitless occupations, of which, in his long life, John must have seen so much, would one day be for ever at an end. If men in heaven know what passes, and can read what is written, on earth, one might fancy John, the old fisherman of Galilee, sympathising with the touching poem which one who knew the cruel sea so well, wrote years ago. Indeed, many a time it might have been true of John and James and Peter, and would have been, once at least, but for Him Who 'ruled the raging of the sea,' '*rebuking*' it as He rebuked fever and devils:

'Three fishers went sailing away to the west,  
Away to the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town:  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

‘Three wives sat up in the lighthouse-tower,  
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown:  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

‘Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
 For those who will never come home to the town:  
 For men must work, and women must weep,  
 And the sooner it’s over, the sooner to sleep;  
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.’

In the New Creation of which John tells us, all this is for ever at an end. Service remains, but toil ceases; and all the peril incident to so much of the labour by which men must live. The curse which turns labour into toil is no more. After all, whatever the sea may be to us who have only come to it for rest and pleasure, there is many a fisherman’s wife to whom the Bible is all the more precious because she can read therein of a time when the sea will be no more.

We must remember also that John ‘was in the *Isle* that is called Patmos’—cut off by *the sea* from his work and his friends. Was it any wonder that to him the sea was the symbol of separation from all of earth that was most dear? For him, ‘no more sea’ meant, no more exile. This also may be a minor thought in the text, but doubtless it is there; and being recognised, it links itself with other and similar thoughts, which elsewhere, in the garb of beautiful and most suggestive imagery, shed the radiance of a ‘sure and certain hope’ into lonely lives and desolate hearts. The heaven of John is a heaven of reunion. The scattered Israel are all together in the one City. The separated elders, on their several thrones, are all grouped around the one throne. The saints who have come out of the great tribulation, and out of all the nations in which they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day, are all together at last, according to His own promise, where their Lord is. And the ‘sea,’ which has so often rolled its remorseless waves between the broken fragments of Churches and families, is ‘no more.’

In passing, it occurs to me to ask whether you have ever taken the trouble to enquire into the possible—may I venture to add, the probable—identity of ‘the Elder’ who showed John these things? An angel he certainly is not. Gather all the texts in which he is alluded to together, and then ask, who he was most likely to have been?

II. When we read of the sea as made by God ; of the living creatures therein giving praise to God ; of trades on the sea ; and of the sea giving up its dead ; it is intended, no doubt, that we should think of the sea literally. But more frequently the sea is a symbol, and invariably, except when its essential character is altered, it is a symbol of evil, or at all events its associations are evil. The many waters upon which sat the woman clothed in purple and scarlet are explained as ‘peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues.’ And the wild beast upon which she rode, with his heads and horns and diadems and names of blasphemy, was seen coming ‘up out of the sea.’ If, by the help of your Teacher’s Bible, you will take out all the texts in the Revelation in which the sea is mentioned, and separate them into three groups: those in which the reference is obviously literal ; those in which the essential ideas of changefulness and coldness are eliminated ; and those which suggest wild, ungovernable restlessness, death of man and defiance against God,—you will have no difficulty in understanding the feeling which influenced John when he joyfully recognised in the New Creation the fact that ‘there was no more sea.’ And if, as you read, you will remember that this book was written at a time when human turbulence was at its height, and peoples were raging furiously together, your conception of the meaning and force of the imagery will acquire additional definiteness. In the sea which is no more you will see the passing away of all the restless, unreasoning, unrighteous, and ungodly human passion which has rendered the history of this present creation just such a groaning and travailling in pain as we see reflected in the Apocalyptic visions. And in place thereof you will behold a mirror of God’s peace and God’s righteousness, reflecting the brightness of His glory, and echoing the sweet strains of golden harps and salvation songs.

III. But no attempt to understand either this or any other Apocalyptic symbol can be perfectly successful unless light is sought from those Old-Testament Scriptures which formed John’s only treasury of imagery. You and I, however, are only musing as we sit on the shore, and must not be betrayed into an attempt which, in the brief space of an article, could only be futile and disappointing, to unfold all the wealth of illustration of which we catch glimpses directly the door of that ancient treasury is opened. We can but hint and indicate. Probably all the Old-Testament sea-stories, if I may so term them, were present in John’s mind when he wrote this book, and most of the poetical allusions. The Creation, the Flood, the Red Sea, the Dead Sea, Jonah and the Whale, the great barrier-like Hinder-sea, its mystery known only to God, its pride and power yielding only to Him Who compassed its bounds, the noise of the

sea, its unquietness, its sorrow—these all gave colour and form to the visions in which John saw the sea. And to one whose thought and feeling with reference to the sea came mainly from the ancient Scriptures, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that the sea took rank with ‘tears’ and ‘death’ and ‘sorrow’ and ‘crying’ and ‘pain,’ with ‘the curse’ and ‘night,’ which were all to pass away with the passing away of the first heavens and the first earth.

Upon one aspect only of our subject will I ask you to linger ere we bring to a close a series of meditations in which the sea has had so large a place. The first page of the Bible reveals to us, as it revealed to John, a vast dark, formless, lifeless world of waters. Over the deep we see the Divine Spirit brooding. Into the perpetual darkness shines the light. The formless cloud-mass which enfolds the great world of waters rises, and a firmament separates the one from the other. Out of the waters, and gathered into one place, rises the solid earth. The dry land yields grass and fruits. The firmament, through its riven clouds, reveals sun, moon and stars which are for signs and seasons, for days and years, and for lights. And so the first heaven and the first earth are created—all by God : all good. Those are the two great facts, scientific and moral, which the earliest Revelation emphasises and makes plain. Let all else be literal and accurate fact ; or truth clothed for child-like minds, like the truth of the last Revelation, in such imagery as most simply and truly conveys just ideas of what actually occurred : in either case, *the moral and religious teaching remains clear, definite, unassailable, in its eternal verity.* ‘In the beginning *God created* the heaven and the earth.’ Step by step His word commanded the successive changes which fitted earth and sea for the life which was to appear. Each word was a Divine interposition : each result was good. ‘God’ and ‘Good’ are the two key-words to this simplest, most reasonable, and ever beautiful account of the origin of matter, and of the changes through which matter has passed.

Now, what I desire particularly to note is the fact that, just as the sea may be recognised in these first verses of Genesis as the principle force employed by the Creator in the preparation of the earth for life, so the sea, at this point, appears as the first fountain of life, unsealed by the same Divine Word ; yielding results equally ‘good.’ ‘Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth. . . Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas.’ And the waters have been pouring forth life in abundance, and in countless varieties of form, from that day onward. And changes involving death and destruction and reconstruction have been ceaselessly taking place, thanks mainly



to the action of water, as this water-worn stone upon which our essay-sermon had its beginning reminds us. When new forms of life ceased to appear, is a question upon which neither science nor the Bible sheds a single ray of light. The only thing clear to us is that, as creation began, so creation will one day end. It began with the sea, and it will end when the sea is no more.

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## THE LETTERS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

BY THE REV. DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

SANCTIFIED letter-writing has always been a powerful agency in the extension of the kingdom of Christ. How much truth is revealed in Scripture in the form of Epistles! And since the days when, by their divinely-inspired Letters, the Apostles did so much to edify the then existing Churches, those sacred Letters have been blessed to the awakening of sinners and the comfort of saints in every age and place.

Following the apostolic example, great and good men, from century to century, have thought it well to stimulate and help their friends by means of epistolary communications. Who does not read at least with interest the letters of distinguished men? It is always by such means that we obtain the deepest insight into their inner feelings and beliefs. A biography is apt to be partial; a collection of letters will generally be the more accurate revelation of the man. A letter is the outflow of the inner being: we know the person by his letter; and in the letters of a good man to his friends we have a reflection of his inmost soul.

These remarks very fully apply to the letters of Samuel Rutherford; and it is an appropriate thing that there has been recently issued a very excellent selection from those letters as one of a series of *Devotional Manuals* published by the Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room.

Dr. Andrew Thomson has also recently given us, in the biographical series *Men Worth Remembering*, a complete yet compact life of Samuel Rutherford, so that for a very small amount the Christian public may now obtain ample information concerning the saintly life and inimitable letters of that man of God.

Born in 1600, SAMUEL RUTHERFORD received the elements of education at the school-house of the parish of Nisbet, in Scotland; removing at the age of seventeen to Edinburgh University. His intellectual development was so rapid and great, that at the close of his fourth session he graduated as Master of Arts, and two years afterwards was, despite his youth, appointed Professor of the Latin language and

literature in the University. Shortly afterwards he resigned the office; and having entered meanwhile into the joys of the great salvation, he began to apply himself to the study of theology, and was resolutely bent on entering the Christian ministry. The record of that ministry, and of his whole succeeding life, we shall do well to read with care, for a more beautiful and pathetic record we can hardly meet with elsewhere. Samuel Rutherford's was a chequered life, and in many respects a very sorrowful one: his life's story is that of a man whose whole heart was devoted to the service of God; he was the subject of successive and heavy sorrows; yet he ever counted it an honour and a joy to suffer for his Saviour. Whether we see him at Anwoth 'The good Pastor,' at Aberdeen 'The Lord's Prisoner,' yet comforting other sufferers by his beautiful letters; at Edinburgh 'The Church Reformer;' in the Westminster Assembly 'The learned Divine;' or at St. Andrews 'The good Confessor,' we behold in him the tenderness of a child linked with the valour of a knight.

Samuel Rutherford died at St. Andrews on March 29th, 1661, at the age of sixty-one years. The last words of the saint who had suffered so much were sweetly anticipative of his approaching reward: 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!'

Rutherford's letters have always been appreciated by men of marked spirituality. The saintly Robert Murray McChesney made them his constant companion in devotion, and similar instances might be adduced in the present day. When we hear the Rev. Charles Garrett—the McChesney of Methodism—say that Rutherford's letters have 'done him more good than any other merely human book he has ever read,' it is no small or trifling testimony to their spirituality and worth.

Let us turn awhile to these remarkable letters, and perchance they will prove to be to us as 'green pastures' and 'still waters.'

There is a truly *apostolic* ring about Rutherford's letters, for he begins most of them by invoking 'Grace, mercy and peace' upon the friend he addresses. Those who received his letters were indeed privileged, for they must have received the benefit which springs from the benediction of such a man. Such a benediction is always a thing to be coveted, and coming from Rutherford's loving and pious heart it would have immediate realization. The force and value of such an utterance must lie in the spiritual state of the one who uses it. Would not such benedictions, uttered by us as ordinary Christians, have greater force if we had greater spirituality? We, as individual believers, are called to be 'priests unto God' in the present life; a significant portion of the priestly office is Benediction: if we, as Christians, had the holiness which befits our 'high calling,'

our commonest benedictions upon our fellows would have unwonted efficacy ; our very ordinary ‘Good-morning’ and ‘Good-bye’ would bring immediate and practical blessing to those upon whom we pronounced it, and the greetings of *our letters* would be a source of good to those who read them.

On the way to imprisonment at Aberdeen, Rutherford wrote to his friend ‘Mr. Robert Cuninghame, Minister of the Gospel at Holywood, in Ireland ;’ in a note appended to this letter he describes himself as being on his journey to ‘Christ’s palace in Aberdeen.’ Who but a hero could so write ? Surely Rutherford had attained to the Pauline ‘*glorying in tribulations*’ ! The prison-house is no prison-house to him, for Christ abiding with him makes the prospect of incarceration as that of companying with Him in His own palace. The presence of Christ can transfigure a prison-house, and make it to be possessed of an infinite attractiveness to the imprisoned one.

It is a very pathetic letter which he wrote to his friend during that journey. The more than resignation displayed in it is truly beautiful. He says : ‘Albeit this honest cross gained some ground on me by my heaviness, and inward challenges of conscience for a time were sharp, yet now, for the encouragement of you all, I dare say it, and write it under my hand : Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ !’ His friend, too, was suffering, and so he writes : ‘My dear brother, let us help one another with our prayers.’ He speaks later in the letter of the prospect of the future life cheering and sustaining him in his sorrow, and he adds that when he does not look ‘beyond the line’ he is ‘a faint, dead-hearted, cowardly man, oft borne down, and *hungry in waiting for the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.*’ Sending his salutations to various beloved friends, he begs that they will pray for the ‘poor afflicted prisoner of Christ.’ So does he esteem the power of prayer in his suffering, that in almost every letter he asks, and even entreats, the united intercessions of his friends.

When he had just been sentenced to deprivation and confinement within the town of Aberdeen, he wrote to the Viscountess of Kenmure : ‘That honour that I have prayed for these sixteen years, with submission to my Lord’s will, my kind Lord hath now bestowed upon me ; even to suffer for my royal and princely King Jesus, and for His kingly crown and the freedom of His kingdom that His Father hath given Him.’ In the same letter he declares : ‘Christ was never sweeter and kinder than He is now ;’ and concludes by commending her ladyship and her child to ‘His good will Who dwelt in the bush.’ This invocation of dying Moses seems to have been a great favourite with Rutherford, for he makes use of it in several of his letters. The

burning-bush in which God dwelt might well be a loved subject of his meditation, for he himself was a burning-bush: fierce persecuting flames continually enwrapped him, but God dwelt within him, and though aflame with sorrows, yet he was unconsumed. Writing to the same honourable lady, he says: 'God forgive them that raise an ill report upon the sweet cross of Christ; it is but our weak and dim eyes that look but to the black side that makes us mistake: those who can take that crabbed tree handsomely upon their back, and fasten it on cannily, shall find it such a burden as wings unto a bird, or sails to a ship.' Such indeed was the cross to suffering Samuel Rutherford. 'As the wings of a bird' it bore him aloft in spirit to 'the heavenly places' of Divine communion; as the 'sails to a ship' it but helped to bear him the more swiftly forward to the fair haven of 'the skies.

How real was his fellowship with Christ appears from sentiments to which he gives expression in the same letter: 'I wish all this nation knew how sweet His breath is; it is little to see Christ in a book, as men do the world in a chart: they talk of Christ by the book, and the tongue, and *no more*; but to come nigh Christ, and have Him, and embrace Him, is another thing.' His communion with Christ was most personal and real, and he writes as only one can who dwells in most intimate association with Him. The Christ with Whom he communed so much was an abiding reality to him, no earthly changes obscured his vision of 'Jesus Christ; the same yesterday and to-day and for ever;' so he writes again in the same letter: 'This world can take nothing from you that is truly yours; and death can do you no wrong: *your rock doth not ebb and flow, but your sea*; that which Christ hath said, He will bide by it.'

The humility of this noble character is very manifest in all his letters, and is often expressed in a most touching manner. Thus, in another letter, he says: 'Woe, woe is me, that men should think there is anything in me! He is my Witness, before Whom I am as crystal, that the secret house-devils that bear me too oft company, and that this sink of corruption which I find within, maketh me go with low sails; and if others saw what I see, they would look *by* me, but not *to* me.' Again, he says: 'What am I, to carry the marks of such a great King! But, howbeit, I am a sink and sinful mass, a wretched captive of sin, my Lord Jesus can hew heaven out of worse timber than I am (*if worse can be*).' Later in the same letter he declares he has 'gotten the pick and choice of Christ's crosses, even the tithe and the flower of the gold of all crosses, to bear witness to the truth.' And again: 'I doubt not but my Lord is preparing me for heavier trials: I am most ready, at the good pleasure of my Lord, in the strength of His grace, for anything He shall be pleased to call me to; neither



shall the last black-faced messenger, Death, be holden at the door when it shall knock.'

Afflictions were *clear gain* in his estimation: he looked upon them as yielding an incalculable return of spiritual and eternal wealth. 'Losses for Christ,' says he in another letter, 'are but our goods given into the bank in Christ's hand.' And again: 'The safest way, I am persuaded, is to lose and win with Christ, and to hazard fairly for Him, for heaven is but a company of noble venturers for Christ.' In the same line of thought is a late passage in the same letter: 'I have but small experience of suffering for Him; but let my Judge and Witness in heaven lay my soul in the balance of justice, if I find not a young heaven and a little paradise of glorious comforts and soul-delighting love-kisses of Christ here beneath the moon, in suffering for Him and His truth; and that the glory, joy and peace and fire of love I thought had been kept till supper-time—when we shall get leisure to feast our fill upon Christ—I have felt it in glorious beginnings, in my bonds for this princely Lord Jesus.'

After an appearance before the Commission of Prelates, he wrote to 'John Stewart, Provost of Ayr, now in Ireland... My adversaries know not what a courtier I am now with my royal King, for Whose crown I now suffer: it is but our soft and lazy flesh that hath raised an ill report of the cross of Christ. O sweet, sweet is His yoke! Christ's chains are of pure gold; sufferings for Him are perfumed; I would not give my weeping for the laughing of all the fourteen prelates; I would not exchange my sadness with the world's joy.'

Rutherford saw in the preservation of his piety amid much trial, not a fact which led him to congratulate himself on his faithfulness, but only a fact which exhibited the care which Christ had over him: he gave absolutely and ungrudgingly all the glory to his Saviour, so he says, writing again from Aberdeen to 'Robert Gordon, of Knockbrex'—and alluding to his trials: 'But my Lord Jesus had a good eye that the tempter should not play foul play, and blow out Christ's candle. He took no thought of my passion and fretting and grudging humour, but of His own grace: when He burnt the house He saved His own goods.' He goes on to express the confidence he had that the same will hold good amid his future afflictions: 'And I believe the devil and the persecuting world shall reap no fruit of me but burnt ashes; for *He* will see to His own gold, and save that from being consumed with the fire.' The sufferings through which this much-tried disciple passed, did not create within him any degree of complacency as to his own faith and patience, they only led him to glory supremely in the sustaining power of Christ, and to trust Him that through all future afflictions He would 'keep that which he had committed unto Him.'

Thank God for the salutary lessons of sorrow! Never did the faithful endurance of sorrow create spiritual pride in a Christian; it rather cuts off 'his dependence vain,' and leads him in self-distrusting love to cast himself in the unreservedness of strong desire upon Christ his Saviour, and to say with the prince of merely human sufferers: 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

The sweet prospect of the heavenly reward was a mighty comfort to the suffering Rutherford. He writes: 'O for a sight of eternity's glory, and a little tasting of the Lamb's Marriage-Supper! Half a draught or a drop of the wine of consolations that is up at our banqueting-house, out of Christ's own hand, would make our stomachs loathe the brown bread and the sour drink of a miserable life.'

There is a touch almost of scorn in his words when he contrasts this fleeting world with the better and enduring country; so he writes: 'Surely we spin our spider's web with pain, and build our rotten and tottering house upon a lie, and falsehood and vanity. O! when will we learn to have thoughts higher than the sun and moon, and teach our joy, hope, confidence, and our soul's desires to look up to our best country, and to look down to clay-tents set up for a night's lodging or two in this uncouth land, and laugh at our childish conceptions and imaginations that suck our joy out of creatures, woe, sorrow, losses and grief?'

The spirit of praise is very conspicuous in Samuel Rutherford's letters: he rejoiced exceedingly in the spiritual effects of his sufferings, and the language he uses is that of a man whose heart is filled to overflowing with thankfulness. 'The sanctified cross is a fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples;' and then he says: 'Sir, I charge you help me to praise Him: it is a shame to speak of what He hath done for me, and what I do to Him again....I pray you, pray for me, *and forget not to praise.*' To another friend he writes: 'I bless His great name Who is no niggard in holding in crosses upon me, but spendeth largely His rods upon me, that He may save me from this perishing world.' Worthy indeed of record are the following sentences of another letter: 'I never knew by my nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love, as He hath taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment. I charge you in Christ's name help me to praise and show that people and country the loving-kindness of the Lord to my soul, that so my sufferings may some way preach to them when I am silent.'

Our limited space forbids further examination of the stores of grace which these letters contain. We trust the flowers we have culled may lead some of our readers to study the letters of Samuel Rutherford, and pluck for themselves from these rare and fertile gardens.

## FIFTY YEARS' MISSION-WORK IN LONDON.\*

WE have heard and read so much lately of the dark side of London life—and the half has not yet been told us—that it



A VISIT ON THE DUST HEAP.—See page 422.

\* *These Fifty Years. Being the Jubilee Volume of the London City Mission.*  
By J. M. WEYLLAND. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.



is a relief to turn to the bright, or at least the *brighter* side, and learn something of the earnest, faithful, and, thank God! successful toil which has done so much to stem the tide of evil in the vast metropolis. Amongst the almost countless Christian organizations which have sprung up in the great city, by which godly souls have sought to win its millions of labouring men and women for Christ, probably the very foremost place should be given to THE LONDON CITY MISSION, which this year celebrates its Jubilee.

The Mission was founded on May the 16th, 1835, when DAVID NASMITH, William Bullock and Richard Edward Dear met in the cottage of the first named, at 13, Kenning-Terrace, Hoxton, at six o'clock in the morning, and after prayer and Scripture reading, solemnly moved and seconded and unanimously carried the scheme of the London City Mission.

Nasmith had made many unsuccessful attempts to gain sympathy for his scheme from eminent Ministers. He went to Bishop Blomfield, but he would not consent to take any part in a work in which Nonconformists were associated with Churchmen. Nor was the proposal more favourably received by the Dissenters. Dr. Campbell—who was apt to pronounce emphatic and hastily-formed judgments—declared that ‘The City Mission, in its plan, is an artificial institution, and as to constituted agency and support, it is entirely wrong’! Even Baptist Noel, who shortly afterwards lent the aid of his great influence to the undertaking, at first regarded it as an utterly impracticable thing. These facts show how much nearer the various branches of the Church have drawn together during the last fifty years; and though bigotry dies hard and has flourished long, we may not unwisely hope that the next fifty years will see greater things than these.

We have not space to follow the Society through its many struggles for life in the first few years of its existence. Bishop Blomfield, who could never be persuaded to see the value of lay agency in such a work as this, forbade his clergy to take any part in the work of the Mission, and never fully withdrew his opposition to it; though in later life he showed in various ways that he did not regard the Mission so unfavourably as he had done at first. A worse trouble was the resignation of Nasmith, who was too much of an enthusiast to understand how necessary it is to conciliate all denominations when a united effort is to be made, and too earnest and energetic to proceed with the steady caution of his more business-like colleagues. His resignation was a noble act of self-sacrifice on behalf of a cause he loved even better than he loved his own way of working. As Mr. Weylland says: ‘At no time and by no act of his life did he ever display more real greatness.’



The state of religious destitution in which the poorer districts of London then were, is scarcely credible to us who are so familiar with the house-to-house visitations of to-day. Whole neighbourhoods were left utterly uncared for, and the people seemed to have settled down with comparative contentment to live and die without thought of God or hope of heaven. The visits of the early Missionaries were a complete and, it must be confessed, often an unwelcome surprise. Many a time the agents met with a rough reception, and one at least was so severely injured that he died in the course of a few months.

One of the first efforts of the City Mission was to provide every poor family in London with a copy of the New Testament and Psalter bound together, the volumes being the gift (though it was called a *loan*) of the British and Foreign Bible Society. How great the need for this undertaking may be gathered from these facts, mentioned by Mr. Weyland: 'In the first twenty-six districts occupied, comprising 14,240 families, it was discovered that the amazing number of 10,869 had not a single page of God's Word in their possession; and the ignorance displayed even concerning what it was, passed belief. . . . In reply to the question in the register: "How long have you been without the Bible?" there were such answers as 70 or even 80 years. Forty families had been without it from 50 to 70 years; 52 families between 40 and 50 years; 244 between 30 and 40 years; the large number of 1,160 between 20 and 30 years; 3,160 between 10 and 20 years; and 6,084 between 5 and 10 years.'

When there had been so widely and so long a famine of the Word of God, who can wonder that the poor of London were in a state of moral and spiritual degradation which long years of patient toil have only partially succeeded in relieving? 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light.' But in Christian London that light had not illumined the homes of the poor—they were left in the darkness, and how great was that darkness!

The great strength of the City Mission lies in its systematic house-to-house visitation. Each Missionary has a district assigned to him, large enough to occupy his whole time and energy; but not too large to permit of his gaining some knowledge of and influence over every one of its inhabitants. By this means all the dwellers in certain neighbourhoods are brought under Christian influence, and in a countless number of instances that influence has led to salvation. A striking testimony to the extensive *reach* of the Mission was given by 'a shoemaker who for life had worked on Sundays, and "kept St. Monday," who used to promise reformation, and then go wrong again. To get out of the way of the Missionary, he moved from Stepney to Bow. Ten days after, another Missionary, if anything more earnest than the

first, found him at work on Sunday. Annoyed at the reproof, he moved again, but a public-house Missionary met him in a beer-shop, and walked home with him. Some time after he was taken ill and became an inmate of Guy's Hospital. Then, as a Missionary sat down at his bed-side conversing with him one day, the poor patient exclaimed: "There is no way of bolting from you Missionaries. God must care for me to send after me in this way. I will try to be saved." He recovered, and it was known that he and his family lived reformed if not Christian lives.'

The intimate acquaintance with the habits and needs of the poorer classes which the Missionaries gained, soon revealed the need for many other auxiliary organizations, and such admirable institutions as the Ragged-School Union, the Cripples' Home, the Strangers' Home, as well as the Midnight-Meeting Movement, etc., etc., sprang directly or indirectly from the work of the London City Mission.

Not content with the house-to-house visitation of their agents, the Committee have also appointed Missionaries to various classes, and in these departments many of the most striking victories have been won.

Surely none had a harder task and none discharged his duty more nobly than that good Methodist, Thomas Lupton Jackson, 'the Thieves' Missionary,' who won the confidence of the brotherhood, and was the means of inducing very many to repent and amend their lives. Lord Shaftesbury writes of this holy man and of his work in terms of the heartiest approval. He says: 'My first active co-operation with him was in consequence of a speech I had made in the House of Commons on the subject of emigration. I received, under cover of a letter from Jackson (a missionary), a "round-robin," signed by about forty of the principal thieves and burglars in London, praying me in most respectful terms to meet them at a place appointed in the South of London, and give them my opinion and advice as to their means of obtaining relief from their present mode of life by transplantation to some distant and happier region. I had no hesitation in complying with their request. I went at the stated time, and found Jackson in the room with close upon four hundred men of every appearance, from the swell-mob in black coats and white neckcloths, to the most fierce-looking, rough, half-dressed savages I ever beheld. I took the chair of the meeting. The only other person I recollect to have been there was that right good, amiable man Captain Trotter. The meeting opened with reading the Scriptures, Jackson taking for his commencement the history of the thieves on the cross. We then proceeded to offer up prayer (the whole assembly on their knees), and the most devout of congregations could not have

surpassed them in stillness and external reverence. We then proceeded to address them ; but our object was mainly to hear the unhappy men speak for themselves ; and so they did. I cannot go into a tenth part of the interesting details : but we gathered this truth from them all, that they were miserable, that they hated their mode of life, but that they saw no means of escape from it. They implored our assistance. Well, we promised to do what we could ; and then one man, on behalf of the rest, exclaimed : " But will you ever come and see us again ? " " Yes," I replied ; " whenever you shall send for me." The low, deep murmur of gratitude was very touching.'

As a result of this meeting, a considerable number of thieves were helped to make a new start in life, comparatively few of them returning to criminal ways.

A Thieves' Home was established early in the Society's history, into which those who were willing to lead an honest life were received and helped to find employment. Of course there were some failures ; 'but a very large majority were reclaimed.'

The first inmate of the Thieves' Home was a young man who had from his childhood been 'on the streets.' He had succeeded one day in stealing £150 in bank-notes from the pocket of a person in the City, and finding himself thus in possession of capital, set up in a new line of business. First he sold his £150 in notes for twenty pounds in gold. For ten pounds in good coin he purchased fifty pounds in counterfeit. He then went into the country 'shuffle-pitching.' This curious profession is thus explained : The 'shuffle-pitcher' enters a shop, professing to have been sent to purchase some small article for his master. Having obtained what he requires he puts down a *good* sovereign, and then hesitates as to whether the article is what his master wished for, and finally decides to go and ask him. Taking up the sovereign, he disappears for a short time, and returns to complete the purchase, but this time he puts down a counterfeit sovereign, which the tradesman naturally supposes to be the same coin offered him before, and so gives the change without testing. Occasionally the fraud was discovered, and the business was interrupted by a period of prison-life. With these interruptions, the tour of Great Britain and Ireland taken by this man occupied on an average between four and five years. After two journeys, however, he became weary of this miserable life, and sought admission to the Thieves' Home, from whence he emigrated to America, obtained a good situation, and in one of his last letters home said that he and his wife are both members of a Baptist Church, and are 'as happy as poor sinners can be out of heaven.' He has also been the means of helping several of his old companions in crime to make a fresh start in the New World.

Turning to a more respectable though less exciting industry, we find that a good work has been done by the City Mission amongst the 'dust-wharf people.' These poor souls had long been utterly neglected, as their repulsive employment kept most Christian workers away from them. The women employed in sorting the heaps are known as 'Fairies,' and were amongst the roughest to be found in London. But many trophies have been won from the dust-heaps, and not a few of the workers are happy in God's salvation. One of these 'fairies' who had been brought to Christ, having been taken ill and attending as an out-patient at a hospital, rebuked another woman for her bad language, saying: 'Mine's a dirty business, but I wouldn't now keep a heart so bad as to let me say such wicked words as that.'

'You would if you was me,' was the reply.

'No!' was the firm answer; 'the blood of Jesus makes us clean from all sin, and I've been to Him and got saved. Now, you go, and He will do the same for you.'

This same woman, finding that many of the patients were too poor to provide themselves with bottles, etc., for their medicine, as soon as she was able to go back to her work used to collect a store of bottles and gallipots, wash them at night, and take them to the hospital in the morning to distribute amongst those who had not the opportunities she had of obtaining them gratis.

We must not follow the story of the work of the City Missionaries further, for space would fail us to tell of their toils and triumphs amongst night-cabmen, foreign sailors, Jews, omnibus and tram-car men, navvies, the police, post-office employes, and indeed almost every class in London; but we must find room for one or two illustrations of the gratitude felt by those amongst whom these humble but brave and earnest men are toiling. The Missionary to the Docks had a rough time when he was first appointed, and especially rough was the treatment he received from the men who open the locks at tide time. They resented his interference with them, and often threatened to throw him into the river. After three years' patient work amongst them, the Missionary one day received a request that he would be at the sluice-gate about the time the gangs changed duty, so that all could be there. He cast in his mind what the meaning of this could be, and was sore perplexed. He, however, went, and upon his approach his old enemy said:

"I say, master, have you made your will? You know that I have often threatened you."

"I have nothing to leave, but something to receive under the New Testament," was the reply.



“Well, then, step here, and see what we have got for you. You see, master, you have been our friend, and put up with a good deal, and some of us are sober and better men now, so the other night we had a round robin for you, and made up thirty shillings; so two of us, when off duty, took a stroll down the Row where they put handsome Bibles in the window, and we got a first-rater for you, and here it is;” and then with a cheer, the book, which was covered over with a sack, was uncovered.’

Even more touching was the testimonial presented to their Missionary by the poor folk in the Holborn Infirmary, which was ‘subscribed in half-pence, but worth nearly two pounds.’

We heartily commend Mr. Weylland’s Jubilee volume to all our readers. It is a most interesting and encouraging work, showing how very much has been done for the great city by the labours of earnest but comparatively uneducated men. One lesson, perhaps, above all others its story teaches, a lesson we are slow to learn practically, though in word we often acknowledge its truth—that there is no class, however degraded, that there are no souls of any race or any rank, who may not by patient, prayerful, systematic seeking be brought to the Saviour, and made meet for ‘the inheritance of the saints in light.’ God bless the London City Mission and its work, and may its centenary volume tell an even more thrilling story of work done and conquests won in the name of the Captain of our Salvation.

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## A TRIP TO THE FAIR ISLE.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

ABOUT halfway between the Orkney and Shetland groups lies a solitary rock known as the Fair Isle, which for many years formed one of the stations of our Dunrossness Circuit, and was annexed to Lerwick at the Conference of 1877. Desiring to visit it at my earliest opportunity, I sent a note to Jerome Wilson, our Society-steward there, immediately after our District Meeting, announcing my purpose to be with him on Wednesday, May 23rd, 1878, or failing that, on the following Monday, if such visit would be convenient to the people, if the weather permitted, and if they could take me ashore from the passing steam-boat. Such a number of ‘ifs’ suggested the improbability of the visit. The post could not bring me word in time, so I enclosed a telegraph-form, requesting Mr. Wilson to fill it up, and send it out to the Dunrossness postmaster by the boat which took my letter to the island. He did so; and on Wednesday

afternoon was forwarded to me the first telegram sent out from the Fair Isle.

Before its arrival, I heard of a Scotch fishing-boat which was about to sail for Wick, and engaged a passage in her; but after a successful fishing the skipper and his crew must needs give way to that terrible curse, drink, and so, forgetting their promise altogether, or perhaps unwilling to fulfil it, the drunken crew sailed at 3 a.m., without giving me any warning. It was well for me!

On receiving the telegram, I hurried to the steamer office, and thence on board the *S. S. Queen*. Both the agent and the captain expressed their readiness to help me. So I took my passage for Kirkwall. The weather was delightful. We steamed out of the harbour at 6.30 p.m., and skirted the bold coast until we reached Sumburgh-Head. The sea was glassy as a loch. In the Roost we scarcely had a tumble. 'Sea-legs' were not required; so in company with two ministers of the Free Church, on their way to the Assembly, I paced the deck, enjoying the four hours of the trip exceedingly. The sunset was splendid, the gentle breeze exhilarating, while such as delighted in music of that peculiar kind were enlivened by the steward's bagpipes. At 10.30 we were off the Fair Isle, and the steam-whistle was blown to inform the islanders that a passenger wished to be taken ashore. They needed not to be apprised. For two hours the boat had been off on the look-out, and the fog horn had been kept going, but we did not hear it. There seemed but little chance of my getting ashore, and Captain Reid said: 'These Fair Isle boats are such little things that it is a difficult matter to pick them up; if, however, we pass the island without landing you, you must go on to Kirkwall, and try again on Saturday, when the *St. Magnus* comes north.' This was not very encouraging; but no sooner were the words spoken, than the 'look-out' cried: 'A boat on the port bow;' and in a few minutes she was alongside.

Calm as the sea appeared to us on the deck of the vessel, there was, as one of the islanders described it, as much of a 'jaap' as ever he saw in attempting to board the steamer. The boarding was, however, effected. My bundle of magazines and portmanteau were handed to one of the men, and I sprang into the boat from the ladder. The captain shouted to our steersman: 'Sheer her off;' the boatmen cried, as they usually do; 'Throw us some papers;' the steamer passed on, and we dropped down in her wake, bobbing up and down upon the sea in our coracle, to pick up the news which friendly passengers had thrown overboard. A smart pull of half an hour or so, during which I sat on the only available seat—the helmsman's knee—brought us to the shore, where I received a most hearty welcome.

Next morning I went to the fishing-station to see the curing process, which is precisely the same as in Shetland. Everybody was busy splitting, cleaning and salting; and the fish which had been so treated was laid upon the boulders to dry in the sun. At the proper state of the tide the boats went off; and while they were at sea I strolled up to Malcolm's Head, a bold hill which rises up with rapid slope to the westward, and then presents a precipice of some six hundred feet to the Atlantic wave. On the top of the hill is the ruin of a light-house, or signal tower of former days. This was used at the time of the French war to signal to our North Sea fleet informing them of the movements of any enemy's ships which might have been observed: a well-selected spot for the purpose. From this point, on any clear day, the islands of Orkney can be seen, and occasionally Cape Wrath in the south; away to the west, Foula stands out prominently; and to the north the lands of Shetland are distinctly observed. Unless enveloped in mist, a passing ship could scarcely fail to be seen. From this site, too, the whole of the island is visible.

For the most part the houses beggar description; but here and there a better one is being built, and hopes are encouraged that in another decade neat cottages, with blue slate-roofs, will be the order of the day. The proprietor of the island is encouraging this improvement. A considerable portion of the land is under cultivation, and the pasturage is good. The ponies are of that diminutive sort common in Shetland; the cattle and sheep are also small: the latter are of different colours, many of them piebald. The northern part of the island is common land, and is divided from the south by a good strong stone fence. This, but recently built, has taken the place of the old turf dike so common in Shetland, which tends to destruction of crops and to feuds among the people.

The men, about forty in number, are all engaged in fishing. Their perilous calling is pursued in twelve small and frail boats, of the following dimensions: length sixteen feet, beam five feet nine inches, depth one foot eight inches. The fish is all cured by the proprietor, who visits the island once a year to settle with the men.

As many hills and dales, ravines and glens, as could be crowded into so small a spot are here. The coast-line is indented with numerous bights and gios. The rocks assume the most fantastic shapes. Here is a crouching lion, there an eagle with outspread wing; yonder a grave judge seated on his bench, clad in robe and wig. Of minarets and spires and domes and cupolas there is no end, while natural arches of every possible size and shape abound. Old Ocean is truly the grandest of architects.

The sea is never at rest. The weather was exceedingly fine during my visit ; scarcely a breath of air was stirring. The white sails of the Shetland fishing sloops glistened in the sun and flapped lazily against the masts ; yet the sea was dashing over the reefs as much as it does in many places when there is half a gale of wind. This restless heaving is the result of conflicting tides, whose eddying, swirling currents, when running against a strong breeze, rise in awful waves, baffling all description.

The cliffs range from seven hundred and thirty feet downwards, and are mural or overhanging for the most part. The island can only be approached at two points, and at these only in the finest weather.

Lying directly in the track of American-bound ships from the Baltic, and having no friendly light or other means of making its proximity known to them, wrecks have been too frequent. A few years ago the *Lessing*, of Bremen, was lost here. She was an emigrant ship, with five hundred passengers on board. She ran ashore on the East coast, and was jammed between two rocks near Sheep's Crag, the overhanging cliffs being much higher than her masts. With a heavy sea running, there seemed no chance of escape ; but by skilful management the boats of the island were taken through a natural arch to the gio in which the ship was fastened, the crew and passengers were then taken from the wreck, and the boats returned through the dark tunnel by which they had come, and landed their precious freight on a small sandy beach at the foot of a crag, down the face of which the sheep had made a track. Up this exceedingly perilous path they climbed in safety ; not even an infant was lost. Shortly afterwards and very near to the same spot, another Bremen ship, the *Gazelle*, with two hundred and fifty emigrants on board, was found rubbing her side against the cliff in a very friendly way, much to the chagrin of her master and crew, who had no control over her whatever. She lay perfectly helpless in the calm, and enveloped in the mist. To reach the top of the cliff seemed impossible to those on board, and they regarded themselves, as they were in great danger of actually being, lost. Happily for them the islanders discovered their position and came to their assistance. Knowing the coast most intimately, they warped the ship off to some little distance, when a slight breeze sprang up from a favourable quarter, and she got safely away.

In October, 1876, the *Wilhelmina*, of Memel, was lost a mile or so to the north of the spot on which the *Lessing* met her fate. A violent tempest raged at the time. The mate of the ship lost his life in valiantly attempting to save his shipmates. When the storm abated, the remainder of the crew landed on the beach ; but all attempts at scaling the cliff proved vain, and giving themselves up for lost, they



despairingly surrounded the corpse of their late comrade, where they were discovered by the fishermen, and their rescue effected.

But the most gallant rescue of which I was told was that of the crew of the German ship, *Carl Constantin*, in December, 1876. In a terrific storm this vessel was found to be in a sinking condition, and the only chance of saving the crew was to run the ship ashore. With a fearful gale blowing from the east, all attempts to land on that side would be madness, so the ship was run round the south end of the island, and an attempt was made to reach a small inlet on the west, but she ran against an outlying rock at the foot of Malcolm's Head, and sank. The sailors jumped on to the rock, the captain failing in his attempt to do so. He sank, and was seen no more. But how could they be released from their perilous prison? With nothing but their frail boats,—and these on the opposite side of the island,—there seemed but little chance of a rescue on the part of the fishermen. One noble fellow volunteered to attempt a rescue; but whether his skill as a boatman was doubted, or whether there was some other cause, he secured no followers. Presently Alexander Ewanson appeared upon the scene—a man of seventy years—and quietly remarked: 'It is a call from Providence. I'll go and save them, or at least attempt it.' Six others volunteered. A boat was run across the island as quickly as possible and launched upon the stormy sea. In two trips—for two were necessary—the whole of the crew were brought safely to the shore. The German Government rewarded the brave fishermen who thus risked their lives with three pounds per man and a gold watch for the coxswain. Several ships have since been wrecked on the island. Cries were heard on a stormy night of the winter preceding my visit; but nothing could be discovered in the darkness, and returning daylight revealed nothing. The many islanders who heard the cries think it highly probable that some ill-fated ship then went down, and that many others have fared similarly.

(To be concluded.)

#### A PARABLE.

IT was autumn, and the day was drawing to a close as I took my way through a wood one afternoon. The brown leaves lay scattered all around, and rustled under my feet at every step. The trees were nearly bare now, and every blast of the cold wind, whistling through their tops, brought other leaves down to increase the number already heaped up at the root of every tree.

The whole scene was in harmony with the state of my feelings. I, too, felt stripped and bare, as if life were cold and dreary. Joy seemed to have left me, and to my disordered fancy I was like a

withered, lifeless tree, of no use to any one for shelter, shade or food.

Sadly, and I am afraid rather bitterly, I pursued my train of thought, dwelling only on the bareness, coldness, dreariness of the wood; and comparing all this with my life, taking no note of the magnificent beauty of the scene overhead, where the clouds, chased before the wind, were heaping themselves in grand masses of dark and light, and others in the western sky tinged even yet with the glorious hues of the sunset, while a lovely little crescent moon was sailing happily along, as if she loved the clouds and the wind, and delighted to play with them.

I was in no mood for looking *up*, and so it was not surprising that my heart felt bare and cold. But the loving Father was taking note of all, and so sent a message *down*—down to my very feet; for as I strolled on so moodily and listlessly, I heard the feeble cry of a bird. I stooped to see whence the sound came, and there, close beside me, almost in the path, was a poor little bird with a broken wing. Gently I raised the little fluttering thing, and carried it in my bosom to my home, and then gave it all the tendance and care it required. For some time it needed much, but I spared no trouble, no pains and no expense, for I soon learned to love the little creature I had rescued. Nor was my trouble in vain. It began to recover, and got quite strong and well again, and now I had the reward of my care, for my bird grew so tame he would perch on my shoulder, and trill forth the sweetest song to cheer me through the long snowy days of winter. It would feed from my hand, and fly to meet me directly I came into the room, for the door of the cage was seldom closed, unless danger were near. O, how I loved that little bird! and in bird-fashion he loved me, and gladly I looked forward to long days, weeks, months, nay, I hoped even years, when his full song should thrill me with gladness and cheer the loneliness of my life. But alas! for hopes not to be realized. One day I was sitting near the window, which had been left open. My bird was perched upon my shoulder, trilling forth one of his most joyous songs. The winter was gone, and spring, late spring, was here; the sunshine flooded all the world with glory; the flowers, no longer afraid of nipping winds, had put forth their gayest blossoms. My little bird could bear it no longer. With one strong, full burst of melody he stretched his wings and soared far away into the sunny air and was lost to me. Was he ungrateful? How could I wonder? *Now* his wings were strong, and surely I ought to rejoice that my ministrations had been so successful. Alas! for a time I missed him so sorely that I could almost have wished him to be still weak and helpless, and yet this was but a selfish

thought; and after a time I saw why my bird had been sent to me. Surely our love should not make us selfish.

O, fond hearts that mourn because your loved ones are strong enough to need your gentle ministrations no longer. Think how glorious, how beautiful a thing it is to be allowed so to help, and heal, and strengthen. Do not selfishly wish to keep them near to you. Let them go forth into the world, to work for the Father; strong through your loving help, given so freely in their time of need, to do far more than ever you could do. Rejoice in their strength, and think not because they leave you that you are forgotten by them. O, no! Your love and patience, your self-sacrifice, your goodness, your service, have, as it were, entered into them, become a part of them, to go with them where they go, to be diffused by them throughout God's world, to grow with their growth, to strengthen with their strength.

And even if they do *seem* to forget, think you *He* forgets? Ah! not a word or action of love is lost, for He treasures them all up; they are all written in His book, in letters of gold, not *one* forgotten, not *one* wasted, and years hence you shall see with joy unutterable the fruit of your labour of love.

Let us not think of *ourselves*. Let us go on patiently ministering to all who are in need, with all our powers of body and mind, pouring forth the rich treasure of our heart's deep love. Not mourning because we seem to get no return. No one can love without becoming nobler and grander for it. Let us *love* as He loved Who poured out the rich treasure of *His* heart upon the very ground—for whom? Alas! alas! for those who scorned and derided Him; for those who placed upon His brow the cruel thorns; for those who pierced His hands and feet and side with nail and spear; for those upon whom His dying eyes rested in tenderest pity as His heart breathed out that most wonderful of all prayers—'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

Was His sacrifice in vain? I think not. Surely not. Nay, do we not, each one of us, clinging to Him, trusting in Him, *saved* by faith in Him,—do we not *know* in our inmost hearts it was *not* vain?

LLOYD.

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## NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

ABSURDITIES IN ART.—In the gallery of the convent of Jesuits at Lisbon, there is a picture representing Adam in Paradise, dressed in blue breeches with silver-buckles, and Eve with a striped-petticoat. In the distance appears a procession of Capuchin monks bearing the cross. In a country church in Holland there is a painting representing the sacrifice of Isaac, in which the painter has depicted Abraham with a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to shoot his son. A similar edifice in Spain has a picture of the same incident, in which

the patriarch is armed with a pistol. At Windsor there is a painting by Antonio Verrio, in which the artist has introduced the portraits of himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and May, the surveyor of the works of that period, all in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick. A painter of Toledo, having to represent the three wise men of the East coming to worship on the nativity of Christ, depicted three Arabian or Indian kings, two of them white and one black, and all of them in the posture of kneeling. The position of the legs of each figure not being very distinct, he inadvertently painted three black feet for the negro king, and three also between the two white kings; and he did not discover his error until the picture was hung up in the cathedral. In another picture of the Adoration of the Magi, which was in the Houghton Hall collection, the painter, Brughel, had introduced a multitude of little figures, finished off with true Dutch exactitude, but one was accoutred in boots and spurs, and another was handing in, as a present, a little model of a Dutch ship.—*From 'The World of Wonders.'*

TOO LATE.—A New England Pastor told me that during a series of meetings I was holding in his church, he had been stirred up to go and speak personally to several leading men of his congregation, to whom he had been ministering from the pulpit for years, but to whom he had never gone with a personal message. He called one day on such a one, the leading man in his congregation, who had occupied his seat in the church regularly for twelve years, or ever since he had charge of the church. He was ushered into the inner office of the merchant, and after a few moments of common-place conversation he opened the subject of his visit.

'Mr. B., I have come down this morning to speak to you about your soul. I acknowledge that I have been very unfaithful in this matter; for, though I have often thought of speaking to you personally, I have, from some weakness, and from fear that you would not receive it kindly, delayed doing so. But to-day it is laid on my heart, and I am come to ask you why you do not give yourself to the Lord?'

The merchant replied to his Pastor, with a little reproach in his voice and yet with a smile on his face: 'Pastor, it is too late for you to come to me about my soul. You might have won me to Christ years ago, if you had come; but now you are too late.'

'O, no!' said the Pastor, now thoroughly aroused; 'it is never too late. The Lord is ready and willing to receive you. You know the truth; there is nothing to do beyond the simple surrender of yourself to Him.'

'No, Pastor; you are too late.'

'Why do you say so?' said the Pastor, somewhat puzzled at the expression on his friend's face.

'Because,' said the merchant, 'having waited and longed to have you speak to me for years (for no one ever seemed to care for my soul), and despairing of your ever coming, my load of sin and distress has, during these meetings, become intolerable; and not half an hour ago, not able to bear it any longer, I fell down on my knees here, alone, in this office, and gave myself to Christ. I am sorry, Pastor, that you never came; but you are too late to win me now. You might have brought me to the Saviour with a single word any time years back, had you spoken to me.'—*G. F. Pentecost.*



## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Modern Missions and Cultures: Their Mutual Relations.* By DR. GUSTAV WARNECK. Translated from the German by THOMAS SMITH, D.D. — *Outline of the History of Protestant Missions from the Reformation to the Present Time.* By DR. GUSTAV WARNECK. Translated by T. SMITH, D.D. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. — These volumes are an important contribution to Missionary literature, and will well repay the reader, especially if he has the making of Missionary speeches in view. They are crowded with facts and figures, gathered with wonderful patience; and so far as we can judge, with remarkable accuracy, from publications of all kinds, both friendly and hostile, religious and unreligious. Occasionally Dr. Warneck makes a damaging criticism on a Missionary Society's methods or management, without giving any facts to justify or explain his judgment, which is not a fair thing to do even in a volume which professes to be only an 'Outline.' Still, in the main he writes with catholic appreciativeness; and we are heartily glad that an English edition of these valuable books has been published.

*Guides and Guards in Character Building.* By C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D., President of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Hodder and Stoughton. — A volume of sermons to young men, thoroughly popular in style, and full of good advice well and pointedly put. The addresses which strike us most are those on 'Solomon, the Brilliant Failure;' 'Lot, the Self-Seeker;' and 'Thomas, the Honest Sceptic.' This is a good book to put into the hands of young men entering upon the serious business of life.

'Out of Egypt;' *Bible-Readings on the Book of Exodus.* By G. F. PENTECOST, M.A., D.D. Morgan and Scott.

— These readings are from the first fifteen chapters of Exodus. Of course Dr. Pentecost 'spiritualizes' the history and applies it to the life of to-day. We are greatly pleased with the book, which strikes us as being equal to the very best of Mr. Moody's published addresses. We heartily commend it to all sorts and conditions of men and women, especially to those in our regular congregations— and their number is probably increasing rapidly—who find the temptations of 'the world' harder to resist than those of 'the flesh and the devil.'

*Addresses to Young Men.* By REV. D. BAKER. Morgan and Scott. — This little book contains six simple, straightforward sermons, full of evangelical truth, and containing many apt illustrations. They are certainly good; but we hardly think so highly of them as Mr. Moody does. He says in a brief Preface that he 'thought no addresses could be more suitable for the present time than these.'

*Following Christ; or, Counsels to Young Christians and Others.* By A LAYMAN. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road. — This is a most admirable and useful tract. We know nothing of the kind more suitable for putting into the hands of young Christians and new converts. It will be very valuable as a manual to be given to those who have been led to decision for God during special services, and who need plain and Scriptural counsel as to the ordering of their new life. Class-leaders, too, will find it most useful, not only for distribution amongst their members, but also as a guide in their treatment of those committed to their care. We earnestly trust that this little book may be very extensively circulated. It will carry blessing wherever it goes.

# ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM Esq., M.A.

RISE AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

| Day.  | SUN.          |              | MERCURY.               | VENUS.        | MARS.        | JUPITER.      | SATURN.       |
|-------|---------------|--------------|------------------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1884. | <i>Rises.</i> | <i>Sets.</i> | <i>Sets.</i>           | <i>Rises.</i> | <i>Sets.</i> | <i>Rises.</i> | <i>Rises.</i> |
| Aug.  | H. M.         | H. M.        | H. M.                  | H. M.         | H. M.        | H. M.         | H. M.         |
| 28    | 5 6           | 6 54         | 7 20a                  | 1 29m         | 8 9a         | 3 38m         | 10 54a        |
| Sept. |               |              |                        |               |              |               |               |
| 7     | 5 22          | 6 32         | 6 39                   | 1 24          | 7 40         | 3 11          | 10 17         |
| 17    | 5 38          | 6 9          | 5 53                   | 1 28          | 7 13         | 2 44          | 9 40          |
| 27    | 5 55          | 5 46         | <i>Rises.</i><br>4 43m | 1 39          | 6 47         | 2 16          | 9 1           |

## PHASES OF THE MOON.

Sept. 5th, Full Moon 10h. 56m. morn. | Sept. 19th, New Moon 9h. 37m. morn.  
 „ 12th, Last Quarter 8h. 17m. morn. | „ 27th, First Quarter 10h. 21m. morn.

## MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 10th . . . 6h. after. Perigee . . . 229,486 miles.  
 „ 25th . . . 6h. after. Apogee . . . 251,422 „  
 Mean distance for the month . . . 240,454 „

## SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 1st. . . . . 92,459,000 miles.  
 October 1st . . . . . 91,708,820 „  
 Decrease of distance for the month . . . 750,180 „

THE *Sun* crosses the equator on the 22nd, at 3h. in the afternoon, and the Autumn quarter commences.

*Mercury* can only be seen this month through a telescope. It is near the Sun, and, being in the part of its orbit nearest to us, turns from us the greater portion of its illuminated hemisphere, and consequently appears as a thin crescent; before conjunction with the Sun, like the Moon in her first quarter, after conjunction like the Moon in her last quarter. Conjunction with the Sun takes place on the 19th, at 3h. in the afternoon; on the same day, at 9h. in the morning, it will be in conjunction with the Moon. On the morning of the 6th the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde, and on the night of the 27th it changes again from retrograde to direct. On the evening of the 9th it will be at its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic, and on the evening of the 28th will be in the plane of the ecliptic.

*Venus* is a splendid morning star. It will be to the east of the Moon on the morning of the 15th: the Moon crosses a little above it in the course of the day, and will be to the east of the planet on the morning of the 16th. On the 21st it attains its greatest

elongation, 46 deg. westward of the Sun, when the form will be semi-circular; before that time it will be crescent shaped. It will be nearly in a line with *Castor* and *Pollux* at the beginning of the month, and toward the end will be near *Regulus*, which it is rapidly approaching.

*Jupiter* is a morning star, nearer the Sun than *Venus*, and not nearly so conspicuous. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 17th. On October 6th, Venus, Jupiter and Regulus will be quite close to one another; the group will be singularly beautiful: our two brightest planets, and one of our brightest fixed stars, within a circle of little more than a degree in diameter.

*Saturn* is visible through a great part of the night. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 12th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 16th. It is north of Orion, south of Auriga, east of Taurus, and west of Gemini. The ring retains almost exactly the same shape as last month, but is somewhat larger.

*Uranus* will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 21st.

*Neptune* rises on the evening of the 2nd, at 9h.; and on the 17th, at 8h. It is in Taurus, south-west of the Pleiades.



[See page 434.]

## JOHN ELIAS.

BY THE REV. E. ASHTON JONES.

THE famous Welsh Preacher, JOHN ELIAS, was born in the year 1774, at a place called Aberch, about four miles from the town of Pwllheli, in the county of Carnarvon. His parents were persons in humble circumstances, following the twofold occupation of farming and weaving, to which latter he himself was brought up, so that his early advantages were but very few. Nevertheless, he became the foremost preacher of his day in the Principality, and was for many years both the Jabez Bunting and the Robert Newton of Calvinistic Methodism. Although his parents were poor, he was well brought up, *i.e.*, morally and religiously; his grandfather especially taking the deepest interest in his spiritual welfare. He took him with him regularly to church, taught him to read his Bible when not more



than four or five years old, and, following the example of 'grand-mother Lois,' sought to instruct him also in its truths. 'He would point out to me,' he says, 'when capable of understanding it, the evil and danger of using bad language, lying and swearing, and taking God's name in vain; also of breaking the Sabbath. He would, moreover, teach me to respect and honour the worship of God.' One result of this early training was a great tenderness of conscience. Sometimes when tempted by other children to join them on the Sabbath evening after coming out of church, in their diversions or pastimes, he was so stung by remorse that not unfrequently he could not say the Lord's Prayer when he retired to rest, nor could he sleep by reason of his guilt and terror. 'Once,' he says, 'I heard a lad swearing; it was new to me, for I was not allowed to be in the company of immoral characters. However, I thought the boy was clever and masterly in uttering the words, and I was tempted to follow his example. And I went far from all people; yea, even into the middle of a field, to try to utter the oath. Alas! I was so unfortunate as to speak the awful word, upon which I was immediately seized with such fear and terror that I apprehended the earth would open and swallow me up instantly alive on the spot into hell.'

There were no Methodists in those days in that immediate neighbourhood, but occasionally itinerant Preachers came on their 'round' from South Wales to Pwllheli, and to other places not far distant, and preached. These the young lad, with his grandfather, went to hear; and it was on such occasions that he made his first essays in public speaking. The old man his grandfather being greatly distressed to see large numbers of persons loitering about and gossiping together by the wayside while waiting for the Preacher, used to encourage him to read to them select portions of the holy Scripture, which he did, although not more than ten or twelve years old at the time. Once, indeed, he got into the pulpit and read most impressively our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, while all the people, and the Preacher also, who had arrived unperceived, listened with the greatest interest and astonishment.

He joined himself to the Church when he was about nineteen, and shortly afterwards began first to exhort and then to preach. Conscientious, however, of his own deficiencies, and resolved to 'study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth,' he became very desirous of going to school (college was not to be thought of); an advantage which hitherto he had not enjoyed. When he mentioned his wish to certain of the older Ministers of the 'Monthly Meeting' to which he belonged, and especially the kind offer of certain friends in Manches-



ter who engaged to support him for six months at school there on condition of his preaching to them on the Lord's day, they sharply rebuked him, telling him that his desire for knowledge arose from vanity and pride, an ambition to excel, and to become a popular Preacher, and that he must therefore seek to repress it. Afterwards, however, they relented, and he became a pupil at a school kept by a Mr. Richardson, at Carnarvon, where, though he remained only a few months, he yet made such considerable progress, especially in English, of which language he had hitherto been ignorant, that he was able not merely to read, but in after-life to write and speak it with purity and vigour. He also became proficient in Greek and Hebrew, and was tolerably conversant also with ancient history, Eastern customs, and more than one of the physical sciences.

When he began to preach he soon became exceedingly popular, and was for upwards of forty years the most popular Preacher of any denomination in the Principality. Christmas Evans amongst the Baptists, and William Williams amongst the Independents, were both men of might and power (Thomas Aubrey, amongst the Wesleys, belonged to a later generation); but by universal consent John Elias stood first. Christmas Evans may have had a livelier imagination, William Williams a more vigorous intellect, but as an orator neither of them equalled John Elias. Even the very 'wave of his hand was eloquence—the pauses in his discourse were eloquence—all was eloquence. It might be thought sometimes in hearing him that his mind was over-filled with ideas. He would pause for about half a minute to allow his soul to survey the wonders before him. While he paused his countenance would be deeply serious, his eyes would as it were sparkle, and his face and arms would be in serious emotion, as one who had made some new discovery and wanted language to set it forth. But when he began again to speak, the wonders of Divine truth would break forth as a flood upon the assembly, and the hearers would often be drowned in tears.' 'He preached not to amuse but to convince. There was an earnest solicitude about him which gave an elevation and persuasiveness to his discourses far more capable of awakening a deep and lasting interest than the most adorned specimens of artificial eloquence. The expression of his countenance, the tones of his voice, and his gestures, strikingly corresponded with what was passing in his mind. His whole manner was artless, dignified, and graceful; and if we take all these circumstances into consideration, we shall be at no loss to account for the extraordinary attraction of his public addresses, or for the almost magical dominion which he had over his auditors, whatever might be their age or attainments.'

Thousands flocked to hear him preach, especially when, as at the

great Annual 'Associations,' held either at Bala or Llangeitho, or some other well-known religious centre, a stage was erected in the open air, no chapel being large enough to hold a tithe of the people who crowded from all parts to attend the great religious festival, and few Preachers have been more blessed than he in the conversion of souls. Very frequently whole congregations were wrought upon in the most extraordinary manner, as for instance at the Bala Association of 1835. When preaching from one of his favourite texts: 'And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain,' he so wept and prayed while he preached, 'that multitudes fell down as dead, and every countenance seemed filled with terror and dismay.' On one occasion, preaching on the subject of the day of judgment, he depicted with such great vividness and force the pomp and grandeur of that tremendous day, that the terrified people began to cry out in deepest agony as if the judgment were already come. Upon another occasion, his subject being, 'Son, remember,' he described so vividly the torments of the lost, that the whole congregation were panic-stricken, and seemed to feel as if they themselves were being consigned thereto, one man in his distress crying out: 'O that I could hear but for five minutes, Richardson of Carnarvon!' a minister famous for his tenderness and depth of feeling.

The Rev. Ebenezer Richard, of Tregaron, father of Henry Richard, M.P. for Merthyr, was so deeply affected by a sermon on the Crucifixion preached on the morning of an Association at Llangeitho, that when it came to his turn to preach in the afternoon, he rose up and said: 'My friends, I greatly fear that I shall not be able to preach at all, my mind is so overwhelmed by the sermon of this morning. I thought when hearing our beloved brother describe the Crucifixion, that I saw it before my eyes in the field where we were assembled. The effect and the impression of the astonished view is still on my mind in a most lively and vivid manner.' His power of description, his facility of word-painting, was indeed most remarkable. Sometimes, too, he was highly dramatic: 'Stop! Silence!' he would suddenly exclaim; 'what say they in heaven upon this subject?' or, 'Stop! Silence! what say they in hell with reference to this awful matter?' and then he would proceed to expatiate upon what sentiments might be supposed to be uttered in heaven or hell, as the case might be, upon the theme under consideration. No translation can possibly convey to an English reader any adequate conception of the beauty and sublimity of his style. The following, however, may serve as in some sort a faint specimen.

Preaching upon one occasion from the text: 'Shall the prey be taken

from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?' he suddenly exclaimed: 'Satan, what dost thou say? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty? "No; never, never! I will increase the darkness of their minds, the hardness of their hearts, the lusts of their souls, the strength of their chains, and my holds shall be made stronger. The captives shall never be delivered. I utterly despise the puny efforts of Ministers,"

'Gabriel, messenger of the Most High God, what dost thou say? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty? "Ah, I apprehend not. I have been hovering these two days over this vast assembly, hearing the Word of God, expecting to see some chains broken, some prisoners liberated, but now the opportunity is nearly over, and the multitudes are on the point of separation. Alas! no sign is there of one being converted, and I shall not have to convey the glad tidings of one sinner repenting for his sins to the heavenly world."

'Ministers of the living God, what think you? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty? "Alas! who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? We have laboured in vain, and have spent our strength for nought. The Lord seemeth to hide His face from us; His arm is not stretched out. O, we fear there is but little hope of the captives being delivered!"

'Zion, shall the prey be taken from the mighty? What dost thou say? "Ah! the Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. I am left alone and am childless, so that mine enemies say: 'This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.' O, I am afraid none shall be delivered!"

'Praying Christians, what think ye? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty? "Lord God, *Thou* knowest. High is Thy hand and strong is Thy right hand. O, that Thou wouldest put forth Thy strength and overcome! 'Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.' Though we are nearly weary with crying, yet we have but a slender hope that the year of Jubilee is at hand!"

'And now,' said the Preacher, looking up as if about to address the Almighty, 'and what is the mind of the Lord respecting these captives? "Thus saith the Lord: Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." O, how delightful! there is now *no* doubt or hesitation respecting the liberty of the captives; it is *positively* declared they shall be delivered, they shall be saved. Yea, "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

John Elias was not only a powerful Preacher, but he was also a

mighty man of prayer. He had power with God and prevailed. One instance of this may be given. The North Wales Association was held in Manchester in the year 1830, on the same day as the horse-races. The Preacher's spirit being much moved within him at the thought of this, he prayed so earnestly in the morning that the Lord would put a stop to them, that some one remarked: 'Ahab must prepare his chariot and get away.' And sure enough immediately afterwards it began to pour in torrents, and continued to do so unceasingly until five o'clock the next day. The multitudes on the race-ground were dispersed, nor did they reassemble that year. The shower, too, it was found, was confined to that vicinity.

It would unduly lengthen this paper to speak of the persecutions he endured, the opposition he encountered, the poverty and privations to which, especially in the earlier days of his ministry, he was subjected. These were the common lot of all the itinerants of those days, whether Calvinistic or Wesleyan Methodists.

He outlived them all, however; and when at length he passed away, died universally regretted, a nation mourning his loss. His funeral presented a scene such as the Principality had never before witnessed. Upwards of ten thousand persons—so it is estimated—followed him to his grave; all denominations alike joining in paying him this last tribute of respect. Forty years have passed away since then, nevertheless his memory is still green, nor is there any other name amongst the many which adorn the annals of the Welsh pulpit, which occupies a higher position, or which is more loftily enthroned in the grateful recollections and affections of his fellow-countrymen than that of the once little weaver boy, John Elias.

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#### INSTABILITY OF CHARACTER.\*

BY THE LATE REV. DAVID STONER.

'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'—GENESIS XLIX. 4.

IT is universally acknowledged that the soul of man is of infinite value. Its worth is to be inferred from the divinity of its origin, the extent of its powers, the price of its redemption, the perpetuity of its existence, and any of these views declares it to be unspeakably precious. From such position, which cannot with any truth or propriety be contested or doubted, arises another of infinite magnitude,

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\* This sermon, which has been copied from David Stoner's manuscript by the Rev. Robert Bond, of York, is dated Huddersfield, November 21st, 1816. It is an interesting fact that in his diary, under date December 17th, 1816, Mr. Stoner mentions as one of the 'many evils under which I have daily to groan, .....instability of character—too much of Reuben.'



that the salvation of this soul is a matter of infinite importance. If the soul is the breath of God, if its capacities are thus extensive, if it is capable of knowing, loving and enjoying God, if nothing less than the blood of the Son of God could procure its ransom, and if the soul will, after time, survive the ruin of the universe, 'the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds,' and exist for ever and ever, then it is a truth written with sunbeams: that the salvation of the soul is a matter of infinite importance. This truth is taken for granted, and is acted upon in all the conduct of the Almighty towards the sons of men, and He has acted with an interest and zeal proportioned to the importance of its object. For our salvation He has given His Son; He has dispensed His Spirit; He has appointed Christian Sabbaths; He has instituted Christian ordinances; He has promulgated His laws; He has published His word of reconciliation; He has deputed His ambassadors; in short, He has used every rational means to secure the welfare of His rational creatures consistent with their free agency and government. And yet how lamentable is it to discover that these means are ineffectual and unsuccessful in ten thousand instances. Our fellow-men close their eyes lest they should see, and stop their ears lest they should hear, and harden their hearts lest they should be converted, and the Lord should heal them. Satan has innumerable stratagems and well-devised hindrances which he uses to prevent the conversion of sinners and the growth of believers. And we shall assuredly find it to be the duty of every well-wisher to Zion, and every lover of the souls of men, to use all possible means to unravel these stratagems, to point out their fallacy, to remove these hindrances, to displace these obstructions. And amongst many impediments which might be enumerated that have proved ruinous in their tendency, neither the last nor the least is the one mentioned in the text: *Instability of character*; the character here ascribed to Reuben, the son of Jacob: '*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*' 'It is a good thing,' as the great Apostle has observed, 'that the heart be established with grace;' and by implication we may argue that it is a *bad* thing if the heart is unestablished, unfixed, unsteady; i.e., '*unstable as water.*' In calling your further attention to these words, we shall attempt to explain this instability of character, and point out its peculiar disadvantages.

I. *Explain this instability of character.*—We would do this as it is seen,

1. *In half-awakened Sinners.*—These are often 'almost persuaded' to be Christians, but are not entirely determined to devote themselves to the practice of piety. And doubtless this character belongs to many in the present congregation. By the influences of the Spirit,

the ministrations of the Word, or the dispensations of Providence, often have your minds been disturbed and your consciences awakened. Often have you sat under the sound of the Gospel with palpitating hearts and wounded minds. You have seen the reasonableness, the advantages and blessings attendant upon the service of God. You have seen the folly and misery and consequences of a life of wickedness. You have seen the brevity and uncertainty of time, the shortness of life, and the nearness of death. You have seen the solemnities of judgment, the misery of the finally impenitent, and the immortal glories of 'the spirits of just men made perfect.' You have seen the mercy of God, the compassion of Christ, and the worth of the soul; and while these important truths have been set before you in a lively manner, and have been closely enforced upon your minds, you have often been near 'the kingdom of God.' Satan held you with a trembling hand, having well-nigh lost his hold. The arguments for and against the service of Christ have been weighed in your minds. Angels and devils have waited, hovering over you with anxiety to see the result, and your decision—whether heaven should have to sing: 'Another soul is born for eternity;' or hell should have to exult: 'He is still our prisoner and slave.'

In these cases you have hesitated sometimes for a few minutes, and have deliberated, and considered, and paused. The balance has trembled. No one has been able to tell on which side it would preponderate. You have been undecided, undetermined. You have 'halted between two opinions.' Happy would it have been if in these circumstances you had yielded to the influences of grace. The great work of regeneration would have soon taken place. You would have been born of the Spirit, born from above, 'created anew in Christ Jesus.' But during this suspense, Satan, fearing to lose his subject, rallied all his forces. He brought all his artillery into exercise to prevent you from yielding to the grace of God; the fear of man, the frowns of your fellow-creatures, the pleasures of the world, the pride of your heart, the snare of procrastination,—all these weapons he brought forward, and after you had been nearly persuaded to be Christians, you said: 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.' And he thus blasted those expectations which we indulged concerning your hopeful condition.

But on some occasions you have gone even further than this. Under some dispensation of Providence, or under some extraordinary judgment, or some alarming discourse, you have seen the absolute necessity of setting out immediately for the kingdom of heaven; your prejudices and pride have been completely borne down, the temptations of Satan have been overpowered, you have united

yourself to God's people, forsaken your transgressions, and been earnest in your attendance on the means of grace. But all this was *only for a season*. Your impressions by degrees were effaced, your wound was gradually healed up, and former habits resumed their force. The temptations of Satan again bore sway, you discarded the people of God, and were soon engaged again in the pursuit of iniquity, and the ways of worldly pleasure. And perhaps this has not occurred with you once or twice merely, but has often been the case. To you, then, we may say: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

The instability of which we speak may be seen—

2. *In slothful Penitents.*—Great numbers are professors in the Church who stop short of the pearl of great price. They were once awakened to a sense of their danger, joined themselves to the people of God, and for a time sought earnestly and diligently for the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins; but on account of some darling sin they had not given up, or through mistaken notions of the plan of salvation, or some other cause, they did not find the blessing they desired; and instead of breaking through every obstruction and throwing aside every hindrance, of giving no rest to earth or heaven till they had been put in possession of this great blessing, they sunk by degrees into a state of torpid indifference and slothful insensibility. They are resting in good desires, and have perhaps mistaken conviction for conversion,—seeking Christ for finding Him. They maintain the profession of Christianity, avoid all outward sins, attend the ordinances of grace, and yet are resting in the porch of religion. They have no evidence for eternity, no saving interest in the blood of Christ, no witness of the Spirit, no assurance of the Divine favour, no testimony of a good conscience, and thus they are unhappy in themselves, and a dead weight to the Church of God. It is true they sometimes receive a blow, a repetition of their awakenings, a return of their convictions, and then they again arouse themselves, and seek for the great blessing, but in a few days they find themselves in their old course again—indifferent and slothful: and thus they go on resolving and breaking their resolutions—repenting and giving way to sin, and thus making no progress in spiritual things. To such the language of the text is applicable: 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' It may be seen—

3. *In lukewarm Professors.*—This instability appears in different minds in different ways; and some by their natural fickleness and the peculiarity of the temptations to which they are exposed, are more subject to this instability than others of a firmer, stronger mould. Some are unstable (1), *In their Creed*. These are they whom St. Paul describes by the name of '*children, tossed to and fro, and carried*

about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.' These are led astray by the sophistry and false reasoning of those who are studious only to make a party, and are in danger of giving their ready assent to every opinion and sentiment that is affirmed and advanced with boldness and seeming truth. They are 'carried about with divers and strange doctrines,' and are generally of the same creed with the last author they read, the last sermon they heard, or the last disputant with whom they had conversed. At one time their belief is firm in universal redemption. They believe that Jesus Christ 'by the grace of God tasted death for every man,' that He 'gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time,' that 'God so loved the world'—the world at large—'that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' and that in consequence wheresoever the Gospel is faithfully preached, every man has an offer of salvation. But at another time you find their views are contracted, their notions are narrowed, and they now believe that Christ died only for a part of mankind, and that the rest are unconditionally consigned to eternal misery. One week they discover that Christian perfection is an essential article of their creed, they believe it to be their duty to love God with all their heart and strength, and that it is possible to be saved from all sin in this life, from all the 'roots of bitterness,' and the existence of the carnal mind. And the very next, their views are so far changed that they consider it impossible to be saved from sin in this state of existence, and they expect that death, and not the blood of Christ, shall deliver them from the old man within. At one time they believe in the validity of Infant Baptism, but at another you find they violently oppose the practice. Converse with them now, and you will find that they believe in the supreme divinity of Christ, that He is perfect God and perfect Man, and that all the perfections of Deity are centred in Him; but in a little while, perhaps, they deny His Godhead, rob Him of His brightest jewel, and set Him on a level with themselves. They are Socinians, Deists, Baptists, Calvinists, or Arminians by turns, 'carried about with every wind of doctrine.' Not that we wish to insinuate that it is the duty of every man to be bigoted to his own opinions, and resist the light of conviction, the illumination of truth; but we wish to show that those who are everything, and anything, and nothing, that these are the 'unstable' who shall never 'excel.'

(2.) *In their Profession.*—Union with God's people, communion with the visible Church, is an inestimable privilege and duty of Divine appointment, and such it ought to be uniformly considered and esteemed. It is not a matter that can be taken up and laid



down lightly as a thing of no importance, as whim, or pride, or interest, or indolence may dictate. And yet such frequently is the conduct of the unstable characters we are describing. After making a flaming profession of union with God's people, they suddenly withdraw themselves. And when questioned respecting the cause of such conduct, they have for their answer: 'My mind was hurt;' when perhaps it is the best blessing they can realize to have their minds hurt, for the most profitable lessons are not always the most pleasing to flesh and blood. But again after a very short season these very people under some impulse renew their profession, which they are again ready to relinquish for reasons as trivial as before. But such conduct needs no reprobation. It carries the mark of the beast in its forehead. He who thus acts, trifles with a valuable privilege, despises a bounden duty, discourages the Church of Christ, brings up an evil report of the good land, and gives occasion to the enemies of Christ to blaspheme. Such an individual can never excel.

(3.) Some are 'unstable' in their Duties.—They travel in the way to Mount Zion, perform their religious duties, and obey the precepts of the most High by fits and starts. Their zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls burns not with a steady uninterrupted blaze, but with a twinkling, intermittent flame, sometimes bright and brilliant, at others scarcely visible. Perhaps they are convinced of the absolute necessity of attending regularly and statedly to the duty of *private prayer*. They form a resolution to attend to this duty, and begin to act upon it. A few days find them regularly in their closets, but soon they begin to relax in their strictness, and any trifling avocation shuffles away the season of devotion, until they sink into their former indifference. Perhaps they are convinced of the necessity of *reading the Scriptures*, and resolve to read a portion of the sacred volume every day. They enter upon this plan with pleasing vigour, but in a while it is neglected or forgotten, and is only read inattentively and occasionally as before. Perhaps they are convinced of the necessity of attending *the outward ordinances of religion*, and immediately resolve that nothing shall ever prevent them from so doing. For a season we regularly have them in the house of God, but before long they again become indifferent, and any trifling excuse is sufficient to keep them from the courts of Zion. They are convinced, perhaps, of *the duty of reproving sin*. They enter therefore upon this important work with zeal, but in a while forget their former views, and suffer sin to pass unreprieved. And after a similar manner do they act in the performance of every duty towards themselves, their fellow-creatures, and towards God. They are '*unstable as water.*'

(4.) *In their Enjoyments.*—And of course this is the natural consequence of their unsteadiness in the performance of their duties. Sometimes they are on Mount Pisgah, and are contemplating the land that is afar off. They are looking beyond the flood, and surveying the whole landscape of Canaan, rejoicing ‘with joy unspeakable and full of glory’; but soon they are in the dark valley, having lost their prospects of eternal felicity, and are mourning under the fear of death and eternity. At one period you find them speaking well of their attainments in the Divine life, they are going ‘from strength to strength,’ from ‘grace to grace,’ and are panting after ‘all the fulness of God’; but at another, they are complaining, ‘My leanness, my leanness;’ my coldness, my indifference! At one time they have the clear witness of the Spirit:

‘The indubitable seal  
That ascertains the kingdom *theirs*’;

but at another, they have lost their evidence, and are ‘walking in darkness, and have no light.’ At one season they enjoy high communion with God; their intercourse is constantly open, and they converse with Him ‘face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend;’ but at another, this communion is interrupted, this fellowship is intercepted, this intercourse is broken off, and there is shyness and distance contracted between God and the soul; and whilst the peace of the steadfast Christian is like a steady, gentle, noble river which rolls on without interruption, carrying riches in its bosom and spreading fertility on its banks, the enjoyments of the unstable character are like the torrent formed by the violent rains of the mountains, which descends with vehemence, but is soon exhausted, leaving behind it aridity and barrenness.

(*To be concluded.*)

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON, LL.D.

HEAR us, Heavenly Father, hear us,  
Let our prayers to Thee ascend;  
Thou hast promised, Thou wilt ever  
Be Thy trusting children's friend.

Teach us, Father, how to love Thee,  
How to serve Thee as we ought;  
Grateful for our constant mercies,  
Ever anxious to be taught.

Thou art strong, and we are feeble,  
Let us trust the more in Thee;

By Thy power, so great, preserve us;  
Fill our hearts with purity.

Aid us in our weak endeavours;  
To the Strong we look for strength;  
Conscious, if we serve Thee wholly,  
Thou wilt take us home at length.

Though we prize our earthly blessings,  
And our parents fondly love;

Still we hope, with them to praise  
Thee,  
In the better home above.

## A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.—THE WAY OUT OF THE PIG-STY.

'Daddy, daddy, take me home!'

'I AM obliged to you, Mr. Haigh,' said Letty's father, looking up from a letter written by her and delivered by Roger Haigh; 'although I am sorry that my family should be a trouble to any one.'

It was stiffly, ungraciously said, but Roger Haigh would not for any want of courtesy have quarrelled with Mr. Paget, even though he had not been sure that the story just told in that letter and in some emphatic words of his own carried reproach with it to the heart of the father.

'I'll be bound he's wondering how I came to be mixed up in his family affairs,' said Roger to himself; the guess being a true one, only at present Mr. Paget could not spare much thought for this puzzle. He had the rest of his daughter's letter to read and consider.

'I wish you had seen Willy, papa! You would have been so proud of him! We must do all we can to comfort poor Ethel, and I am very thankful for her sake that I did not put off coming here, for it would have been so dreadfully sad if she had been alone in all this trouble.'

Not yet could Letty say that she was thankful for her own sake; but that was to come some day. The letter concluded with the hope of seeing him that evening. Mr. Haigh would tell him anything more.

Mr. Haigh had already told him that the funeral was fixed for the second day after this, being put to the farthest possible date in the hope that the child's father would return in time. But this reason had not yet been explained, nor another painful element of the case which had become evident that morning. Letty had left a good deal 'more' to be told by Roger.

'I will send my son to represent me,' said Mr. Paget, presently. 'There are circumstances, into which I need not enter, that make—that seem to make that arrangement more convenient.'

He was agitated; the letter shook in his hand; his eye-glass went up and came down continually. He was sorry for his daughter, sorry for himself, in losing his only grandson; yet he was saying to himself that he could not altogether condone the past or receive Joe Mather; no, really he could not. He would not be entangled with the fellow; Walter must go to the funeral, and then he would see what could be done for Ethel without —

Without bringing her and her husband too plainly before the Close, was what he really meant. Roger Haigh, recalling the darkened house on High-bank and the consecrated child-form lying therein, scarcely understood at first, and then, being used to expressing himself bluntly, said—not meaning to be rude, only ‘plain’—

‘T’ parson wient bury, and t’ grandfather wient follow (“follow,” *i.e.*, after the body). Well, t’ child ’ll not miss any of you now; so it’s little matter. He’s done a heap for me; and I’ll do what little I can for him at t’ last.’

Mr. Paget’s eye-glass dropped with a clatter, and indignation checked his tremor. But then, to his amazement, a tear rushed down the cheek of this strange man, to be vehemently brushed away as he turned towards the door. And besides, what was that he said about a parson, and ‘refusing to bury’? Surely Mr. Paget’s ears were mistaken.

‘Plenty of mistake, I should say; but it’s a mistake of t’ priest-man’s, not of mine. It seems t’ children are not “validly baptized,” being done by a Methodist, and he daren’t run t’ risk of reading a prayer when they’re buried. Poor chap! He’s mighty afraid of letting one soul too many squeeze through!’

Mr. Paget stood quite dumb with horror, and Haigh went on, his voice rising at every word:

‘I said to him: “Look here!” said I, “I’ve bin what you call an infidel, or summut very like it, and an infidel I’d be to all eternity if your sort of Christianity was t’ only sort I knew. ‘Of such are the kingdom,’ said your Master. ‘Not till they’re validly baptized,’ say you.”’ Then in a lower tone:

‘You didn’t know that, Willy; and we didn’t know it either! And yet you knew God!’

He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the older man looked on, shocked and horrified in his own degree; but a little displeased, perhaps, with this deeper emotion, and doubtful whether it were allowable, under any circumstances, to decry a clergyman.

It was evident, however, that he must go to Cratley at once. The management of such delicate family affairs could not be left in the hands of an ill-bred stranger. He should have been told sooner how matters really stood.

Recovering himself, Haigh proposed to make a short call on his friend Martin, and to meet Mr. Paget at the station. He must return to Cratley by the next train, and would direct Mr. Paget to the parsonage and to his daughter’s house.

The discovery that his visitor and the head-master were intimate friends had a soothing effect, and he agreed with some kind of grace



to this arrangement. Roger went away to find his friend, and to pour into a safe ear the hot indignation that was like to suffocate him.

Martin listened with sad interest to the story, which proved all too long for the hour in which it had to be told. 'Ah!' he said, softly, 'this is the way that has been found for bringing you to the light! I knew there would be a way, some day. Now, hold on, whatever you do! As for these priests, they would say I am one myself, but I will not have it! Priesthood! The man who claims that speaks high treason against Christ and against humanity, and must bear his sin when the day of reckoning comes. But Grayson of Cratley will not yield a jot. He is a small man, swaddled in priestly notions, which have grown to be a body to him. Let him alone! You are not swaddled, and you can afford to be patient. There's nothing about "valid baptism" in the glorious fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians. Let the Methodist Preacher stand outside the church-yard railing and read that charter of the resurrection!'

Then he added: 'and tell Miss Paget from me that I am sure she knows that Christ's children want no other priest than Himself.'

'She is fearfully distressed,' said Haigh, in a low voice; and the sad, weary look on Martin's face deepened.

'Ah! well, we have each to work down through the gloom and find bottom for ourselves. She will discover some day that Christ in God is the foundation-stone of all faith and life; and then she will be at rest.'

They parted, with this, from Martin to his friend:

'You have heard a voice straight to yourself. Follow on and listen, as you followed your father's voice in the pit when you were a lad; and by-and-by you'll get to the bottom of the shaft, and up into the daylight and the wide, clear world; and you'll *know* for yourself, and for evermore, the I AM, the Alpha and Omega of the universe.'

O, that he might one day know this! He would not mind by what dark, low workings he was led; he would mind *nothing* if that voice which had come 'straight to himself' out of the very heart of wildest, blackest confusion proved the voice of a Righteous Father; and he might at last find Him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus it was with the master; how was it, meantime, with the man, Tim Nollings?

Ah, poor Tim! He felt himself in the pig-sty; he knew it for a nasty, stinking hole; he saw the fair, flowery garden outside, and

would fain be there ; he would fain feel himself 'a clean, sober man, and not a beast.' But there seemed no way out.

No easy road, that is. He knew there was a way. If he would only climb up, clinging to Joshua's firm, friendly hand—to that grace of God which Joshua represented—he might soon be over the fence and into the clean, sweet garden where Joshua and Susan dwelt. He had no doubt of the possibility, for Tim, although an atheist in practice, was not one in theory ; he knew that Joshua was, in league with atoning, redeeming Power, equal to anything. There was a man at the chapel who had once been as deep in the mire as Tim himself. But then, this Power Whose touch he acknowledged, required of him a resolution ; ay, what the master called 'a bull-dog resolution,' to escape from the pit of corruption. And this was just what Tim declined ; he wanted to be out of it, but he wanted to be carried out and laid down upon a bed of rose-leaves and lavender. And finding this could not be, he was angry and restless.

A fortnight went by after this fashion. Every day Foundry-row frowned at him across the waste, and the thought of ever going back to it became positively loathsome. Every evening a craving for beer and for gossip drew him towards the ugly, ill-smelling, sanded room of the *Plough*. It seemed sure that he would go back there at last ; to sleep no more in a clean, easy bed, to eat no more palatable, wholesome dinners, to spend no more summer evenings gardening with Joshua, or sauntering beside the beautiful Wyvern, and planning when he might get his child to himself and make a right home for her. It seemed sure that he would go back at last, to grovel through a few mean, dirty years, and then die, and be lost for ever !

Bet Scunnar met him one evening, and told him as much :

'You're a fine gentleman now-a-days, Tim Nollings'—with a glance over his decent clothing and clean face. 'Turned pious, too, I hear. Folk say it's a bargain 'twixt you and the Wanstalls: you'll go to chapel if they'll keep you.'

'The folks you talks to is liars, like yourself,' returned Tim, in a rage.

'Let's see if they are. They're giving ye a month to get tired of it. You'll ha' saved a pocket-full o' money by then, and Ludbridge races'll be coming on.'

He snatched up a stone to cast at her, and she moved away with a mocking laugh.

'I don't say so. I say ye're not such a fool as ye look, when ye can get the master to keep Bess, and the Methodists to keep yourself.' Ha, ha!—the devil himself was in that laugh, and it was he who went on taunting Tim after Bet Scunnar had gone down the lane : 'You're a cunning fellow, Tim Nollings ! you're getting yourself kept



'Daddy, daddy, take me home!'—See page 453.

cheap until Ludbridge races, and you've got the child off your hands altogether. Come along to the *Plough*, now, and cheer yourself up with a glass or two, and let the fellows there know what your game is. You never have missed Ludbridge races, you know, and you don't mean to, of course. You'll let those Wanstalls see that you are not a baby. They would do anything to get another member for that "cause" of theirs, just as the master would for his society; but Tim Nollings sees through it all, and is only making use of them so long as he chooses. He'll be off to the *Plough* before they miss him, and they may go that canting Sunday-school trip without him.'



The chapel was the point of departure for this trip, and the *Plough* was on the direct road to the chapel, as Joshua was careful to remember. He left Susan to lock up the house, and hurried down Shirlocot-street, overtaking Tim just in time.

'Carry this for me a minute, will 'ee Tim?' he said, thrusting a pretty heavy basket upon him before the other had time to refuse, and edging him across the road to a by-lane which Joshua had adopted of late as the safest way, since it avoided the door of the *Plough* and the main part of Shirlocot village. 'Carry it a bit for me, your arms is younger nor mine. Susan 'll pick us up if we go slow.'

Tim could hardly set the basket down and actually run away, especially as he might encounter Susan; and when Joshua resumed the burden, they were close to the chapel, and he felt himself held fast for the afternoon. But he'd give 'em the slip at night, that he would! They thought they'd made a slave of him, did they? He'd show 'em different!

Something in his behaviour during the afternoon struck Susan. She scanned him once or twice, wondering if he had been 'getting a drop on the sly,' or whether some evil counsellor had been 'at him.' There was something that seemed to prophesy disappointment of her and Joshua's hope. What could she do? She rode and walked and chatted, with this question in her mind all the time, and at last a plan shaped itself. By-and-by, when Tim lounged on the grass beside her, while at a little distance, across a green woodland glade, the children romped and shouted, she began to speak to him about his child. Did he not think of getting Bessy to himself again? Susan would tend her for a few weeks, until he had, as she put it, time to turn himself. In her heart the good woman vowed herself to this charge until Tim could be trusted to begin housekeeping again.

He answered her shortly, and made no sign of caring one way or another about the proposal. She was quite sure that he was in a dangerous mood, and chatted on in her placid, motherly way, taking his reformation and prosperity for granted, and yet careful not to say too much. Suppose she took things into her own hands somewhat? Suppose she went away to the master's to-night, and begged him to restore the child, at least for a few days? She contrived an opportunity on the way home to put this notion before Joshua and take his advice, which was: 'Do it by all means, woman. It can't do no harm—may do all the good we're praying for.'

So while Joshua kept Tim in hand, Susan went up to Holywell.

Roger Haigh was sauntering restlessly amongst the berry-bushes and wallflowers of his homely garden, and thinking of that other child whose little body had this afternoon been laid in Cratley church-



yard, while the Wesleyan Minister stood in the road outside reading the sacred words of Christian faith, and half the population of the town looked on from house-window and wall and churchyard.

It was a scene never to be forgotten; yet he knew that the child had proved more than the 'priest' could disprove; and there was no mockery, although much indignation, in his heart.

His sister sat in the parlour-window, sewing, and watching him. By this time she knew well that some change had come into their life, and she too was growing restless. It was not like Roger to be close and 'tewsome' with her. What could be the cause? He must—should tell her; yes, he should tell her that night.

A stout, neatly-dressed woman came along the path from the gate and went down the garden towards the master, seeing him there. Sarah Maria did not recognise her, and supposed she had come to ask work for a husband or a son. She did not look like working at bank herself.

They stood talking at the bottom of the garden, half-hidden by a lilac-bush, and Miss Haigh went on with her sewing and her unpleasant speculations, to be startled presently by a hasty foot in the porch and her brother's voice calling her. She threw down her work and rose to meet him as he burst into the room.

'Where's t' bairn?' he said.

'She's in bed, Roger, thou knows. What dost want with her?'

'She's wanted to hold her father out of that pig-sty he wants to bide in. They say naught else 'll do it; but happen this may. So yo mun let her go, Sarah Maria.'

Sarah Maria stood almost dumb with angry surprise. Let the bairn go, indeed! Not until she was forced. Of course if the father came himself and demanded his child, he could not be refused outright, but even then—

Roger, excited and impulsively resolved, could not shake this declaration. She knew nothing of his motives, and had no idea of what he meant when he said:

'I daren't take it upon me to separate them any longer, Sarah Maria. If I've ever t' like to do again, I'll take a different way.'

While they disputed, Susan came up the garden and stood patiently, but a little anxiously, on the path in front of the door. The master had said: 'You shall have t' bairn;' but then the missis might want to know whether Tim had sent for the child, and if she stuck at that, Susan's plan would fail.

That was just what she did ask and did abide by. Roger might have some reason for this sudden change in his plans and in his ways, but as he chose to be close with her he must take the consequences.

She knew of no reason for being a weathercock. When Tim had reformed and come to claim his child, it would be time to give her up.

‘I wish thou’d tell me what’s come over thee, lad. If thou’s had losses and we mun be more saving, I’ll send away t’ servant: she’s little use, however. But do tell me plain. I’m not used with this sort of work,’ said the sister, in a tone half-resentful, half-wistful. He stood in a dusky corner near the door, and she could not see the unusual dimness of his brown eyes as he replied :

‘No losses, Sarah Maria: except of some bad notions we’ve had in stock too long. I’m bound to tell thee t’ whole story; but get t’ bairn up first and dress her.’

Before she could reply, a man’s figure passed the window and there was a knock. Joshua had come to report that Tim had given him the slip, and was now in the *Plough*. What was to be done?

Haigh spoke with him a minute, in a tone that surprised Joshua not a little, and then went back to his sister.

‘We’ve never strove yet, my girl, and I’d fain we never did; but these folk are set on saving Tim, and I’ve hindered ’em long enough. Go upstairs and fetch t’ bairn.’

There was something in his tone she had never heard before; but she was his sister, of the same stuff as himself.

‘If thou has orders to give, there’s a servant i’ t’ kitchen,’ she said; and turned to light the lamp and resume her sewing.

He, too, turned, went out, and shut the door. She heard him calling the maid and taking his visitors into the kitchen. She heard Bessy crying on being wakened from sleep and dressed and brought downstairs. She heard Roger soothing the child, and asking if she wouldn’t go to see dada; then, finally, saying he would take her to see him. And so they all went out together, and Sarah Maria, looking after them, saw her brother carrying the child himself back to her drunken father. It is not wonderful that she felt perfectly outraged and confounded; not wonderful that she threw down her needle and stuff and rushed upstairs to her own room, to appear no more that night. What had she done that her brother and comrade should suddenly fail her—that she should be left alone, as it were, in a Shirlocot mob, for every one to gibe at?

By cross-tracks, visible enough yet in the summer dusk, the master and Tim’s other friends soon came in sight of the *Plough*, and ——

‘How’s this job to be done?’ said Haigh. Joshua looked at Susan, and Susan shook her head.

‘Take your own way, Sir,’ she said. ‘There’s a something going

on as I don't want to meddle with, 'fear I spoil it. If you see a way, just go on. I'll step home and have the house comfortable.'

She went home accordingly, and Haigh stepping inside the passage of the public-house, set Bessy down there, and said to her, pointing to a door that stood ajar:

'Thy daddy's in there, Bessy. Run in to him and ask him to take thee home again.'

With a little coaxing and repeating he got her to understand; then he and Joshua slipped back into the road and waited.

A reek of unspeakably coarse tobacco, a heavy stench of beer and spirits, a confusion of loud talk and laughter. The pretty little toddler in pink and white cotton doesn't like it at all, is frightened, and just about to cry, when she sees her father in the middle of the place, and immediately she is clinging to him with the old fondness.

'Daddy, daddy, take me home!'

The coarse congratulations broke off short, and a dead silence succeeded. Tim, altogether dumb-founded, looked down into the blue eyes that were raised to him in fear and entreaty: 'Daddy, daddy, take me home!' How on earth did the child get here, and just now? Mechanically, he stooped and took her in his arms. There she nestled, curled one little arm round his neck, and with a pulling movement he knew well made him understand that she wanted to be gone. One of the men bid Tim give her to the landlady; another, half tipsy, leaned forward and sent a puff of vile smoke into the little creature's face.

He was repaid with a back-handed blow that sent him to the floor, and the next minute Tim was out of the *Plough* and steaming up the lane at a pace that kept his two watchers in the rear, while Bessy's outraged cries gradually ceased under the spell of unaccustomed kisses and promises. Her shawl was left lying on the floor of the *Plough*, but daddy hugged her closer and closer as they went up towards Susan's kindly hearth, and there was no chill in the June evening for her.

Daddy has you again, Bessy; curl that soft little arm round his neck; lay that soft little cheek to his; don't be afraid, pretty; he means to let folk see that he's fit to be trusted with his own girl; she sha'n't suffer for being with him; she sha'n't be dragged through the mire again—the little beauty that she is! She has come back to him, and he must take care of her. How you came to him to-night he cannot guess, but you toddled just in time into the midst of that jeering crew; and now daddy will 'take you home' for good.

Creep close to him, little one. Let him feel your pure breath and your confiding clasp; draw him by that baby arm of yours out of the drunkard's den.

## IN JAPAN.

FUJI-YAMA—THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

(Concluded.)

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

IT was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where, by law, we were obliged to leave our kangos, as no carrying, nor any beast of burden, is allowed on the holy mount. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. There are eight or nine rest-houses at easy intervals, two or three of which collapsed last winter, and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savoury accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint-drops, and a sort of very strong, crystallized peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs beaten up with sugar and hot saki, a sort of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through pleasant woods, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, blue monkshood, and masses of large pink campanula and small blue-bells. Further up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder heap. One coolie had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead, carrying the two ends of a hammock which (as being softer than a rope) I had passed round my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *fautong*, or wadded quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower. The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired and disinclined to go further, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters:



At one a.m. we woke and found the rain had ceased, and that a bright half-moon was shining, so we quickly roused our host and made him prepare rice for the coolies, and also some breakfast for ourselves; and at three a.m. we started for the last and by far the steepest part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zig-zagging, and also leads over very soft, decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting. We therefore struck across the cone and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path, trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so thickly strewn with their straw sandals, as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As these shoes cost somewhat less than a halfpenny a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveller is wont to carry at least one extra pair; more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upwards, and repeating in chorus a sort of chant: Rokkonshōjo, Rokkonshōjo; which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Towards the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *goheis* floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend. And the curious, whether faithful or not, can purchase odd pictures and maps of Fuji-yama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion, and with the help of my faithful coolie, I managed to reach the summit at 5.30 a.m., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain top, and chanting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava, were singularly suggestive of sea-birds nestling on some high rock, a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats and covered their heads with a white cloth.

I had been told that many women of all ages perform this pilgrimage. So far from this being the case, among the many thousands of men whom we met going and returning, I only observed two women: one very old and bent almost double, the other a merry girl, who seemed more intent on the amusement of the expedition than on the expiation of her sins. The fact is, it is only recently that the law has been annulled which forbade any woman to ascend the holy mountain, so that it really is not customary for women to go.

Having chanted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims

is to march in procession sunwise round the crater, a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain, the more zealous repeat the sunwise circuit round the base of the cone, which of course implies a very long additional walk. It is the same ceremony which I have witnessed in many a remote corner of the earth: in Himalayan forests, or round the huge dogobas in the heart of Ceylon, and which we still trace in many an old custom not yet wholly extinct in our Scottish Highlands.

Being anxious to reach the western side of the crater in time to see the vast triangular-shadow cast by the mountain at sunrise as at sunset, I hastened round, and had the good fortune to witness an effect precisely similar to what I had seen from the summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, and which I am told also occurs at Pike's Peak, Colorado; namely, a vast blue triangle, lying athwart land and sea and cloud, yet apparently resting on the atmosphere, its outlines being unbroken by any irregularity of hill or valley.

It may be interesting to add that when I witnessed this phenomenon in Ceylon, the edge of the triangle was tinged with prismatic colours, giving the appearance of a triangular rainbow. A magnificent panorama lay outstretched before us. We had gained an altitude which I have heard variously estimated at from 12,365 feet to 13,600, and the world below appeared as a vast plain. On every side, dreamy visions of far-away ocean, range beyond range of dwarfed mountains, wide expanses of level green, dotted with towns, gleaming lakes, and filmy vapours, forming veils which now and again hid some portion of the landscape from our sight. And in strong contrast with all this delicate, distant colour, the strong warm madder and chocolate tints of the lava foreground, melting away into the hazy greens of the forest below; while here and there, on some secluded spot, patches of last winter's snow still lingered, soon to be covered by a fresh fall.

All around us on the steep slopes of the cone were heaped up a multitude of cairns of broken lava, memorials of many a pilgrim band; another link in the chain of curious customs common to so many races. At short intervals, all round the crater are tiny shrines, where the devotees halt for the observance of some religious rite of the Shinto faith. One of these structures marks the spot where, on the edge of the crater, a holy well yields pure cold water, with which the devout fill their gourd-bottles, to be reverently carried home, together with large bundles of charms, as a cure for all manner of ills. I have since noted similar cold springs in the bed of the great extinct crater of Haleakala, in the Sandwich Islands.

I mentioned that one of my companions had already made the ascent of the mountain several times. On each previous occasion the

weather had been so unpropitious that the whole scene had been shrouded in cold gray mist, and he could not even discern the outline of the crater which yawned at his feet. This morning, the whole lay bathed in cloudless sunlight, and a clear blue sky threw out yet more vividly the wonderfully varied colours of the lava, great crags of which, red, claret, yellow, sienna, green, gray and lavender, purple and black, rose perpendicularly from out the deep shadow which still lay untouched by the morning light, in the depths of the crater. I believe that in reality its depth does not exceed 500 feet, while its greatest length is estimated at 3,000 feet, its width 1,800. We best realized its size by noting the long lines of figures (their large straw hats giving those near us the appearance of locomotive mushrooms), which became mere pin-points when seen against the sky-line on the further side. I can only hear of one gentleman (a foreigner, of course,) who has made a descent into the crater itself.

Very peaceful and calm was the scene in that clear early morning, without a sound save the tinkling of pilgrims' bells. Yet, by the frequent earthquakes which still cause the land to tremble, we know that the fires which of old desolated this region, still smoulder, and may at any moment break out again, and repeat the story of 1707, which is the date of the latest eruption. According to native traditions, this huge volcano arose suddenly, upwards of two thousand years ago. At the same time a mighty convulsion rent the earth near Kioto (B.C. 285), three hundred miles to the southward, forming a chasm sixty miles long by eighteen broad, in which now lie the blue waters of Lake Biwa.

The internal fires find vent at many points all over these fair green isles, which are dotted with boiling springs and active volcanoes as numerous as those which mark the Malay Archipelago, Lombok, Sumbawa, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines, in short, all those isles which, with Japan, form a chain along which volcanic action extends right up to the shores of Kamtskatka.

In Kiusiu alone there are five active volcanoes. Of one, near Nagasaki, called the High Mountain of Warm Springs, noted for its hot sulphur-baths, the Japanese tell how in 1793 the summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. On one occasion it overwhelmed the city of Shima-Barra, destroying thirty-five thousand persons. We are also told of a mountain fortress in the district which suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

There has scarcely been one century in which the national records have not had occasion to record dire catastrophes caused by earthquakes. Thus, in the year A.D. 685, two thousand acres of land on

the coast of Tosa, in the isle Shikoku, were permanently submerged, and a multitude of people perished in various parts of the empire.

Thirty years later, so vast a landslip occurred that the Aratama River was diverted from its channel, and flooded three counties.

In 1331 the summit of Fuji-yama was visibly lowered, the upper rim of the crater having fallen in, (as I have recently seen crags six hundred feet in height fall in at the crater of Kilanca, in the Sandwich Isles).

The latest eruption of Fuji-yama was in A.D. 1707, when a mighty earthquake shook the land, and the living fires forced open a new chimney at three thousand feet below the summit, vomiting showers of ashes which fell at distances of one hundred miles. The cone thus formed remains to this day, and is called Ho yei-san.

The year 1854—1855 was marked by appalling activity of the internal forces. The isle of Shikoku was shaken by an earthquake so terrific that the solid earth heaved in waves like an angry sea. Innumerable fissures were rent open, and from these gaping chasms mud and water were thrown up. From the mountains fell vast avalanches of earth and rock, which overwhelmed whole cities, and what escaped the landslips was destroyed by fires, which very naturally broke out in the ruins. Tidal waves swept the shores and rushed up the rivers, doing appalling damage and flooding the land. A Russian frigate, which was lying off the coast of Idzu, in Shimoda, was spun round and round forty times within half-an-hour, and was then thrown ashore a total wreck. In one night seventy shocks were counted. In the district of Tosa all dwelling-houses were either thrown down or shaken to their foundations. The country for a space of four hundred miles presented one widespread scene of desolation. In the ensuing twelve months upwards of eight hundred distinct shocks were experienced.

In 1855 occurred an earthquake so terrific that the city of Tokio was well-nigh destroyed. Upwards of fourteen thousand dwelling-houses and two thousand strong fireproof store-houses were destroyed. Multitudes of persons were crushed in their own falling houses, others fell into clefts and chasms which suddenly opened beneath their feet and swallowed them up. Then fire spread and raged furiously, so that the city was made desolate; the dead being variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred thousand.

Even now scarcely a week passes in which a slight shock of earthquake is not felt; so there is, of course, no certainty that such scenes of horror may not at any time be repeated. Moreover, within a day's march of the mighty mountain lie the sulphureous boiling springs of Ojigoko (*i.e.*, the Great Hell), and at no great distance in other direc-



tions, two sets of hot springs, both bearing the name of Yumoto. And looking down from that high pinnacle, far on the dreamy horizon, I saw, or fancied I saw, a faint indication of smoke from the active volcanic isle of Vries (or Ashima), which lies just off the coast of Idzu. Such neighbours as these make it impossible to ignore the probability that a day may come ere long when Fuji-san shall awake from his sleep of a century and a half, and may resume his crown of fire, as Vesuvius, Etna, and many another volcano, fondly assumed to be extinct, have done ere now.

Having wandered leisurely round the crater, I began to think of breakfast, and returning to my companions, found them and our followers already in possession of one of a row of about a dozen small huts, facing the rising sun, which form a one-sided street, where the pilgrims lodge. They are tiny stone houses, partly scooped out of the cinder bank, the roof weighted with heavy blocks of lava to resist the force of wild tempests. There is a small space artificially levelled in front of the huts, and from these float numbers of the gay pilgrim-flags already mentioned. Within each hut is a small space neatly matted, and here, having spread the soft warm quilts brought with us, I gladly lay down for an hour's rest, while my companions made the circuit of the crater. Our large sheets of oiled paper were hung across as a curtain to shield us from the glare, and to separate our corner from that where our host was cooking. Happily, in mercy to our eyes, he had substituted charcoal for wood. I may mention, by the way, that water here boils at 184° Fahr. Above my head, even in this rude hut, was the invariable domestic shrine. Here of course it was Shinto, and in addition to the small mirror of polished metal, was a model of Fuji-yama rudely hewn in lava.

Our quarters being as comfortable as could possibly be expected, it had been our intention to spend the day and night quietly on the summit. Unfortunately, however, our brother pilgrim, who on his previous ascents had already suffered from mountain sickness, produced by the rarefied air, was on this occasion so violently and continuously sick, that it was evidently necessary for him to descend at once. Both our Japanese attendants likewise suffered, and asked leave to go back. They had crushed sour pink plums on their temples, which seemed to us a novel remedy, but is one much in favour in Japan. Had we but known it, nature had provided a far more efficacious remedy in the snow-drifts of the crater: bathing the temples with snow being the surest protection against sickness and headache thus produced. At first we two ladies decided on remaining by ourselves (having perfect trust in our coolies); but unfortunately, after an interval of rest, I too awoke feeling so sick that, combining the

chances of increasing illness with that of bad weather on the morrow, it was voted better that we should also return to the lower world, a decision which I now sincerely regret, being convinced that my own indisposition was simply momentary and due to over-fatigue.

## A MISSION ENTERPRISE IN PALESTINE.

BY WILLIAM LETHABY, MISSIONARY IN SYRIA.

How to get hold of Moslems, and influence them for Christianity, is asserted to be one of the very hardest Missionary nuts to crack. To speak of it to some merely calls forth apologies for its not being attempted, because they say it would be unsuccessful: 'the Mohammedan mind' is supposed to be such a peculiar mind that all the ambassadorial messages we may present 'on behalf of Christ' are sure to be rejected; and so the most we can do is to wait until Maronite, and Druse, and Greek, and Roman Catholics have been converted, and then, when the Syrian heterodox have all become orthodox, we may hope that the natives may have the power and the inclination to move 'the Mohammedan mind.'

For our own part, we do not believe in this solution of the problem, or rather this procrastination of the time when it shall be solved. If to all other peoples a Christian is warranted in saying: '*To-day* if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart,' why except 'the Mohammedan mind' from the call? If we have a commission to preach to all nations, 'beginning at Jerusalem,' why (in that very city and its vicinity) suppose that the one nation which is dominant is unlikely to listen to the proclamation, if we will only work, and not simply wait?

All over the world, as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. If in early life you convey a proper idea of the true character of 'the prophet Jesus' (as Moslems call Him) to the mind of the boy and girl, you will prevent the growth of that hatred and spitefulness towards Him and His followers which has so terribly blasphemed the Saviour's name, and at the same time chilled and frightened His servants. That this has been notably done in Egypt by Miss Whately is known to most readers of these lines; but we now ask them to come with us to another successful experiment, and to see and hear on paper the happy faces and the cheerful Scripture songs of those who, but for this effort, might have been in blighted ignorance, blaspheming the name of Him Who died for them.

Beyrout is the port of Northern Syria, the metropolis for the Lebanon, and the centre of the Missionary activity put forth by the American Presbyterians in that part of the world. But when, sixteen years

ago, a Scottish lady was desirous to work for the Lord without cultivating other people's fields, she found that nobody was caring for her Moslem or Druse sisters: Christ's servants were, in fact, leaving this generation to groan through the miseries which have befallen their mothers and ancestors for the last thousand years. She did *not* organize a committee or ask others to organise it for her, and stipulate for salary and preliminary expenses; but, with a woman's wit, went into the midst of these her Moslem sisters, and (as she won their confidence) asked them why they did not learn to read. 'Nobody will teach us: will you?' And so she was the bestower of a favour, though most readily; and as a consequence, was able to dictate her terms and exercise unfettered her own personal influence. Of course, 'small and feeble was the day' at first; but the work thus begun in Beyrout, 1868, was sure to prosper and extend; and now there is in Beyrout no more useful or, in many respects, more influential effort than is the school for Moslem and Druse girls conducted by Miss Taylor. Not only is there a large, though of course fluctuating, number of day-scholars; but besides these, twenty-six girls are fed, clothed, and well lodged and trained; and yet all this, with the cost of tuition and incidentals, was accomplished for sixpence less than £450; and if any doubt it, let them send (with a contribution if they can afford it) to Mr. W. Ferguson, 21, Manor-place, Edinburgh, and ask for a report and balance-sheet.\*

Thus, for sixteen years a stream of young Mohammedan and Druse life, and that of its saddest colour, has been filtering through this Christian reservoir; and we need not ask if the process has been of service to these thousands of lives. Prayer and song and Scripture have all done their work; and now, many and many a time does the old scholar recognise the lady who has forgotten the individual's face, and ask for the old tunes, and repeat from memory the old texts.

But this is not all: there was a curious outcome of the wrath which many conservative Moslems felt at this attempt to teach those whom the prophet's followers doom to ignorance, and forsooth they threatened to establish rival schools. 'By all means do so!' said Miss Taylor; and now as the result of Moslem wrath, some of her best-trained girls are paid by Mohammedans, who have actually here and in one other place opened schools for their own girls. Thus here also has God made the wrath of man to praise Him, and restrained the remainder thereof.

To return to the work carried on in her own house and by herself

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\* To the poorest and hungriest of her day-scholars Miss Taylor gave a mid-day lunch of humble quality; but, to her sorrow, from want of funds has had to discontinue it.

personally. Look in on Thursday forenoon, and you might suppose the abode to be an industrial home in name, as it is in deed; the mothers' meeting is being held, composed of women some of whom knew not how to hold needle or calico till they were taught here. This work, too, is prefaced by singing, Scripture reading and exposition; and it is surely followed by the Divine blessing. Pass into the class-rooms at any time, and you will be surprised by the readiness with which a little girl of seven or eight years will take you round the map of Asia, and probably tell you more about its capes, bays and rivers than you knew before. Or go in, as we have done, at haphazard, and hear the repetition of a chapter (it was on one occasion John xiv.) in a way that, if not unparalleled in our experience, is certainly unsurpassable—no slurring, no droning, as alas! in so many other schools, but enunciation that showed every verse was understood. Or again, go in on a Sabbath afternoon, when old scholars and some other Moslem women will be present, and you will find it is as gladsome a service as all such should be.

And now, what is the secret of this home-like attraction? More than anything else (after prayer and faith), the personal intercourse, the humanity which is thrown into all. The head of all is also the friend of all: a movement of the finger, a glance of the eye, a word or a smile, is always ready for all, and appreciated by all; the books, the looks, the food and the furniture tell you that you are in a home, not in a college or an institution; and if your wishes are like my own, you will hope that this good Scottish philanthropist may live to the age of the Jewish centenarian, if she be likewise able to continue her work of faith and labour of love. Anyhow, she has cracked this hard missionary nut, and shown others how they might also perform the feat.

In the next place, look at this question of direct work for Mohammedans in the light of the past, the present, and the future. 'The false prophet' was successful simply because the followers of the true Prophet were recreant to their professions, and had become a cage of unclean birds; and Mohammed was 'the scourge of God.' At the present time argument and experience indicate that we have but to attack, by the weapons of faith and prayer and Gospel effort, the Mohammedan ignorance and prejudice and fatalism, and the successful preaching of the Gospel to the 250,000,000 of Moslems will be the conquest of the world. 'Be not afraid, only believe,' the Master seems again to say; and the poor, withered, sleeping corpses of Mohammedan mothers and daughters, sons and fathers, shall arise to receive the food which the Christian Church ought to be ready to give to them.



And now, in conclusion, may I request two things: First, please bear this particular school in mind at prayer-time; ask that the way may be opened up to yet greater success; that the health and strength of her who is at its head, and who greatly feels its burden, may be both conserved and increased; and that the hearts of those who have money to give may be inclined to its distribution through this channel.

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**'HE THAT WATERETH SHALL BE WATERED ALSO  
HIMSELF.'**—PROVERBS XI. 25.

BY THE REV. J. W. KEYWORTH.

**I** DIDN'T find Christ at the penitent form, Sir.'

The speaker was a short, elderly woman, with a homely, earnest face, which quivered with emotion as she spoke.

'There,' she continued, pointing through the window of her room at which we were standing, for I had paid her a ministerial visit, and was on the point of leaving,—'there, where that sign-post stands, was the place where I found peace with God.'

I looked in the direction she indicated, and saw on the other side of the road the sign-post of a public-house, which stood in front of the house itself, on the edge of the footpath. I thought it a singular spot to be the birthplace of a soul, and said so.

'That was the very spot, Sir,' replied the woman; 'and I'll tell you how it was. It's just thirty years ago. There was a revival at the chapel, and many sinners had been brought to God. I had been to all the meetings, and was in great distress about my soul. I seemed to understand the way of salvation quite well, but somehow or other I could not lay hold of Christ. Well, Sir, one evening I was coming up from the chapel along with my husband's brother, who was seeking the Saviour as well as myself. All the way up the street I was talking to him about coming to Christ. We had just lost a dear sister, who had died a most happy death. On her death-bed she had asked us all to meet her in heaven; and I remember that, as we walked along, I told my brother-in-law what a happiness it would be to the dear departed one to know that we were on the way to the better world. But there was no need to tell him that to induce him to seek salvation. He was as anxious to be saved as I was myself. The only difference between us was that he did not seem to understand the way of salvation, whereas it was as clear as daylight to me. So I began to explain the simple plan to him as well as I was able. I told him that he must give up all hope of trying to save himself, and come to Christ and trust in Him alone. Well, Sir, we

had just reached the spot where that sign-post stands—that's a new post: the old one was there then, but it stood in the same place—when, as I was telling my brother how to believe in Christ, I suddenly seemed to have power to believe myself. All my difficulties were gone. I placed myself with all my heart in the hands of my Saviour, and was made happy in a moment. It's thirty years ago, Sir, but it only seems like yesterday.'

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### THE CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION.

THE Report of the Central African Mission is not quite so full of incident as it has been in some previous years, but it records steady work and persistent advance; and with such a magnificent base as Zanzibar to work from, the power and the efficiency of the Mission must inevitably increase year after year, so long as men are found animated by the spirit which has spread the Gospel of Christ through heathen nations from the earliest days till now. The arrival of the new leader has been welcomed as a relief by all upon whom heavy responsibility rested for some time. Unaccompanied by the prestige and power of official rank, Bishop Smythies is taking up the work to which Dr. Steere devoted himself with such enthusiasm, and before long he will have added another name to the memorial roll of those who have been pioneers of the faith in Africa.

Among the letters from the Mission stations there is one containing a touching little story. One of the villages had suffered greatly from the ravages of a lion, which had carried off more than twenty people. One day two of the Missionaries walking along the road, met a woman carrying a baby and leading another child by the hand. Presently screams were heard, and when the villagers turned out to the rescue the lion was found devouring the unfortunate mother, while her little girl was standing by, fearless and unharmed, beating the lion with a stick of muhogo, and crying: '*Mwacha mamangu! mwacha mamangu!*' — 'Leave go of mother! leave go of mother!' while the lion took no notice of the blows. It is wonderful how love makes fear impossible.—*Sunday Magazine*.

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(A SHETLAND HUT.)

## A TRIP TO THE FAIR ISLE.

### II.

BY THE REV. W. W. GRIGG.

THE isolation of the Fair Isle is about as complete as it can be. In this respect it is on a par with Foula and St. Kilda. Many amusing incidents and some tragic events have resulted from this. Inconvenience has frequently been felt. The crew of the wrecked *Carl Constantin* were shut up in the island for six weeks. It is not very long since, at a cost of £3, a letter was sent out to inform the proprietor that some salt was required. Some years ago meal was scarce. To go either to Orkney or Shetland in their frail skiffs was impossible in the rough weather then prevalent, nor could the passing steam-ship be boarded. A happy thought struck one of the islanders, and was acted upon. A letter was written and a stone was attached to it to give it weight. A boat was manned by a picked crew, and they went as near as possible to the passing steamer and threw the letter, which fortunately fell on board. It reached its destination in due time, and as early possible thereafter a supply of meal was sent to the island.

Among the tragic events arising from this isolation, stands promi-



nently out the death of the Rev. Mr. Charteris, late parish Minister of Dunrossness. He paid his annual visit to the island, apparently in perfect health, but he had been there only a short time when he was seized with serious illness of a character which needed prompt surgical treatment. Neither surgeons nor instruments were in the island, and the nearest place in which either could be found was Lerwick, some fifty miles away across the treacherous sea. A boat was despatched at once. The doctor started by the steamer, and took the precaution of providing a Shetland boat and crew to land him on the island in case no Fair Isle boat could venture out. Every precaution was vain. The mist came down with its dense folds, and the Fair Isle was not found. Landed at Kirkwall instead, a schooner was chartered, and with as little delay as possible they again set out, but before the doctor arrived the Minister was dead.

The *William Hogarth*, a former mail boat, was lost on the passage from Aberdeen to Shetland. Some time afterwards a schooner called at the island enquiring for news of the missing vessel. On hearing none, they expressed surprise, and said they came because fires had been seen on the island night after night. The Fair Islanders declared that their beacon had not been kindled. Further enquiry showed that, salt having fallen short, the islanders had resorted to a primitive method of curing their fish—simply drying it in the open air. The phosphorescence emitted had been so strong as to lead to the impression that fires were burning. Hence the enquiry.

My host—the late Jerome Wilson—in company with other islanders, boarded the Greenock ship, *Duke of Portland*, homeward bound from India, in March, 1847. The crew asked for news, and the latest the fishermen had received—only a few days old—was at once given by Jerome: ‘Sir Robert Peel has resigned.’ ‘O,’ said the captain, ‘we heard that six months ago in India!’

During the French war the isolation of the island led to at least one attack by a French privateer, when it was as thoroughly despoiled as it could be. The islanders still relate, with considerable satisfaction, that the Frenchman was captured on the following day by a British ship of war, when for their special amusement our gallant tars whipped the Frenchmen to and fro the deck with the tails of the Fair Isle cows; but they also say that no portion of the spoil was restored to them.

It might be expected that smuggling and wrecking would be common on such a shore, and I am bound to admit that, while no such unenviable notoriety as attaches itself to some coasts is theirs, yet, with regard to flotsam and jetsam, the islanders are not altogether willing to be taught; but wrecking and smuggling are both disappearing. A witty islander, however, wrote to one of my colleagues soon after his



visit to the island, and said he had brought luck to Fair Isle, for a day or two after he left it a wreck came. If these questionable ethics still are found, there is much to be said on the other side. The difference between *meum* and *tuum* is so well known that no door is locked, and a petty theft is exceedingly rare. Drunkenness is said to be unknown. Of illegitimacy there has been none for years.

Their isolation renders the people somewhat shy, and in this shyness even the domestic animals share. I could only prevail on one dog to be at all friendly with me, and on stating this to my host, he replied: 'Ah, that dog has only been a fortnight in the island!'

The people say they were never better off than they are at the present time. Their laird, J. Bruce, Jun., Esq., of Sumburgh, keeps them well supplied with the necessaries of life. With few of its luxuries have they any acquaintance. Until Mr. Bruce got possession of the island—less than twenty years ago—they were often without the most needful things. A young man informed me that he well remembered a bad year in which they were some months without meal or flour or bread of any kind, and when they had very little save the fish they caught on which to subsist. How they would enjoy their porridge after that! In those good old times the fishermen took their oil in small casks and hawked it through the Orkney Islands, getting what meal, etc., they could in exchange for it. On their way home it was no uncommon thing for them to have quantities of their meal, thus hardly gained, spoiled by the seas which broke over the boat, or to be obliged to throw it overboard to save their lives. Not seldom, too, the island has been passed by the boats in storm or mist when thus returning from their bartering expeditions, and the poor fellows have either been lost at sea or have found themselves in some part of Shetland, instead of their own poor but dearly-loved home. In those days their nearest shop was in Dunrossness, and in cases of sickness they have been known to go to that shop—across the dreaded Sumburgh Roost—for some very trifling thing. An instance was told me of a boat's crew doing this to procure a very small quantity of tea for a sick woman. Three pounds would now be demanded for such a voyage, and the men would not be very richly paid at that. Now a good supply is always kept at the laird's store.

This was one of the islands which formerly seldom or never received a Minister's visit. My host's mother was eighteen years of age before she heard a sermon. A favourable day in summer was chosen to take the children of the year to Dunrossness for baptism. Couples seeking to be married had to go out also. There was then only one house in the island in which the family altar was erected, but now, in every house family worship is offered.

The small kirk is of the meanest description, and the graveyard adjoining it is so badly enclosed—if it can be said to be enclosed at all—that any stray animals can enter it at their own sweet will. A small, rough, flat stone, without inscription of any kind, marks most of the graves. In a few cases a piece of painted deal some eighteen inches square, with the name, age, and date of death rudely carved on it with a pocket-knife, just shows itself above the grass, or having become rotten at the foot, it is found lying on the grave. There are three exceptions. Two of these are good stone monuments, the third is of wood, but well engraven. No. 1. is as follows :

Erected ,  
in  
Memory of  
STEWART WILSON,  
Who died in Jesus  
June 27th, 1875,  
Aged 72 years.

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From early life  
He made the Scriptures  
His chief study.  
For 50 years he laboured  
As Leader and Local Preacher  
To win souls to Christ;  
And whilst so engaged  
' His body with his charge laid down,  
And ceased at once to work and live ! '

The memory of Stewart Wilson is very precious to the people. He must have been a man of no ordinary talent, and of very deep piety. Whether so called or no, he was a true pastor to our Fair Isle flock for half a century. Labouring hard on the fishing-station during the season, he was highly respected by the laird, who on more than one occasion introduced him to friends, as he attended to his work at the oil-boiler, as 'the Minister whom we shall hear on Sunday.' He was seized with his mortal sickness in the pulpit. He never spoke a word after leaving the desk, and at three o'clock on the Monday morning he passed away from one of the most miserable huts to a mansion in our Father's house above. Dunrossness Ministers, who used to visit this island annually, will well remember this saint of God. A reference to him in my Sunday morning service affected the congregation deeply ; scarcely an eye was tearless.

The second stone monument is erected to the memory of Stewart's sister, the wife of my host, who has himself since passed away. She was for a very long time a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. The inscription speaks of her as having fallen asleep in

Jesus, her last words being : ' Glory, glory ! Jesus, come ; ' and illustrates the truth of the saying, happily still applicable : ' Our people die well.'

The wooden monument was carved by my host, and commemorates the hero who lost his life in attempting to save his shipmates of the vessel *Wilhelmina*, already referred to. It is as follows :

Hier ruhet

HEINRICH GOERKE,

Geboren den 1 ten Janr., 1849,

Gestorben den 13 Octor., 1876.

On the night after I reached the island, at six o'clock, about sixty people gathered in our little chapel. The public service was interesting and profitable, and was followed by Society and Leaders' Meetings. On Saturday afternoon we assembled again in larger numbers. After that service Tickets were given. Nearly all of the fifty-two members were present, and some of the experiences related were remarkably rich. On Sunday we had public service in the morning, sacramental service in the afternoon, and preaching again in the evening, finishing the day with a lively Methodist Prayer-meeting. The usual service in the Established Kirk was given up, and I suppose everybody in the island who could possibly come out attended our chapel. On Monday night seventy came together ; we had an enjoyable service, after which five children of our people were baptized. No further service could be held, because the fine weather kept the people busy night and day. My time was largely occupied in visiting. Every house was visited, and from every one a hearty welcome was received. I trust the seed then scattered is bearing, and will bear, precious fruit.

The catechist and schoolmaster appointed by the Established Church is just the man for his post,—intelligent, kindly, earnest. He is regarded with great affection by the islanders, and well he may be, for he has shut himself up to a life for which few would be qualified, and the isolation of which fewer still would bear. He administers medicine to the sick, teaches the children, conducts religious services, gives counsel to the perplexed, as J. P. settles any petty cases that might come before him ; and, being an experienced seaman and officer in the merchant service, he is qualified to train any young men who may aspire to a position superior to that of the fisherman or A.B. He has lately been the means of securing a fortnightly mail for the island, *wind and weather permitting* ; more recently he has secured a life-boat, cliff-ladders, and other life-saving apparatus, and he hopes that ere long a lighthouse will fling its friendly cheer across the dark and troubled waters of those dangerous seas. Under his guidance I visited the different points of interest in

the island, saw the scenes of the different shipwrecks I have mentioned, passed along the coast in his little boat, and through the Sheldie Cave by which the five hundred people of the *Lessing* were brought to shore. His kindness to visitors is uniform ; and, by me at least, it will be long gratefully remembered.

On Wednesday I was on the look-out for the steamer for several hours, not knowing whether, in her uncertain movements, she would be early or late. At length she appeared in the distance, and at 8.30 p.m. we left the beach to go alongside. Our signal was not observed ; the ship shot rapidly ahead and seemed likely to pass us by. A neckerchief of bright colour was hoisted to attract attention, and a vigorous shout was raised. At length we were seen, but not until our brave fellows had rowed hard and got pretty near to the ship. The first voice I heard on deck was that of an Englishman, a perfect stranger, who, as he helped me over the rail, said : ' You ought to go to London by the next mail and be exhibited as the latest Robinson Crusoe.' We steamed on through the twilight, with the sea so restless that every passenger on board was sick, until we reached Sumburgh, then under shelter of the land we had quiet water all the way up to Bressay Sound, which we reached on the cold, stormy morning of Thursday, May 30th, at 1.30. We arrived not an hour too soon. The breeze of Wednesday afternoon was the precursor of gales which would have kept me for weeks in the island had I not been fortunate enough to get away from it when I did. Our Ministers have been often thus made prisoners.

The Fair Isle receives an annual visit from one of our Ministers, and from the parish clergyman. No other Minister visits it ; but services are maintained in the parish kirk by the Catechist, and in our chapel by two or three godly fishermen, with great regularity. I was greatly cheered by the manifestations of spiritual life and power which I beheld ; and as I heard old men speak of the improvement in the character of the islanders and in the means of grace since their remembrance, I was led to say : ' What hath God wrought !'

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#### OUR 'MOTHERS' SALE.'

THE Saturday before 'Hospital Sunday' witnessed an unusual scene in our Medical Mission House in Mecklenburgh Street. From about four o'clock the door was surrounded by babies in perambulators, minded by elder sisters, while the mothers passed through the house to the back garden. There a remarkable sale was going on, to which purchasers were admitted by ticket and special invitation chiefly.



Our neighbours looked out of their back windows, and were evidently first puzzled, then amused, and finally affected by our proceedings. Three long tables were arranged counterwise in the very restricted garden, which, however, afforded a better locality for the sale than any of the rooms in the house would have done. On these tables were arranged a variety of articles, none of them new, but in various stages of repaired wear and tear.

Babies' frocks, men's coats, old gowns, boots, underclothing of every kind, hats and bonnets 'done up' and trimmed attractively, were a few among the many sorts of 'things' exposed for sale. Happy the customers who came early!—at least, such was the conclusion to which most of these and the late customers arrived in the evening. Our first customer was a respectable-looking woman, anxious to provide some Sunday-clothing for her large family, but whose resources were sadly limited. She led a pale, sickly-looking, ill-clad boy by the hand, who looked hungrily at the various garments displayed on the tables.

'Mother, do get this; it would just fit me,' he said, pointing to a tidy jacket.

'I can't, my boy; it costs too much. I should have nothing left for the others, and I must get a frock for Polly; she has nothing to go to Sunday-school in,' was the mother's reply, uttered with a sigh, as she turned reluctantly away. 'What is that frock, ma'am? O! I must take that—it will just fit Polly—and that petticoat, and them little frocks, and that bonnet. How much is all that? O! now I shall have just enough left for the boots. I must take a look at the boots before I go any further and lay out *all* my money. O! I want that jacket for a boy that wants it worse than he. How much is it?'

'Three and sixpence,' was the reply.

'Ah! that's more than I can give. Would you put it by for me, and I will pay a shilling on it now and the rest next week and the next, and I shall still have money for the boots?'

This was agreed to, and the jacket laid on one side. The boots were next inspected, and two pairs selected for something under two shillings that had still a good bit of wear in them. With a last longing look round the place, the woman then courtesied and took her leave, leading away the boy with a most sad, disappointed countenance. Some two hours afterwards she returned, saying the boy had cried and 'took on' so ever since after some of them 'beautiful clothes,' that she had got a couple of shillings more from her husband, and come back to see if there was anything left that would fit him. Finally, she went off in triumph with a jacket that was 'just his size.'

Another pale, anxious-looking mother was among the earlier customers. It was astonishing to see how she laid out the few shillings her purse contained to the best advantage. We hear much of the wastefulness and thriftlessness of the poor, but we did not see much of this at our 'Mothers' Sale,' but wondered how far they made a little go.

Of course, the clothes were sold at nominal prices, as being the best method of disposing of them to the honest, hard-working, much-enduring, deserving poor with whom we come in contact in our Medical Mission work and visitation. By this means all jealousies are avoided: the first comers are first served, and the last get a chance of bargains, so they can calculate the advantages of either time for purchasing. As we have before observed, though, the early comers have the best of it, especially in the article of boots, which were bought up on this occasion very rapidly. A poor woman came after six o'clock, having 'been told' that this would be the best time, and found all the boots gone. Her dismay was great.

'Now, the children won't be able to go out to-morrow, and I had reckoned on getting boots to make them fit for church. They have got everything else pretty tidy. O dear! O dear! I wish I had come earlier! When will you be having another sale, ma'am? I wish there was one every week.'

This desire was re-echoed by many, and the question of the time of the next sale was eagerly put as they left with their hands full of purchases.

'My children will look nice to-morrow,' one proudly said; 'I have got something for them all, down to the very baby, who will be proud of her frock, pretty dear!—and it only cost a penny!'

This frock was one of a large bundle marked at one penny each—the clearings-out of our baby-house at Addlestone, where patching and mending are carried on to an extent that we could almost say has never been surpassed. Yet the rapid sale of the penny frocks showed that there are those who are thankful not merely for the cast-off garments of the rich, but also of the poor.

Boys' suits were also greatly in request, and the supply proportionately small. One mother brought in a little fellow of about seven or eight years of age, with scarcely any hope of finding one to fit him. As she enquired for various other articles for other members of her family,

'O, mother, do get me something!' he said.

'You're not a 'andy size, my boy. I'm afraid there will be nothing to fit you,' she said.

'Ah! I wish I was a 'andy size!' he sighed, while his sigh was

turned into a smile by the discovery of a little pair of trousers that just measured his length. With these he went off in triumph, with some flowers also in his hand, which, with little books, were distributed judiciously gratis among the purchasers.

Another party was a very decently-dressed, rather superior-looking woman, who stood for some time examining a dress as if in doubt as to whether she could afford the purchase. At least, such was our impression, as the same dress had just been rejected by another woman, who had gone away lamenting that she had not money enough for that and the other things she had secured. So we whispered to the lady that was selling to reduce it, as the time was passing. We feared no one might purchase, and we like to feel that each article of our stock will be making some one comfortable when the sale is over. We do not care to have anything left on hand; and, short of *literally* 'giving away,' seek to dispose of everything to those whom we know to be our 'needy neighbours.'

But this customer would not have it so. She did not care about the price of the dress, she said. She could afford it; and it was a good serviceable one. But she was glad to come to the sale and linger on a bit. She was a 'lone woman,' and never had any one to come and see her, or speak to her; and it was nice to be able to come out and speak to some one in a Christian sort of way. Would one of the ladies come and see her sometimes, and talk a bit with her? So her name and address were taken down, and a visit was promised, and loving words were spoken to her of the Friend Who is ever near to soothe and sympathize with those who have acquainted themselves with Him.

We might go on and multiply incidents and anecdotes about this, our first 'Mothers' Sale;' but we trust we have related enough to interest our readers in this new branch of our work. It has sprung out of the visiting carried on by our Missionary students in connection with, and in the neighbourhood of, our Medical Students' Home, near Gray's Inn-road Hospital. Certainly our first sale was a great success. The clothes were gradually accumulated by the kind gifts of friends, and were sold with equal profit to the buyers and sellers.

'We are thankful for this sale,' said one purchaser; 'it makes us comfortable, and gives you a tidy bit of money for the Mission; and we are glad of that.'

And so it was. We cleared some £5 for the Medical Mission work, which in our case consists chiefly of assisting discharged hospital patients—a very needy class.

Next time we shall, God willing, have many more purchasers, none of whom, we hope, will go away, as on the last occasion, disappointed

and unsatisfied because the 'boots and boys' suits' were all sold before they came. Every article of cast-off clothing will be useful to us. When you are looking over your old wardrobes, do not say: 'It isn't worth while sending this; it will be no good to them;' for you do not know how we can turn into useful articles of wearing apparel what seems to you, and probably is in its present condition, rubbish! \*

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## TWO YOUNG SABBATH-SCHOOL WORKERS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED LLEWELLYN.

IN the beautiful city of Bath there are two commodious Wesleyan chapels, one situated in New King Street, the other at Walcot. In connection with each is a well-conducted and prosperous Sunday-school.

Within the past two or three years He Whose providential ways are 'past finding out,' has solemnly spoken to the teachers and scholars of both these schools by the sudden removal from their midst of devoted and successful workers. It is proposed to give a brief sketch of two of these who now 'rest from their labours.'

CATHERINE ANNIE CAPLE was born February 8th, 1857, and died September 18th, 1881. Her parents sought to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and have had the joy of witnessing their early decision for Christ. Katie's interest as a child in family prayer is remembered, and also her attachment to the sanctuary and its services. A children's Bible-class held on Saturday afternoons was a means of blessing to her, and it soon became evident to those who knew her that, like Mary, she had chosen 'the good part.' In March, 1872—before the days in which Junior Society-classes are so happily conducted—she was admitted into the membership of our Church, receiving her first ticket from the late Rev. M. T. Male when she was but a few weeks above fifteen years of age. Katie possessed a remarkably bright and buoyant disposition; but while her sunny countenance habitually reflected the joyousness of her spirit and life, the depth of her piety preserved her from that levity to which young Christians of similar temperament are often liable. She prized the Class-meeting, and, except when prevented by illness or distance, was regularly present. One who attributes her own religious decision to Katie's influence, refers to her frank testimony and her frequent and fervent pleadings for the salvation of others. Her Leader also bears

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\* From *Open Doors*, the organ of Missions worked by the Ladies of the Nine Elms Association. Office: 143, Clapham-road, S.W.



witness that her spiritual life was not only bright and gladsome, but also deep and progressive ; and such is the recollection of her retained by the writer who met the Class for tickets the last time she was there—two weeks before her death. The character of Miss Caple was marked by intensity and individuality, qualities which gave definiteness and force to her life and influence. Before she had completed her sixteenth year, she was appointed to undertake the formation of an infant-class in New King Street Sunday-school. Her success in this was conspicuous. In a few years, more than one hundred little ones gathered round her, and the infant class-room became—as it should always and everywhere be—one of the most attractive spots in the school. Her work as a teacher was not limited to school-hours. It was her wont, week by week, to visit the homes of absent and sick ones, and many were her acts of helpful kindness, both to parents and scholars, in these visits.

During the closing months of her life Miss Caple took charge of, and earnestly cared for, a Class of young converts at a Mission-hall in a distant part of the city. Referring to this, a friend writes : ‘She did not spare herself, or consider her own convenience. It was never too dark or too far or too wet when Christ’s work had to be done.’ In the Temperance cause also she was an ardent and active toiler, and for some time conducted a Band of Hope almost alone.

For this varied work amongst the young her musical gifts were not the least of her qualifications. She delighted to sing ‘the sweet story of old’ to the children, and in the chapel choir her tuneful voice helped to lead the ‘worship-song’ of the congregation. Her friends recall that in the summer of 1881 she seemed specially fond of hymn and tune 857, ‘Go labour on;’ and also of the hymn containing the verse :

‘No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.’

The former well expresses the spirit in which she did her work for Christ, and perhaps the latter helped to soothe the sense of weariness of which she sometimes spoke at that time, though unconscious that the heavenly rest was so near. Her last illness was a short, sharp tribulation. It was induced by a succession of chills, and was attended with much delirium. Yet no serious fears were entertained until within a few hours of her death. In the delirium her thoughts often wandered amongst the scenes of her work, and she made brief articulate references to the choir-practice, to her class at Holloway, and to the infant-class. About an hour before her departure she seemed to

be praying with the children, pausing after each petition, as if waiting for the little ones to repeat it after her. The last sentence was : 'And grant, O Lord . . . that we may live . . . holier and sweeter lives . . . through Jesus Christ our Lord.' The Lord's Prayer then followed with the same pauses. This was on the Sabbath afternoon, and after a brief period of apparent consciousness she gently fell asleep.

As the funeral procession passed along the Bristol-road to Locksbrook cemetery on the following Thursday, the numbers of teachers and friends who accompanied it, and the tearful faces of fathers, mothers and children along the wayside and at the grave, gave evidence of the affection and appreciation with which we are sure Miss Caple will long be remembered.

WILLIAM ARTHUR HITCHINGS was a consistent member of the Society, and a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school, at Walcot. He was born February 6th, 1858. Counsels spoken by his godly father on his death-bed seem to have led him to spiritual concern, and in connection with some special services a year later, he found 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' His conversion was clear and manifest, and to those who knew him while he lived in Bath, his Christian life appeared to be generally joyous. On January 17th, 1879, he wrote : 'Feel very happy in the assurance of God's favour.' Again, March 11th : 'Am very thankful that I feel myself safe on the Rock of Ages.'

His diaries, not written for other eyes, but just the simple and frank record of his daily experiences, give incidental and trustworthy evidence of his thoughtfulness as a son and brother, of his affectionateness as a friend, and of his sincerity as a disciple, and fidelity as a servant of our 'Master and Lord.'

Writing on the 6th February, 1880, he says : 'I am twenty-two years old to-day. Got up early, so as to spend time in prayer to God that He may make me a good man, and that I may be more useful in the coming year than in the past.' He was very watchful over his own heart, and deeply anxious to advance in the Divine life. He valued the means of grace, public and social ; and in his diaries penned frequent allusions to the Sabbath and week-night services. On a Saturday he writes of friends meeting in his room for prayer, and adds : 'We had a glorious time. We shall have a good day to-morrow, I am sure.' Frequently on Monday he makes reference to help and blessing received on the previous day. Again and again we find such an expression as : 'Went to Class and had a very enjoyable time ;' or, 'The Class-meeting has done me good.'

William Arthur Hitchings sought to show his religion in daily life.

In business relations, he was diligent and trustworthy, and exerted a distinctly godly influence in the establishment of Messrs. Evans and Owen. Many who were associated with him there, remember his fervent interest in certain meetings for prayer at Alfred-street after business. Under date October 16th, 1878, he wrote: 'O! we had a grand Prayer-meeting to-night; soul-lifting! Praise the Lord!' Again, June 12th, 1880: 'I want a heart to pray, To pray and never cease.' And again: 'Of all Thy gifts I ask but one, I ask the constant power to pray.'

The following brief extracts are illustrative of his spiritual state toward the end of his life: 'Unspeakably thankful to Almighty God for all His goodness. He has helped me in a remarkable way, in answer to prayer.' 'Am very thankful for my health to-day, and more thankful that I have been helped heavenward.' 'O the matchless love of Christ!'

In 1881, Mr. Hitchings was received on trial as a Local-preacher. Subsequently he was appointed teacher of a Young Men's Bible-class. In these departments of service, and in the Mutual Improvement Society, he did useful work, studying with painstaking care, and communicating the results of his reading with clearness and intelligence. And in all the work he undertook, he was mainly anxious for the salvation of souls. His notes often refer to particular persons whom he was prayerfully endeavouring to lead to Jesus.

In the month of August, 1881, on account of impaired health, he made a voyage to the Mediterranean and to the United States. A letter from Philadelphia, dated September 7th, told of improvement, and showed very plainly that in another land, and amongst strangers, he was striving to witness for Christ, and was maintaining a lively interest in books, and in the work of God at home and abroad. He returned in renewed strength, which, however, was not long continued.

The last of the Sabbath records which his diaries contain is dated November 6th, 1881, and is as follows: 'Went to the seven o'clock Prayer-meeting; had a nice time. Rev. W. D. Williams preached in the morning from "Pray without ceasing." It was good. We had our first gathering in Bible-class. Rev. A. Llewellyn preached at night; the Sacrament was administered. Had a nice, healthy conversation with B. Good Prayer-meeting in Library. Thank the Lord. Amen.' Possibly he had a premonition that the end of his life was not far off, for in a letter which proved to be the last written to his dear mother, he spoke of himself as 'clinging as a little child would to its nurse on being carried out of a lighted room into the dark passage towards the staircase.' And then he added: 'Perhaps God is carrying me in the dark that I may cling all the more closely to Him.'

On Friday, March 24th, 1882, while at business as usual, he was suddenly seized with an attack of illness, which in three hours terminated his life; and on the Tuesday after his body was laid to rest in the burial-ground attached to Walcot Chapel. A crowd of sincere mourners gathered at the grave, including many young people, by whom particularly his memory is affectionately cherished.

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## THE SEAMLESS GARMENT.

BY KATE T. SIZER.

O WEAVER, lay thy shuttle down  
Cut out the threads and end thy  
task!

To ample length the web has grown.  
'Tis long, but 'tis not perfect yet,  
'Tis all in vain such boon to ask,  
I cease when thread with thread has  
met;

I weave by night, I weave by day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

O weaver, in thy web I see  
Coarse threads and fine, and dark  
and bright,

'The mystery's meaning tell to me!  
'I do not seek the threads with art,  
One chooseth, He Who chooseth  
right,

To ply the shuttle is my part.  
I weave by night, I weave by day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

O weaver, I have travelled wide,  
On some looms wrought are fabrics  
rare,

Cast that dark web of thine aside!  
'The tears fall often as I weave,  
I sit and dream of patterns fair;  
But choice and pattern I must leave,  
And weave by night, and weave by  
day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

O weaver, who has placed thee here?  
Who bids thee toil and never cease,  
And softens not the service drear?

'No tyrant. One who loves me well,  
He knows I would not ask release  
Lest strand should slip, 'tis joy to  
tell

I weave by night, I weave by day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

O weaver, thine is mystic work,  
No common threads are in thy  
hands,  
Make plain the meanings that still  
lurk!

'It is my life on which I toil,  
My joys and griefs the varied  
strands;

To lose no thread, to keep from soil,  
I weave by night, I weave by day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

Thy life! O weaver, once alone  
Your hands that precious fabric  
fills,  
Weave in bright threads ere work be  
done!

'It is an offering to my Lord,  
Not bright hues, perfect work, He  
wills;

"A seamless garment" was His word.  
I weave by night, I weave by day,  
'Neath skies of blue, and skies of  
gray.'

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## NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE KEY OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.—Travellers who arrive at Acre can lodge either in the Latin convent or in the Khân. I chose the Khân, as the more Oriental. It consists of a great stable, roofed with a terrace paved with asphalte, upon which open little chambers with no furniture of any kind, except mats made of palm leaf. A Khandji shows us into one of those little cells, in which we deposit our things. Then we go out to buy what we want for supper. John takes care to lock the door; for whereas in the villages in Palestine no device for securing the doors is known but bolts, in the towns they use a sort of wooden lock of very simple construction, but exceedingly ingenious. I got John to explain it to me; but I am so poor a mechanist that I cannot make it out. All I remember is that the key is nothing but a thick stick, into which are driven a certain number of nails, arranged in different ways, corresponding with the wards of the lock for which they are fitted.

I go then to the market, swinging the 'Key' in my left hand, much in the same way that the exquisites in Europe used to swing their sticks, which they carried with so much grace four or five years back. That was not, however, the way in which I ought to have held it. It is usual in the East to lean one's key on one's shoulder, as a sapper carries his axe. One often meets in the streets, at the hour when the shops are being shut, shopkeepers going home from their day's business, preceded by a little boy gravely carrying on his shoulder one of these great wooden keys. This custom, which I used to notice as I passed, without attributing to it any importance, became very interesting to me when, some time after, I read again this prophecy of Isaiah: 'The key of the house of David will I lay upon His shoulder; so He shall open, and none shall shut; and He shall shut, and none shall open.'—*F. Bovet.*

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Poet-Toilers in Many Fields.* By MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON. London: T. Woolmer.—This is a beautiful book, and one which ought to command a very wide circulation. It contains twelve sketches of lives lived to noble purpose in diverse circumstances and in various lands. We most heartily commend it as suitable for circulation in Christian families. This is the kind of reading which intelligent young people just passing from boyhood and girlhood to the serious duties of life ought to have. It will inspire them with a holy ambition to live useful and beautiful lives, and to be themselves in their own measure 'poet-toilers.' The volume is neatly bound, and the illustrations are numerous and effective.

Edition. Illustrated. Morgan and Scott.—The vehemence, persistence and frequently the promiscuousness of the way in which Romish or semi-Romish writers denounce *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* is itself presumptive evidence that it is only too accurate. Nor does there seem to be any reason whatever for discrediting his story, which is in its main elements only too abundantly confirmed by other historians and witnesses. The book will always hold its place in the literature of Protestantism, and we are glad to see this portly but convenient volume issued by Messrs. Morgan and Scott.

The Appendix, which brings the martyr-story down to our own time, the last chapter treating of the persecutions in Madagascar, is a valuable addition to the work.

*Foxe's Book of Martyrs.* New

# ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR OCTOBER, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

| Day.  | SUN.   |       | MERCURY. | VENUS. | MARS. | JUPITER. | SATURN. |
|-------|--------|-------|----------|--------|-------|----------|---------|
| 1884. | Rises. | Sets. | Rises.   | Rises. | Sets. | Rises.   | Rises.  |
| Sept. | H. M.  | H. M. | H. M.    | H. M.  | H. M. | H. M.    | H. M.   |
| 27    | 5 55   | 5 46  | 4 43m    | 1 39m  | 6 47a | 2 16m    | 9 1a    |
| Oct.  |        |       |          |        |       |          |         |
| 7     | 6 11   | 5 24  | 4 27     | 1 56   | 6 23  | 1 47     | 8 22    |
| 17    | 6 28   | 5 2   | 5 13     | 2 16   | 6 0   | 1 18     | 7 42    |
| 27    | 6 45   | 4 42  | 6 12     | 2 39   | 5 39  | 0 47     | 7 2     |

## PHASES OF THE MOON.

Oct. 4th, Full Moon 10h. 0m. after. | Oct. 19th, New Moon 0h. 31m. morn.  
 „ 11th, Last Quarter 2h. 29m. after. | „ 27th, First Quarter 4h. 54m. morn.

## MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 7th . . . 2h. after. Perigee . . . 226,539 miles.  
 „ 23rd . . . 1h. after. Apogee . . . 252,049 „  
 Mean distance for the month . . . 239,294 „

## SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 1st . . . . . 91,708,820 miles.  
 November 1st . . . . . 90,920,600 „  
 Decrease of distance for the month . . . 788,220 „

THE *Moon* will be totally eclipsed on the evening of October 4th, from 9h. 16m. till 10h. 48m. The first contact with the penumbra occurs at 7h. 17m., and the last contact 47m. after midnight; the first contact with the shadow at 8h. 15m., the last at 11h. 49m. The total eclipse will be visible throughout Europe and Africa, nearly the whole of Asia, and the eastern part of South America.

The *Sun* will be partially eclipsed on the night of October 18-19; between 10h. 20m. on the evening of the 18th, and 2h. 16m. on the morning of the 19th, and of course invisible to us.

*Mercury* is a morning star, and may be seen with the naked eye about October 7th. It will be in perihelion on the 3rd. On the morning of the 5th it attains its greatest elongation from the Sun, 18 deg. westward. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 18th. On the 6th its distance from the Earth will be equal to the Earth's mean distance from the Sun.

*Venus* is a very fine object in the morning sky. It will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the afternoon of the 6th, below our horizon, and will be in the neighbourhood of Jupiter throughout the month. On the 11th, at noon, it will be in the plane of the Earth's

orbit, going northward. On the morning of the 15th it will be in conjunction with the Moon.

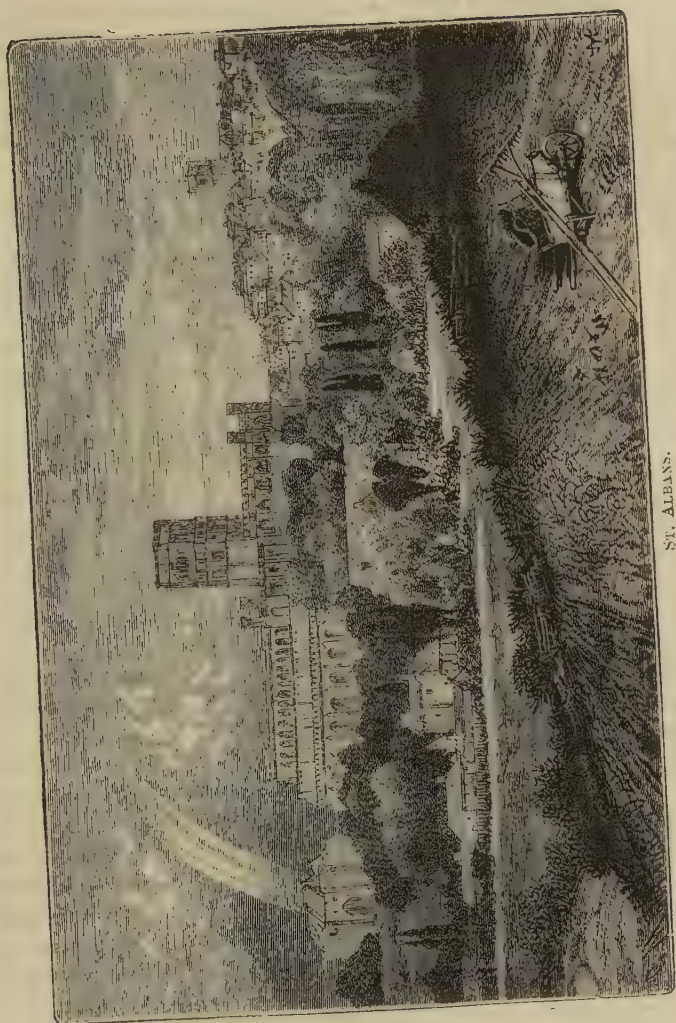
*Mars* will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 21st, one hour before noon. On the evening of the 31st it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit, going southward. As it sets almost exactly an hour after the Sun, it will not be visible during the month, nor for the remaining part of this year.

*Jupiter*, though inferior in lustre to Venus, is a beautiful morning star. Before October 6th it will be east of Venus, after that date west. Moreover, on that day the two planets will be very near Regulus. Venus at conjunction will be slightly south of the fixed star, and Jupiter slightly north. On the mornings of the 6th and 7th the three objects will form an intensely interesting group: Jupiter very near Regulus, Venus to the west on the 6th and to the east on the 7th.

*Saturn* is near the tip of the lower horn of Taurus. On the 6th its apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde. On the evening of the 9th it will be in conjunction with the Moon.

*Uranus* is a morning star.

*Neptune* rises on the 3rd at 7h., and on the 18th at 6h. in the afternoon.



ST. ALBANS.

## ST. ALBANS AND ITS MARTYR MEMORIES.

‘STRANGE as it may sound to the ears of my readers, I know well an ancient and venerable town, scarcely twenty miles from London, many of whose inhabitants had never seen a railway train or a steam-engine in the latter half of this nineteenth century. Nor is this town an ordinary town ; in former times it might well have challenged the name of a city. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago,

NOVEMBER, 1884.



it was known to the Roman occupiers of this island as Verulamium ; but for the last fifteen centuries it has been re-christened St. Albans, after the first British martyr, Alban, who suffered death just outside its walls in the persecution of the heathen emperor Diocletian. It was only in the summer of 1858 that a branch-line of railway was opened from Watford to St. Albans, thus bringing the venerable city within the reach of modern influences. So strange was the sight, that a resident assured me that for several weeks after the line was first opened, the departure and arrival of each train was greeted by the astonished Verulamians with cheers and shouts of admiration, and that it was only gradually that the excitement subsided.\*

Thus wrote the Rev. Edward Walford, M.A., twenty years ago, when St. Albans was at its quietest, and seemed to have almost dropped out of public notice.

But this extreme quietness of St. Albans was only temporary ; for now it lies on the direct line of the Midland Railway, and its magnificent Abbey church and other objects of interest attract many tourists. In the ancient days, too, the little town was well known and much frequented. One of Shakespeare's characters uses the expression : 'As common as the way between St. Albans and London.' Its position on the main road from the Metropolis to the North made it a famous stopping-place in the old coaching days.

The foundation of the ancient city of Verulam dates from pre-Christian days, for it was a place of considerable importance at the time of the Roman invasion. The town was captured by Julius Cæsar, but apparently suffered little ; for 'the inhabitants of Verulam afterwards became reconciled to their conquerors ; and as a reward for their friendly conduct, and for the military services they rendered to the Roman arms, Verulam was endowed with the honours and privileges of a *Municipium*, or Free City. It held this high rank (which very few cities possessed) as early as the time of the Emperor Nero.†

We have not space to trace in anything like detail the history of the city. Its chief interest centres around the first British martyr, in whose honour its name was changed to St. Albans.

It is difficult to sift the grains of history from the chaff of Romish legends which have obscured the story of Alban's life and martyrdom. The fact, however, probably is that Albanus or Alban was a Roman of good position and a citizen of Verulam. Moved by pity, he gave shelter to a persecuted Christian teacher, named Amphibalus, who rewarded his kindness by teaching him the truth of the Gospel. The hiding-place of Amphibalus having been discovered, soldiers were sent

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\* *Holidays in Home Counties.* By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

† Gibbs' *Handbook to St. Albans.*



to arrest him, but Alban being warned of their coming, hastily changed clothes with his guest, and allowed himself to be arrested whilst his teacher escaped. When brought before the judge, the mistake was at once discovered. Alban was ordered to sacrifice to the idols, but refused, and avowed his faith in Christ. The judge ordered him to be scourged; but finding that his faith was still unshaken, condemned him to be beheaded without delay. The sentence is said to have been executed on the hill upon which the great Abbey was afterwards raised to perpetuate his memory.

Some monumental sanctuary was probably erected soon after his death, which took place about the year A.D. 303; but the Abbey was founded by Offa, King of the Mercians, nearly five hundred years later. Offa appointed a relative of his own the first abbot of St. Albans. Forty abbots are said to have ruled here: the thirty-eighth, and, as Mr. Walford says, 'to all intents and purposes the last,' being the great Cardinal Wolsey.

The two who nominally succeeded him were mere creatures of Henry VIII., to whom the Abbey was finally given up by the so-called fortieth Abbot, Richard Boreman. The King commanded the building to be destroyed; 'but the Mayor and burgesses of the town retained so strong an affection for the fine old building, that they raised a sum of £400, which they made over to Henry, in consideration of the Abbey church being left standing; and it then became the parish church of St. Albans.

We need have no regrets for the fall of the monastic system; yet it must be admitted that St. Albans and many another 'religious house,' did good service in some respects, ministering to the wants of the sick and destitute, educating the young, preserving manuscripts and printing books. The building was enlarged and improved by successive abbots, some of whom gave largely of their own wealth, but others adopted more questionable methods for enriching and beautifying the church. For instance, Abbot John de Cella is said to have employed 'a man to go about the country pretending he had been raised from the dead by St. Alban and St. Amphibalus, and that he was able to give proof of their miracles. By this pious fraud large sums of money were collected from the simple-minded and credulous people of that age.'\*

At the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII., the abbey of St. Albans ceased to have any special ecclesiastical importance; but in 1877 it was made the cathedral church of the new diocese of St. Albans, Dr. Claughton, of Rochester, being appointed the first

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\* Gibbs' *Handbook to St. Albans.*

bishop. Large sums of money have been expended on the repairing and restoring of the ancient building, which is one of the finest and most interesting of our many ancient churches. Thus the memory of the first British martyr is perpetuated by this magnificent sanctuary.

St. Alban himself, however, is not the only confessor who sealed his testimony with his blood in the little Hertfordshire town.

George Tankerfield, of London, born in York, when about the age of twenty-seven, was the second victim. Having, by prayer and reading of the Scriptures, come to a conviction that the simplicity of the faith had been obscured by Romish superstitions and errors, he began boldly to testify of the grace of God, and thus attracted the attention of the relentless persecutors of those days.

The story of his capture is thus given in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*: 'It pleased God to strike him with sickness, whereby he lay long confined; and on a certain day, to take the air abroad, he rose and walked into the temple fields to see the shooters. In the mean time Mr. Beard, a yeoman of the guard, came to his house and enquired for him, pretending to his wife that he came only to have him dress a banquet at the Lord Paget's. His wife, because of his apparel, which was very rich, took him to be some great friend, and with all speed prepared herself to fetch her husband; and lest this gentleman should be tired with tarrying, she fetched him a cushion to sit on, and laid a fair napkin before him, and set bread thereon, and came to her husband; who, when he heard it, said: "A banquet, woman! indeed it is such a banquet as will not be very pleasant to the flesh; but God's will be done." When he came home he saw who it was, and called him by his name, which, when his wife perceived, and wherefore he came, she seized a spit, and would have run him through had not the constable, which Mr. Beard had sent for by his man, come in and rescued him; yet she sent a brickbat after him, and hit him on the back. And so Tankerfield was delivered to the constable, and brought to Newgate about the last day of February, 1555.'

He was brought before Bishop Bonner, who reasoned with and exhorted him at great length; but he remained steadfast, and even warned those who stood listening, against the teaching of Bonner and his colleagues, crying: 'Good people, beware of them, and such as them, for these be the people that deceive you and lead you astray like silly sheep.'

Finding that words availed nothing, Bonner ordered him to be burnt, and he was delivered to the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, by whom the sentence was executed on the 26th of August, 1555.

On the day of his martyrdom he took bread and wine, and after

reading the Gospel record of the institution of the Lord's Supper, ate and drank in memory of the Saviour's dying love, having previously prayed, saying: 'O Lord, Thou knowest it, I do not this to derogate authority from any man, or in contempt of those which are Thy ministers, but only because I cannot have it administered according to Thy Word.'

The closing scene is thus described by Foxe:

'About two o'clock, when the sheriffs returned from dinner, they brought Mr. Tankerfield out of the inn to the place where he should suffer, which was called Romeland, being a green place near the west end of the Abbey church, unto which when he was come he kneeled down by the stake that was set up for him, and after he had ended his prayers he arose, and with a joyful faith said, that although he had a sharp dinner, yet he hoped to have a joyful supper in heaven. While the fagots were set about him, there came a priest and persuaded him to believe on the Sacrament of the Altar and he would be saved. But Tankerfield cried vehemently: "I defy the whore of Babylon! Fie on that abominable idol! Good people, do not believe him." Then the mayor of the town commanded fire to be set to the heretic; and said if he had but one load of fagots in the world, he would give them to burn him. Amidst this confusion there was a certain knight, who went unto Tankerfield, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Good brother, be strong in Christ." This he spake softly, and Tankerfield said: "O Sir, I thank you, I am so; I thank God." Then fire was set unto him, and he desired the sheriff and all the people to pray for him; most of them did so. And so, embracing the fire, he called on the name of the Lord Jesus, and was quickly out of pain.'

Over other interesting associations we must not linger here. But we must mention that here rests the dust of the great philosopher, Francis Bacon. By his own desire he was buried in St. Michael's Church: for 'there was my mother buried, and it is the parish church of my mansion house of Gorhambury, and it is the only Christian church within the walls of ancient Verulam.'

Philip Doddridge was educated at St. Albans, and formed there a lasting friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, the eminent Dissenting Minister, in whose house he subsequently resided, and whose influence led him to join the Church when only fifteen years of age. Here, too, the poet Cowper lived for eighteen months under the kindly charge of Dr. Cotton, who kept an establishment for persons of infirm intellect. It was during his stay here that the much-afflicted poet, opening his Bible to seek for a message from God to himself, lighted on the gracious words of Romans iii. 25, and took in their comfortable assurance of God's love and forbearance. This incident he always regarded as marking the time of his conversion.

The pioneer of Methodism in St. Albans was Samuel Copleston, a weaver, and son of the Rev. C. Copleston, a clergyman in the neighbouring town of Luton. John Wesley frequently passed through St. Albans, but does not make any record of ever having

preached there. Under date, August 2nd, 1770, he gives the following account of a visit to the Abbey: 'Some friends from London met us at St. Albans. Before dinner we took a walk in the Abbey, one of the most ancient buildings in the kingdom, near a thousand years old; and one of the largest, being five hundred and sixty feet in length (considerably more than Westminster Abbey), and broad and high in proportion. Near the east end is the tomb and vault of good Duke Humphrey. Some now living remember since his body was entire. But after the coffin was opened, so many were curious to taste the liquor in which it was preserved, that in a little time the corpse was left bare, and then soon mouldered away. A few bones are now all that remain. How little is the spirit concerned at this!'

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### INSTABILITY OF CHARACTER.

BY THE LATE REV. DAVID STONER.

(Concluded from page 444).

*The causes of this Instability of character may be various in different individuals. One cause may be,*

1. *A certain natural, unsubdued fickleness of mind.*—The minds of men are as various and as much diversified as the lineaments of their countenances. Some are naturally fickle and inconstant, light and vain. They are unstead, unestablished. They have not that sedateness and gravity which becomes candidates for eternity, and which adorns the Christian character. And this natural lightness and fickleness of mind is unrestrained and unsubdued; nay, it is rather indulged and cherished, and consequently causes the individual to be '*unstable as water.*' The cause may be—

2. *A spirit of Indolence*;—impatience of labour and perseverance. Some minds are naturally sluggish and impatient of toil; and they cannot exercise self-denial enough to shake off this indulgence, and to break through the obstacles which oppose them in their Christian course. They begin well; but soon grow 'weary in well doing,' and 'faint in the day of adversity.' It is more congenial to flesh and blood to follow the stream, than by dint of rowing and hard labour to swim against it. And this struggle between indolence and a sense of duty makes them '*unstable as water.*' Another cause may be—

3. *A natural love of Novelty.*—As the Athenians spent their time in telling or hearing some new thing; so the minds of some in the present day seem to be governed by a continual love of novelty. Everything old with them is stale and uninteresting. Whilst the duties and enjoyments of religion are new, they are attractive, but when their newness is gone, their attraction is gone; some other new thing



steals their affections, and while thus governed by this principle, they must be 'unstable as water.' Another cause may be—

4. *Satanic Influence.*—For we are confident, both from Scripture and experience, that we have an Adversary on the watch to seduce and destroy, and that every instrument he can employ, will be pressed into service. And as instability of character is a great hindrance to holiness of heart and life, he will use every means that is likely to produce this instability. He will propose new objects, new pursuits, new pleasures, new schemes, new plans to promote unsteadiness of mind, and thus prevent the Christian from excelling in the attainment of holiness. Another cause may be—

5. *Instability of character in those with whom they associate.*—Example is well known to have a commanding influence over the human heart and conduct, and by associating with worldly men we gradually imbibe their spirit, and imitate their conduct. If, then, the professor is called to associate with those who are unsteady and fickle, this, without incessant watchfulness, will have a great influence over him, and make him 'Unstable as water.' Proceed we to—

## II. POINT OUT ITS PECULIAR DISADVANTAGES.

He that is thus 'unstable,' will never 'excel.'—This is a sentiment the truth of which is daily illustrated in natural things. He that is fickle and unstable will never arrive at any worldly eminence. The man of business who is unfixed in reference to his situation, first removing to one part of the world, and then soon leaving it for another; who is fickle in respect to the line of business in which he engages, at one time pursuing one and before long another; who is ever changing his plans, his sentiments, his conduct, is likely to acquire no riches. The man of learning who is unstable in the sciences which he pursues, and the modes of acquiring them he adopts, is likely to make no honourable proficiency. And the man of religion who is 'unstable as water' can never 'excel.' He cannot excel,

1. *In the attainment of Christian knowledge.* That it is the duty of every man to acquire knowledge as far as in him lies, needs no proof. The exhortation of the Apostle is: 'Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' and, of course, in everything connected therewith and leading thereto. 'Knowledge is power.' The acquisition of knowledge enlarges the mind, expands the soul, and makes us more capable of glorifying God and being useful to mankind. And when we consider the amazing advantages we possess in the present day in this respect, not to grow in knowledge in general is sin. We have the Scriptures, we have the ministration of the Word, we have the fellowship of the experienced, we have every necessary help to assist us in the attainment of

natural and religious knowledge. But what increase of knowledge can the unstable attain? Examine into his stock of ideas, into his treasury of information, and you will find it to consist in fragments of thoughts,—in detached pieces of knowledge. He has no patience or inclination to search into one object thoroughly, determined to know everything concerning it that is to be known. He just dips into a subject; and when the novelty is gone, escapes to another.

Try how much more knowledge of himself he possesses than he did many years ago. He has no clearer views of his own helplessness and inability to save or to deliver himself from sin and impurity. He has no clearer views of his own natural unholiness and corruption, of that ‘heart’ which is ‘deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.’ He has no increase of knowledge concerning his own natural besetment and constitutional weakness. He learns nothing concerning the risings of evil thoughts, the beginnings of temptation, or the devices of Satan. What increase of knowledge does he obtain concerning the religion he professes to believe? He has no clearer views respecting the foundations of his faith, the truth of the holy Scriptures, or the divinity of Christ’s mission. His views of the analogy of faith do not increase in clearness or comprehensiveness. What does he know more about God, or Christ, or himself, or the law of God, or the future state, than he did a year ago, or perhaps ten years ago? He has no fixedness of mind to search the Scriptures—to compare things spiritual with things spiritual. ‘Unstable as water,’ he cannot ‘excel.’

He cannot ‘excel’ 2. *In the attainment of Christian holiness.*—Holiness ought to be the Christian’s supreme aim. ‘Be ye holy,’ says Jehovah, ‘for I am holy.’ He has called them to be holy. He has commanded them to be holy. It is their duty and privilege to be holy. Holiness is necessary both to the attainment and enjoyment of eternal felicity; for without holiness ‘no man shall see the Lord.’ ‘Holiness to the Lord’ should be the motto of their lives. It should be inscribed on every temptation of their heart, every word of their lips, and every action of their life. Holiness is begun in regeneration; it is perfected in entire sanctification, when it takes full possession of the soul; but even then it admits of growth to infinity. This holiness is inward and outward, experimental and practical. We are in the esteem and regard of the Almighty according to our holiness. It is not according to our transports of joy, or according to our attainments in knowledge, that God esteems us, but in proportion to the degree of holiness we have acquired. It is evident that the object which every Christian ought to pursue is holiness. And here how striking is the contrast between

the steadfast Christian and the unstable professor. The established Christian beholds the advantages and beauties of holiness, and pursues it with unabated ardour. He 'holds fast' whereunto he has already 'attained,' and grasps for more. In this respect, like the miser, he carefully guards what he has obtained, and would almost screw gold out of the stones to gain an increase to his store. So the Christian 'presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' He goes on 'from strength to strength,' from grace to grace. No obstacles can hinder, no difficulties can prevent, no dangers can appal, no enemies can intimidate, his God-like soul. He has fixed resolutely on his object, and is determined to go 'through fire and water' to 'the wealthy place.' And he who possesses this decided character, is sure to make his way. Angels look upon him with pleasure. Devils survey him with dismay. God smiles on his labours, and he 'comprehends, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height' of 'the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' But where is the unstable character? Alas! he is lagging far behind. For want of this stability and decision of mind, he makes no attainment in holiness. His faith, his hope, his love, his humility—all the graces of the Spirit, are drooping and feeble, and ready to die. Every mole-hill is a mountain, every reed is a cedar of Lebanon, every enemy is a host. He cries out: 'There is a lion in the way,' and makes no advancement. He has no holy ambition to be ranked among the saints of God—amongst those who are nearest the eternal throne. It is true sometimes conviction flashes, and the Spirit strives, and he seeks after holiness, but it is only whilst the impulse lasts. He is soon again indifferent and dead as before. 'Unstable as water,' he cannot 'excel.'

3. *In usefulness he cannot 'excel.'*—Holiness and usefulness are connected as cause and effect. A holy man will be a useful man. It is true an unholy man may be an instrument sometimes of good. A man not holy may be useful as a magistrate, as a labourer, as a mechanic, but this is only casual and accidental, whereas the usefulness springing from holiness is certain and sure. As the unstable character makes no progress in holiness, God cannot use him as an instrument in conveying any extensive good to his fellow-creatures. God pours most of the water of life into the souls of men through the clearest channels,—through the instrumentality of those who have the clearest heads and the purest hearts. He who is thus 'unstable,' therefore, will never 'excel' in usefulness. His light does not shine brightly and steadily; it blazes only at intervals on those around him. They do not see in him an uninterrupted succession of good works. There is rather an intermixture of good and doubtful works.

Is he a *Parent*? He is not regular in his prayers for and with his children. He is not steady in his instructions and example; and his children will sooner imitate him in his lax hours than in his serious and earnest ones. Perhaps he is not regular in his family devotions, and in training up his children in an habitual attendance at the house of God. Is he a *Minister* of the everlasting Gospel? God cannot use him in conveying any extensive good to his fellow men. He is sometimes all fire and flame; and at others all smoke and darkness. Is he a *Leader*? Sometimes he would push forward his flock faster towards heaven than they can go, and at others he is suffering them to sit at their 'ease,' and neglects to warn the 'sinners in Zion;' and being thus 'unstable,' he cannot 'excel.'

4. *In the possession of happiness he cannot 'excel.'*—Holiness and happiness are united together in the same degree as holiness and usefulness. The source of all happiness is God; and He communicates Himself in proportion to our holiness. So that he who enjoys no holiness, enjoys no happiness. We are happy just as we are holy. The decided and determined Christian finds that the ways of religion are 'ways of pleasantness,' and that 'all her paths' are paths of 'peace;' because he walks in them, he keeps in them, and makes progress in them. Whereas the unstable character enjoys no settled peace because he is sometimes wandering out of the way, to the right hand or to the left. He is sometimes halting, sometimes returning, sometimes creeping, sometimes walking, sometimes running. The established Christian has peace because a consciousness of guilt is removed. He is no longer under the condemnation of the law. He enjoys the clear witness of the Spirit, and is careful to keep a 'conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.' The light of God's countenance shines upon him, and he is enabled to go on his way rejoicing. But the unstable character is not always clear in his acceptance with God; nay, often his indifference brings him into spiritual darkness. He has a consciousness of guilt, and is mourning under the condemnation of a broken law, and the displeasure of an absent God. The settled Christian has the government of all his passions and desires. Grace reigns. There may be enemies within, but they are enemies in chains; and grace reigns over every thought and temper and passion; and the reign of grace wherever it is established is a reign of peace. But the unstable character is often conquered by his evil passions. Grace is sometimes dethroned. In the struggle between nature and grace, nature often proves victor; and the reign of turbulent and unholy passions is a reign of disorder and misery. The settled Christian is not violently affected by the afflictions and difficulties which he is called to meet in his passage



through this inhospitable clime. When he counted the cost, he put them *into the account*. He expects them, he prepares for them, and they never find him off his guard. He knows they are all designed for his benefit, and he acquiesces in the will of God, and does not suffer these trials to rob him of his peace. He does not suffer providential darkness to rob him of his spiritual light. The settled Christian has unclouded prospects into eternity, and is assured that these 'afflictions' are working for him 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' He has a clear title for a future inheritance, and rejoices with unutterable exultation at the prospect. But the unstable character does not enjoy these prospects continually. He lives in bondage to the fear of death and eternity, and enjoys no settled tranquillity of mind. And he will arrive at no particular excellence.

5. *In Everlasting glory he cannot 'excel.'*—Admitting that even in his imperfect way he follows Christ to the end, and that before he is removed from this world his evidence is brightened, his indifference pardoned, and his heart sanctified; yet how has he to mourn on his death-bed over his past lukewarmness and unfaithfulness. He sees now in a striking point of view how he has comparatively misspent his time and neglected his talents; and wishes, vainly wishes, his time were to be re-spent, that he might make greater advancement in the Divine life. However, he passes into eternity, and enters 'into the joy of his Lord;' but as we shall be rewarded according to the work we have done and the holiness we have attained, his reward will be comparatively small. That there is a difference in the rewards of heaven is a sentiment approved by reason, by analogy, and by Scripture. If we consult reason upon this subject, it will assure us that there will be a difference between the happiness of St. Paul and that of the penitent thief,—between, a Wesley and a mere infant. We read that there will be a difference in the punishments of hell: for it will be 'more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon' than for the Jews. Therefore by analogy we may suppose the rewards of heaven will be different; and the Scriptures directly favour this idea. The Apostles are to be exalted above all other saints. Those who come 'out of great tribulation' are to be in a peculiar sense 'before the throne,' and to 'serve God day and night in His temple.' And as 'one star differeth from another star in glory,' so also shall be 'the resurrection of the dead.' The unstable character, therefore, if he be saved, will enjoy a comparatively small degree of glory. He will be a star of the least magnitude. By his conduct here he deprives himself of much knowledge, much honour, much purity, much bliss, much glory for ever and ever. 'Unstable as water,' he cannot 'excel.'

Having thus pointed out the evil and its disadvantages, are we to leave you in the situation in which we found you? Is there no remedy? *What means are to be used to extricate you from this evil?*

1. Be convinced of the disadvantages of this instability,—of the injury you have already sustained, and the injury it will do you if persisted in.

2. Be convinced that you cannot save yourself. Your resolutions and vows can do nothing. You have tried them a hundred times, and they have always failed, and they always will fail.

3. Begin to cry mightily to God. None but He can save you. ‘Pray without ceasing.’

4. Resist every onset of temptation to omit prayer, or any duty.

5. Live in the spirit of self-denial.

## PLEASURE IN THE STONES OF JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. J. T. L. MAGGS, B.A.

IN a far different sense from that of the Psalmist's it may be said concerning the Holy City, that God's ‘servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.’ For several years the Palestine Exploration Fund has been employed in applying the art of modern engineering and surveying to the Holy Land. Maps of the country have been constructed on scientific principles, many forgotten sites have been identified, and many old identifications confirmed or abandoned. Much of the interest has centred around the city of Jerusalem, and some of the more striking results of the survey are told us by Mr. King in his book entitled: *Recent Discoveries on the Temple Hill*.\*

Jerusalem as a city seems to have shared with the Jewish people their strange immunity from utter extinction. Centre though it has been of many wars, no conquest has ever blotted out its name. Again and again it has arisen out of its ruins, ‘cast down, but not destroyed.’ In consequence of these many overthrows and uprisings, the process of exploration is extremely difficult. The explorer will discover old material built into modern walls, requiring skill to distinguish that which is original work from later erections. Landmarks have wholly disappeared, or been hidden by accumulations of rubbish. Deposits of rubbish, in one place about one hundred and forty feet in depth, sometimes running like water, have been bored at great risk to life and limb. Strong Mohammedan prejudices have

\* *Recent Discoveries on the Temple Hill at Jerusalem.* By REV. J. KING, M.A. *By-Paths of Bible Knowledge*, IV. Religious Tract Society.

needed disarming or avoiding. But the labour has resulted in the discovery of many valuable facts touching the Temple Hill, the verification, or, at any rate, a truer estimate of many of the statements of Josephus, and further illustration of the Word of God.

To Christians the eastern wall of the Temple area must be of surpassing interest. Between it and the opposite Mount of Olives lay the Valley of the Cedron, across which our Lord went on the night of the Betrayal. Remains of what are supposed to be arch stones of a bridge leading across the valley to Olivet, may be seen in the wall. These not improbably are the remains of the Red Heifer Bridge. For the purification of persons defiled by contact with dead bodies, a rite was instituted which is described in Numbers xix. A red heifer without blemish, that had never been yoked, was led without the camp, or afterwards the city, slain, burned to ashes in the sight of the priest, who cast into the fire cedar-wood, hyssop and scarlet; the 'ashes' were afterwards gathered and kept to prepare 'a water of separation.'

This ceremonial has only been celebrated nine times; but according to Rabbinical tradition, the heifer was led out with great ceremony; and the remains found may be those of the bridge crossed by the procession. It is to this ceremonial that reference is made in the Epistle to the Hebrews, when the writer speaks of 'the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean.'\*

To the north of these arch stones stands the Golden Gate. Through this probably our Lord made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem; and during the Crusaders' possession of the city, the Patriarch, seated upon an ass, entered the city by this gate, in commemoration of the first Palm Sunday. At present the gateway is walled up. The point at which the south wall joins the eastern, marks, probably, the position of the 'pinnacle of the Temple' mentioned as the scene of one of our Lord's temptations. The wall visible at this point is more than seventy-seven feet high; the engineers, by means of a shaft, discovered a further depth to the rock of seventy-nine feet. Upon this masonry there stood the Royal Cloister, say fifty feet in height; so that from the place where our Lord stood there was a depth of at least two hundred feet to the rock upon which the wall rested.

Some very interesting Phœnician remains have been found<sup>1</sup> on this east side. Every careful reader of the Bible will remember that Hiram, king of Tyre, rendered help to Solomon in his buildings, supplying timber out of Lebanon, felling and floating it by sea, as Solomon might require, giving workmen to assist in hewing and

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\* Heb. ix, 13,

preparing stones, and sending a subject, who also bore the name of Hiram, to work in brass and other metals.\* Among the rubbish near the south-east angle, seven handles of earthenware jars were found, stamped with the figure of the sun-god, or Baal, who was worshipped in Phœnicia and thence introduced into Israel. Certain letters are stamped upon the handles, the meaning of which is not certain. It seems most likely either that the letters mark the kings in whose reigns the pottery was made—two forgotten monarchs named Zepha and Shat, so strangely brought to remembrance by these fragments of earthenware,—or else that the potters stamped their names, Molochzepha and Molochshat, upon their handiwork. In this case, as was common among Oriental peoples, the national deity formed part of the name.† Other traces of the Phœnicians are found upon the huge stones in the lower courses. There are still visible certain marks: some cut with the chisel, some merely painted in red paint. In some cases the very splashings of the paint still remain, and in one case the upper stone contains the trickling of paint-marks on a lower course, proving the marks to have been made before the stones were put in position. The late Emanuel Deutsch, who examined these marks, pronounced some of them to be Phœnician letters, some numerals, and some the unexplained marks of masons or quarrymen. These discoveries set in clearer light the connection of the Tyrian monarchy with the building of the Temple at Jerusalem.

The stone which lies at the foundation of this corner joining the southern and eastern walls, received careful examination at the hands of the explorers. This, 'the most interesting stone in the world,' is a well-known figure of the inspired writers, and is used as an emblem of the Lord Jesus in the Book of Psalms, and by Isaiah, St. Peter, St. Paul, and is claimed as such by our Lord Himself.‡ The manner in which the stone is dressed suggests that it was destined before leaving the quarry to be used for a foundation. Its length in one direction is fourteen feet. Its depth is forty-four inches, and it is at one place in part, and at another wholly, embedded in the rock. A stone of such proportion, and not only laid upon, but buried in the rock, unmoved since first it was laid, becomes to us even more than to the Jews of old the figure of 'a sure foundation.'

On the line of the eastern wall there lies the Jews' wailing-place. The wall visible here is about one hundred feet in length, and sixty in

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\* 1 Kings v. 9, 18; vii. 13, 142; Chron. ii. 14.

† Compare Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 1; Elnathan, 2 Kings xxiv. 8; Ethbaal, Kings xvi. 31.

‡ Psalm cxviii. 22; Isaiah xxviii. 16; 1 Peter ii. 6; Eph. ii. 20; Matt. xxi. 42.



height. Beneath the surface there lies a great depth of rubbish not as yet explored, but its depth may be judged from the fact that very near eighty feet were pierced through by Captain Warren. Above this surface, the accumulation of many centuries, the wall rises in twenty-four courses to the height of sixty feet, and the nine lowest and largest courses may safely be regarded as remains of the old Jewish Temple. It is at this spot that the Jews have long been permitted to assemble and lament the departed glory of the 'holy and beautiful house.'

Among the discoveries of the Society's agents is one not unworthy of particular mention. Josephus tells us that within the Court of the Gentiles there was erected a fence of stone three cubits in height, upon which were placed pillars at equal distances, announcing, some in Greek and some in Latin, that to any foreigner passing this barrier the penalty was death. Monsieur Clemant Gauneau discovered among the stones in a Moslem cemetery one of these tablets. The inscription is in Greek; yet not in the best style of that language, but rather as it existed in a time of decay and adoption by foreigners. The stone when examined yielded an inscription translated as follows: 'No foreigner to proceed within the partition-wall and enclosure around the Sanctuary; whoever is caught in the same will on that account be liable to incur death.' This no doubt is the original of St. Paul's 'middle wall of partition.'\*

Many other things have been discovered—the street in the Tyropean Valley, belonging probably to the Jerusalem which our Lord knew; the signet-stone marked in very old Hebrew characters: 'Haggai, son of Shebaniah;' suggesting the question: 'Could this be the seal of Haggai, who alone of the Minor Prophets mentions a signet?'—which want of space forbids us to more than mention. It may be asked, what is there within the walls, in the Temple Hill itself? Does modern investigation confirm ancient report, or add anything of its own? To this a brief answer may be given. The great space between the rock and the wall of the enclosure had by some method to be filled up, and in some parts vaulting seems to be the method employed. A system of spacious vaults, covering an acre, bears the name of Solomon's Stables. By the Knights Templar, at any rate, there seems no doubt they were put to such a purpose, the holes in which rings were fastened being still visible. In other parts, where the rock was found, cisterns have been cut. No less than thirty-five have been explored, the largest—the Great See—being of irregular shape and depth, but with an estimated capacity of three million gallons. It is calculated that all together 'they could

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\* Ephesians ii. 14.

hold about ten million gallons of water, a quantity sufficiently great to supply Jerusalem, in its palmiest days, for more than one year. They are connected by passages, tunnels and innumerable ducts, so that the Temple Hill beneath the surface is honeycombed by a complete network of vaults and cisterns.' At the south-east corner of the platform which occupies the central part of the enclosure, is an ancient tank with a peculiar interest. Captain Warren holds the opinion that over this cistern there stood the Altar of Burnt Offerings. In the South Wall there was discovered a great passage running for seventy feet into the Temple Hill. Between the cistern and the passage it is supposed that a communication existed, and that the passage—called the Blood Passage—carried off the blood of the sacrifices. For further detail, Mr. King's book, or the publications of the Society, must be consulted. Still, it must ever be with interest that we welcome intelligence from a city which has played so marked a part in the world's religious history, in which our Saviour walked, and out of which He went to the place of Crucifixion.

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## WHAT CAME OUT OF THE LITTLE BROWN TEA-POT.

A TRUE STORY.

BY SUSIE V. ANDERSON.

EVERY one in our village of Olverston knew that Annie Rivers and Ellen Parker were inseparable friends. Very opposite were they in character and appearance—Ellen rather slow-going, painstaking, and inclined to look at the dark side of things; Annie quick, bright, cheerful, never depressed, but full of that charity that 'hopeth all things.' Their great bond of union was their love to Christ and His service. I called Olverston a village, but it was one of those rapidly-growing places which almost deserve to be called towns. Elderly people used to talk about green fields and commons, where the clear, fresh air used to send health and rosy faces to the boys and girls always to be found playing there. Now the air is laden with smoke; and though you may find in its season a stray rose or honeysuckle, woe betide the adventurous nose that, seeking for the perfume, gets too near to the flower: it is sure to return from its quest decorated with a delicate black smut. Railways, copper works and chemical works have taken the place of green fields and flowers, the landscape being varied only by long rows of cottages and a few handsome houses where the managers of the works live. Work being plentiful, it was no wonder that fresh people were continually coming into our little town. I think I must say town, for we boast of a reading-room, savings bank, free library, assembly-rooms, a military

*See page 500.*

hair-cutter, and besides many good shops, several churches and chapels.

Of course Annie and Nellie (as Ellen was generally called) attended the same chapel. Their Minister, a hard worker himself, had the gift of making every one else work. He thought that with so many people continually coming into the place, some not particularly attached to any denomination, would be in danger of going to no place of worship. So he divided the place into districts, appointing two people to visit in each district, and especially to call on newcomers and invite them to attend our chapel, unless they preferred some other place of worship. I need not say that Annie and Nellie were partners in this labour of love. There was only one empty house in the row assigned to them, and often as the young girls passed they would wish that some one nice would take it. For months it remained untenanted, when one day Annie came up to Nellie, saying gaily :



'More work for you, dear; the empty house is taken, and there is such a scrubbing and cleaning going on!'

'Well, let them get settled, Annie,' Nellie replied; 'and then we will call.' 'Yes, we will allow them a week, but then I shall be away; you know mother and I are off on a visit to Aunt Mary. Poor Nellie, you must go alone; I am so sorry for you!' But as she spoke, a merry twinkle danced in her eyes. She knew Nellie, with her timid disposition, had a great dislike to calling on strangers alone. A week passed. It was time for Nellie to make her call. It caused her many a heart-beat. But the cross had to be taken up, and our Master never calls us to service and then refuses His help. When she got to the house she found the door shut and the blind drawn down. The woman was out. In a day or two she called again, with a like result. Several times she repeated the call, and once or twice she felt sure she could hear a stealthy movement in the house. But her knocking, loud and long though it was, remained unanswered. One day she called on the person who lived opposite, who said: 'I have seen you call at Mrs. Stacy's opposite several times, Miss. I told her you had been, but she only said: "She can save herself the trouble; I don't want none of them chapel-folks about me. I sha'n't open the door."' Nellie felt very sorry and very much discouraged, and wondered how it was when she had prayed so much about the woman she should prove so difficult to reach.

On the first Sunday after her friend's return, as they were walking home together after school, Nellie told her all her troubles, ending with: 'You may do what you like, but I can't call again. You may depend, it is a bad case. The woman living opposite says she never goes to a place of worship, and she is always taking big bottles or jars to the *Collier's Rest* at the end of the row.' Annie listened very sympathetically, and then seemed lost in thought. They walked along some time in silence, then suddenly Annie exclaimed: 'Nellie, let us go together to-morrow morning about eleven o'clock.' 'Why Annie,' Nellie replied, 'that would be the worst time we could possibly go. It is sure to be her washing-day, and she will be cross if we hinder her.' 'That is part of my plan,' said Annie brightly. 'She will not dream of visitors so early. She will be busy washing, and will come to the door without first looking through the window, and we can take her by surprise. We must trust her temper to God: let us both pray about it.' Not at all convinced as to the wisdom of the plan, Nellie rather reluctantly consented to go, and arranged for Annie to call for her the next morning at half-past ten o'clock. Both girls had to be up early in order to spare time for a morning visit. Annie had an invalid mother to take care of, and took in



dress-making to earn their living; while Nellie kept house for her father and three big brothers, her mother having died about two years previously.

Annie was punctual, and on Monday morning, when Nellie was upstairs getting ready, she heard her merry voice: 'Nellie, are you ready?' 'Nearly, Annie,' was the answer, 'come up;' and then they had what they called a 'little prayer-meeting.' They were very definite in their prayers that morning, asking that the woman might be inclined to like them, that so she might the more easily be led to receive their message; then they prayed for wisdom, for right words, and for courage. They were both of them strengthened by their little meeting, and set out feeling that God was with them. As they had thought, it was Mrs. Stacy's washing-day. She must have been up early, for they could see clothes out drying. The door was half open—a token for good, they thought,—and through it they had a peep at Mrs. Stacy without attracting her attention. She was sitting by a little round table, on which was spread a clean white cloth, with a cup and saucer, plate, bread and butter, sugar-basin, cream-jug, and last, though not least in importance, a small brown tea-pot.

The room was beautifully clean; everything that could be made bright was as bright as it could be made. Mrs. Stacy was leaning back in an arm-chair indulging in 'forty winks.' Her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her hands sodden and wrinkled with the hot water. The apron that she had been wearing during her washing was thrown over a line to dry. She, with her love of cleanliness and order that the room bespoke, had put a clean one on before sitting down to her lunch. The sound of Annie's rather decided knock disturbed her slumbers. She started from her chair and came a step or two towards the door, nodding rather stiffly as she did so to her visitors, and was beginning to say: 'And pray what can I do for you?' when Annie interrupted her by holding out her hand and saying: 'O, Mrs. Stacy, I am so glad you are in; my friend here, Nellie Parker, has called so many times to see you, and never been able to get a word with you; and we did so want to tell you how glad we are that the empty house is taken at last, and to bid you welcome.' Here Nellie chimed in, offering her hand, and saying kindly that she hoped she was comfortable and liked the place. All this was so different from what Mrs. Stacy expected from 'chapel-folk,' that her manner began to thaw. She placed chairs and asked them to sit down. They did not need a second invitation, and were soon engaged in a lively conversation about the place and Mrs. Stacy's last home.

Annie had been sitting rather quietly, her eyes fixed on the table. She had a wonderful faculty of noticing little things which

generally escaped other people's eyes. Presently she drew her chair up to the table, saying: 'I am afraid, Mrs. Stacy, that we have disturbed you at your lunch. Do you mind giving me a cup of tea? I am so thirsty, and then you will be obliged to go on too.' With a nervous gesture Mrs. Stacy took the little tea-pot, and placed it on the hob, saying quickly: 'No, indeed, you can't have tea, I have no milk in the house.' 'O!' said Annie, 'I can take my tea without milk. Don't you trouble, let me reach a cup off that pretty dresser, and I will pour out the tea, too, if you like.' Nellie was so astonished at her friend's coolness that she could not speak, but only gazed with astonishment at Mrs. Stacy, over whose face had spread a deep flush; indeed, anger, defiance and shame all struggled for mastery. At last Annie broke the painful silence: 'Poor dear Mrs. Stacy, are you so ashamed of drinking porter that you are obliged to put it into a tea-pot to make it look like tea?' Then Nellie guessed the truth. It wasn't tea that came out of the little brown tea-pot, but *porter*!

Mrs. Stacy by this time was very angry, and she answered with great energy: 'It is none of your business, you interfering husseys; be gone, both of you, and never darken my doors again!' But the two girls had prayed for courage, and they were not to be easily frightened. They stood up to go, but Annie said very gently: 'It is our business. Our Minister sent us to invite you to chapel, and I believe God sent us, and we have prayed a great deal for you, since we knew we had to come and see you.' Mrs. Stacy seemed amazed; the right chord had been touched; her eyes filled with tears as she answered: 'Well, I have not had any one to pray for me for many years, not since my mother died; and now as you both seem kind-like sort of lassies, I will tell you why I put the porter into the tea-pot. My husband is a hard drinker, but never gets drunk. He can take a deal without his showing it; but my head is weak-like, and a little makes me queer, then it angers my husband, and I have no peace with him if he sees me drinking a glass, so I put it into the tea-pot if I think he is about, so as for him not to know.' 'But, Mrs. Stacy,' Nellie interrupted, 'we called especially to invite you to come to chapel. You have not settled on a place of worship since you came here, have you? We should be so pleased to see you and your husband, if you will come to ours. I am sure you would soon get to feel at home.'

Mrs. Stacy only shook her head. 'My husband,' she said, 'does not hold with going to church or chapel, and he won't like me to go without him; but you can come and see him if you like.' 'Well, Mrs. Stacy,' said Annie, boldly, 'we will. What time is he in in the evening?' 'He comes home to tea at six, and does not go out much

after.' 'We will come about half-past six, then, if that will do.' They then wished Mrs. Stacy good-morning, and returned to their homes, feeling very thankful that God had answered their prayers so far, at any rate, as to make a woman willing to receive them.

Many prayers for help went up before they started for their evening visit. They found Stacy and his wife waiting their arrival, tea finished, and all looking clean and tidy. The man received them rather gruffly, saying: 'I had a mind to go out before you came, but missus said you were only bits of lassies, so I thought I would not be afraid of you.' Certainly they were neither of them very venerable; but when people have turned twenty, they do not think of themselves as 'bits of lassies.' They had a hearty laugh, in which their friends joined; and that laugh seemed to work wonders in making them all feel friendly with each other. Stacy himself opened the conversation: 'So you want me and the missus to go to your chapel, do you? But I want to ask you a question. Why do you take such interest in us? we are entire strangers to you.' 'O!' said Annie, her eyes sparkling with joy, 'it is because we love the Lord Jesus Christ so much, and are so happy ourselves, that we want all the people we know to love Him and be happy too.' 'How do you know that we don't love Him?' 'Because you don't honour Him; you go to the *Collier's Rest* instead of going to God's house; and you don't pray to Him or serve Him in any way.'

Much more was said. Annie seemed inspired with heavenly wisdom; and so lovingly and sweetly did she talk, that both Stacy and his wife were melted to tears. Then she took out her little Testament, and read that wonderful chapter, the third of St. John's Gospel, reading over and over again the verse: '*God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;*' and then they knelt and prayed that God would bless them and bring them to Himself. When they rose from their knees Mrs. Stacy was completely overcome. Annie, quickly seizing her opportunity, took out of the little basket she carried on her arm two pledge-cards. 'Now,' she said, 'before we came to see you, we both prayed very much about you, and I seemed to hear God's voice saying to me: "Certainly I will be with thee," and "According to your faith be it unto you;" so I had lots of faith, you see, and brought these pledge-cards with me ready for you to sign. Will you both think about it, and pray about it? If you sign the pledge and keep it, you will be so much happier. May we call to-morrow evening and hear your decision?' 'Well,' said Stacy, 'there's no harm in that, wife, is there? I believe it is all true what these young women have been saying, and I would like to see them again.'

O, how thankful they felt, how wonderful it seemed to them that God had condescended to bless their efforts so abundantly! Still Annie was not satisfied. 'One thing more,' she said, 'you will let us call for you next Sunday morning to take you to chapel, won't you?' They could not get a promise, but had to be contented with an evasive: 'Well, we'll see about it, and let you know again.' The next evening when they called they had the joy of seeing the pledge-cards signed. The good seed sown in much fear was taking root. Before they left, both Mr. and Mrs. Stacy promised to let them call for them the next Sunday morning. Many times during the intervening days their faith was hardly strong enough to believe that their new friends would really keep their promise; but when on the Sunday they called, they found them quite ready, and apologizing for giving them so much trouble. There was no need to assure them that it was a pleasure, and no trouble, their faces must have shown it. Annie's did at any rate; how radiantly happy she looked! After the service was over, Mr. Stacy said: 'Your Minister is the right sort. I shall come again;' and hurriedly left the chapel. In the evening, they were again both of them there. Of course, Nellie and Annie had told their Minister all about their friends, and he had done much to encourage them.

During the ensuing week, one evening he called at Stacy's house, saying he had seen fresh faces in chapel, and had called to bid them welcome. Nothing was said about any previous visit, but before the Minister left, Stacy said: 'I should like to take two sittings in your chapel, please, Sir, if you will tell me how I am to get them.' The necessary information was given. The seats were secured. Months have passed away. Stacy's house is opened once a week for a cottage-meeting. He and his wife are both members of Society and humble followers of Christ. Stacy says sometimes he is very thankful that those bits of lassies ever called to see him; and Mrs. Stacy says: 'Ah, the right sort of stuff comes out of the little brown tea-pot now, and you can come and have a cup of tea as often as you like!'

One word to all those engaged in similar work in the Master's service: 'Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.'

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## A WASTED LIFE.

BY ANNIE E. COURTENAY.

WHAT is it I hear you saying ? yes, I am very old,  
 My hair is gray with the touch of years, and once it was like the gold.  
 What have I done with this long, long life ? O, question so full of pain !  
 Ask of me rather what would I do, could I live it o'er again.

What did I do with the morning, the sweet, fresh morning hours ?  
 Ah me ! I was chasing butterflies and sporting amid the flowers ;  
 Life seemed to be so long and bright, I ne'er dreamed it would fly so soon  
 But scarce had the dew of morning dried, when lo, 'twas already noon !

What did I do with my noon-day ? ah ! sadder still to tell,  
 If I had paused to retrieve the past, it might have been almost well ;  
 But ah ! it seemed to be all too late to do what youth had not done,  
 'Twas strangely tempting, so easy, to go on as I had begun.

Swiftly the noon-day deepened, and evening's waning light  
 Is dying amid the shadows that tell me 'twill soon be night ;  
 And I must go out in the darkness, with a harvest of bitter fears,  
 For spring had no buds, and the autumn no fruit in the fading years.

Life with a wealth of unused time, its sands now almost run !  
 Its grandest end all unachieved, its noblest work undone ;  
 It might have been a laurel-wreath to keep my memory green,  
 It might have been so pure, so fair, my life ! it might have been !

Sometimes when heart is weary, and I can no longer weep,  
 Oblivion steals my senses, and wraps me in blissful sleep ;  
 The years roll back, I am young again, in the gladsome long ago,  
 And with earnest hands I am sowing, the seed that I did not sow.

All through the glad, fresh morning I'm working with heart and will,  
 The glowing noon-day cometh, to find me at labour still ;  
 And every day I am reaping the fruit of some earnest thought,  
 And golden issues of noble deeds, these idle hands have wrought.

Hearts that I have not gladdened, now bless me as I pass on ;  
 I hear them lovingly whisper how they'll miss me when I am gone !  
 They say that my name will die never, when lo ! with the day's first beam,  
 I awake to the old, old anguish, and find it is but a dream !

O Life ! thou trust God-given, thou hallowed, priceless dower,  
 So fleeting that 'tis counted sin to waste e'en one brief hour,  
 O Life ! so full of blessing, I lay me down unblest,  
 They will close the eyes, they will fold the hands, that have not earned their rest.

No glad ' Well done ' to greet me, as I pass to the spirit-land !  
 No victor's spoil, no golden sheaves to carry in my hand !  
 And must I go thus from the busy throng ? O God ! for another life ;  
 O God ! for time, and heart, and strength, to join in the earnest strife.

Hark ! what is that ? a low, sad voice, and methinks I hear it say :  
 ' Not many lives hath man to live ; one, only one brief day ; '  
 Fainter and fainter grows the light, never to brighten more,  
 Farewell, O wasted life ! farewell ! thy ' one brief day ' is o'er.

## A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRABTREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE END OF THE CONFLICT.

'Pilgrim's Progress.....the only sure sort.'

THE doors of Shirlcot Wesleyan chapel were set wide open to the cool air of the June evening, for a popular Local-preacher was in the pulpit, and the straight, bare pews were filled with hearers from all the little hamlets within two miles.

The doors of the Shirlcot Society of Progress were closed, had been closed all day, for some reason unknown to the half-dozen who attended 'the master's chapel.' Was he ill? was he away? was he tired of lecturing? Nobody knew which guess to fix upon, until, in the evening, after 'chapel went in,' he was seen sauntering down the lane. This seemed to indicate that he had grown tired of his experiment, and that the fine Institute which had been talked about would most likely never be seen.

One or two women, nursing children in little garden-plots while their husbands were either at chapel or lounging about the Shirlcot lanes, saw the master come down from Holywell and turn away towards Shirlcot village: some of the loafers in the village, waiting for the public-houses to open, saw him pause at the chapel, and lean against a paling opposite to it, while a loud hymn-chorus sent its rise and fall through the open doors and down the cindery road. Those who had the curiosity to watch long enough, saw the master cross the road and enter the lobby of the square box-building. 'Here's a lark!' they said one to another; 'th' infidel master's going to hear old Evans. Wont th' chapel folk stare!'

He knew quite well that they would stare; so they might, if they chose; he had his own reasons for what he did. He wanted to see how the concern looked, and hear how these Preachers talked once more; it was a long time since he was inside a Methodist chapel. Especially, he had a notion to see if Tim were there, and how *he* looked after last night. To think that he, Roger Haigh, should have wrung the neck of his own purpose and deeply offended his sister,—all to please Joshua Wanstall the Methodist and further his plans. It seemed to him, as he viewed his doings in the light of Sarah Maria's bitter, silent reproach, that he must have gone cracked.

But then certain impressions returned and seized him with increasing, not lessening force. He had been demented—that was it—

and was only now beginning to see his folly, his stupendous, unutterable folly. Joshua was not a clever fellow, perhaps, but he was doing better for the world than this smart charter-master; ay, the stupidest member of that Methodist Society had more sense than he with his 'Society of Progress.' He felt like setting fire to those rooms of his, and burning every brick to ashes.

Well, but he needn't have snatched that child from his sister last night and put it within Tim's reach in such a hurry; Sarah Maria would never forgive him, and Tim might go to the bad, in spite of all, and drag the bairn down again. Suppose he were not at the chapel to-night, with Joshua? There was another reason for going across and looking at the congregation.

'I'm right sorry for Sarah Maria, but she mun come round to the change. I wer bound to do as I did—*she* would say so, for sure. Ay, I'll tell her all about it, and if Tim sticks in t' dirt yet, happen she would come and hold out a hand to him, for Willy's sake?'

This was his thought, this and something more, as he crossed the road and stepped quietly within the chapel, where by this time the Preacher had given out his text and got into his sermon. There were no dim corners in the square, straight place, so Haigh kept in the lobby for the most part, only stealing a glance round the inner doorway now and then in search of Tim.

*And Jehu the son of Nimshi drove furiously:* that seemed to be the text: a motto for a crude but telling parable of the Sinner's Gallop to Hell. In part, it was, as Haigh said to himself, 'red-hot dross;' again, just as he was about to turn away, came a bit of real insight, an arrow of humour or truth that went right home to the conscience, as the arrow of Jehu pierced to the heart of the flying king. There were fifty faults, no doubt.

Had Miss Paget been there, she would have been distressed by the loose grammar, and the rough, slap-dash allegorizing. But for Haigh, the loose grammar did not trouble him; even the crude, rough representations that would have provoked him at any previous time, did not disturb him to-night. There was something beyond all this which it behoved him to come upon and understand. Here was a man who saw 'the tremendous meaning' of human life and Divine Providence, who, standing on the edge of the gulf that yawned before the careless and the froward, warned them back from it with all his might, with a vehemence that did not stay to choose words. As he uttered his cry, the spiritual power of the prophet seized that unseen listener as it seized the rest, and made him hearken as they hearkened.

It was one of Evans's grand nights. He had been hearing some

report of recent doings in Shirlcot, and had come with the resolution to be very 'faithful' and pointed. The close-packed congregation, larger than a fine summer evening usually allowed, had its effect, and the sermon rose by degrees into an impassioned picture of human folly and Divine judgment.

Here, along the broad road, comes a wild crew in a chariot and six, and full of wine and riotousness. Away they go, with a light rein and a heavy whip, and the chariot lurches from side to side as they dash forward in pursuit of a painted wench they call Pleasure, whose pavilion is somewhere along this road. She has invited 'em to sup there to-night and taste her rare wines, and have their fill of dancing with her.

Hullo there, stop, you fools! Don't you know of the dark valley that lies ahead, and the black lake in the bottom of it, where so many have been lost? Don't you know that the road you're going is all down-hill to that valley and that lake, and there's a piece at the end that plunges down such a steep? O, never mind that old Preacher and his croaking! We know that Pleasure has cantered on before, and if we're not quick we'll not overtake her soon enough to get the supper and the dance. Do you think we can't drive down a bit of hill and keep clear of a pond on the way? 'Tis a good road, a broad, smooth road, and there is Pleasure, waving her plume to us in the distance. Drive on, boys; give the horses their heads!

So away they go, and Pleasure is always there at the far-off turn of the road, waving to them, and the chariot sways as it goes, and a loud chorus rises over the rattle of the wheels: it is 'the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.'

Now the banks rise on either side, and dark pines overhang them, and the daylight fades fast; and down, down goes the road into a black hollow. Draw in the horses, Jehu, and stop the chorus, boys, till we get through this. Ah, what a pace! clap on the brake! this road's too smooth to be so steep. Pleasure, can't you show a light?

'Ha-ha! a light, a light!' laughs a mocking voice in the wood; and at that moment there's a crash and a terrible cry: 'Lost, lost!' as the chariot goes down into the deep and the waters close over it.

Roger had been gradually drawn inside, and was leaning against the wooden partition of the lobby. Intent as he was on the speaker, it was not the intentness of a man whose own history was being rehearsed, and his eyes now and again dropped upon the close ranks of up-turned heads that filled the chapel. In one of these moments he discovered amongst the side-seats where the faces were visible to



him, Joshua and Susan, and beside them a brown-haired, clean-shaven, neatly-made young fellow, with a pretty child on his arm, whose fair locks he kept smoothing with one hand, while eye and ear were fixed to the Preacher. Not one word did he lose, for it seemed to be his own story that was told. He was one of that wild crew, and the road would end at the broken bridge and the black pool in Cratley Dingle. Closer and closer he hugged the child, quicker and quicker went his hand over the little head that leaned against his breast. She's here, mind, and she's not to be lost! Stop those horses, and let him out! Ah, that cry! Again he feels the sickening plunge and the cold suffocation, and he springs up:

'Hi! Pull me out! I've got th' little un here!'

There was a pause, a stir, a voice here and there:

'So He will, brother; only believe!' 'Praise the Lord, there's one out!' and immediately the chapel resounded with the hymn:

'Jesu, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

\* \* \* \*

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee I find!  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and Holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.'

Then came prayers, with a running chorus that sometimes covered the leading voice; then singing again:

'Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?'

and again prayers, fervent, importunate pleading for and with the man who knelt in the midst of it all, resolved not to leave that spot until he felt himself 'pulled out,' and set within a sure place. Things had come to a crisis. God and the devil had been contending for his soul, and the devil had very nearly won last night; but God sent Bessy in. Yes, it were very near. O Lord, save me, pull me out of the pit, and I will be Thy man!

It was a tourney they were all engaged in. Christ had come down into the lists, and was doing battle with Apollyon for a man's soul; and it was the man himself who must decide the issue, and whether his Champion should win the battle for him. Would his fixed and vehement desire be on the side of his glorious Champion, the victory

was certain ; and the cry went up : ‘ Only believe, brother ! He is able, He is willing ! Bless the Lord, He saves to the uttermost ! ’

It was such a scene as he who leant against the partition at the bottom of the chapel had often witnessed, and often had his gibe at. To-night, confused and rude as it was, it woke no gibe in his mind. Something in his own nature responded to the heat of the conflict, and he waited for the final thrust.

The evening rays faded ; dusk wrapt the lanes and mounds without ; a feeble lamp here and there at the upper end of the chapel made it dimly visible to the watcher in the dark back-ground. Evans himself was praying, while the pleading, urging chorus held on. Suddenly a sharp high note of ‘ Glory, hallelujah ! ’ rang through all, and a figure leapt above the rest, waving a hand.

‘ Glory to Jesus ! I believe Him ! I’m His man, and He’s my Saviour ! ’

And next moment a song of thanksgiving rang forth into the twilight of the Sabbath evening :

‘ Now I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul’s anchor may remain,  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world’s foundation slain ;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

‘ Father, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far,  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste and live.

As the last word, ‘ Loved with an everlasting love,’ died away, Roger Haigh slipped out of the chapel and went away up the lane towards Joshua’s house. He would have a word with Tim, but not in a crowd.

They came at last, Tim carrying Bessy, and singing loud the last verse of the hymn :

‘ Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth’s foundations melt away ;  
Mercy’s full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.’

‘ Ay, Tim, art sure of that ? ’ said the master’s voice in the darkness.  
‘ Why, Sir,’ replied the man, too full of the new fact to be taken.

aback ; ' why, Sir, if 't weren't everlasting love how would I a got any on't? 'Twould a bin all used up long ago ! '

There was no immediate reply, and Joshua had time to find a word drawn from his beloved parable :

' Seems to be some real progress, here, Sir—" Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." It be the only sure sort.'

' A surer sort than mine, I hope, anyhow ; for that hasn't seemed to do much. Thou mun hold on now, lad ! '

' So I will, Sir ; and d'ye see, the Lord 'll hold on to me, and He's mighty strong ! " Loved with an everlasting love," Sir ! '

Clasping Bessy close, Tim went on his way through the summer night, singing as he went, and the master took *his* way through the dimness of lonely lanes, toward Holywell.

' Everlasting love ! ' Ah, that did give ' a pull ' over men ! If once they woke up and laid hold of that, anything might be done. He began to see what it was that such a creature as Tim wanted. Not merely somebody to tug and sweat and pull him out of the pig-sty ; nobody could do that, unless Tim was anxious to get out. And what could make him anxious ? The promise of a few days of decent comfortable existence in ' a free house and garden ? ' Evidently not ; that cost more trouble than 'twas worth. Let's have our beer while we can get it ; and let that rubbish of improving the world alone. 'Twill all be the same a hundred years hence !

But tear away the veil of unbelief ; reveal the awful abyss, the splendid heights that lie so close to the daily paths of men, right before their feet, and speak of progress now ! Now the word has meaning and life. Forward to the heights where Righteousness and Love meet and kiss each other ! Forward to the far-off spiritual city where the bridal of Earth and Heaven shall be !

Is it to this ' far-off divine event ' the whole creation moves with action slow, indeed, yet sublimely certain ? Then verily,

' I am t' biggest, mischievoust fool in England ; I am that ! ' is a conclusion the strong, eager man must needs come to. What was it that Martin had said to him once ? ' I am not afraid ; you will be controlled and over-ruled ; and some day you will feel God besetting you behind and before, and laying His hand upon you ; and you will *have* to believe and submit ! '

Martin was right ; what he foretold was coming to pass. Ah ! *he* had not wasted some of the best years of his life in a mischievous rebellion.

Roger went into the house at Holywell. His sister had gone to her room and he went to his, but there was no sleep for him, and in the first glimmer of dawn he slipped out and went away across the

moorland brow and along the heights above the Wyvern, while Joshua's word still sounded in his ear:

'Progress from this world to the next, the only sure sort.'

Progress from the earthly toward the spiritual, from the vile toward the holy, from the wilderness of trial and probation toward the eternal Land of Promise. As the dawn crept mistily over the sky and the far-stretching country woke to life, so the dawn of God's great day began in the soul of His creature.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Very well, Roger; if it's thy will, so it mun be!'

Sarah Maria folded her arms, looked out of the window, and spoke in a dead level tone. She was very pale, and her eyes had a singular darkness in them.

Roger walked to the other small lozenged window and threw back the casement. He would rather she had been angry and spoken sharply or even contemptuously.

'I know it's hard upon thee, and I don't expect it to be aught else for a good bit. It's hard upon myself, for t' matter o' that. But when a fellow's going full steam on a siding and 'll be toppling right off t' end in a jiffy, t' sooner he reverses t' engine t' better, I reckon.'

'In short, thou'rt converted, and art bound to join t' Society,' she said, with more of a sneer than before. 'Old Evans has made thee believe in hell, after all.'

'Nay, Sarah Maria, but a bairn has made me believe in God!'

The keen face flushed and quivered. He leaned through the casement amongst the drooping ivy-sprays, and there was silence in the room.

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## IN MEMORY OF MRS. THORNLEY SMITH,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST, AUGUST 28TH, 1884.

REVELATION VII. 15-17. The last text she read from her Bible.

THEY—the redeemed, shall never hunger more,

They—the redeemed, shall never thirst again;

The Lamb doth feed them from His boundless store,

And by the living waters they remain.

On them the sun lights not, nor any heat,

All tears are wiped for ever from their eyes;

They stand before the dazzling throne complete,

Upon the sea of glass, in glad surprise.

Washed in the precious blood of Christ their Lord,

In them God's piercing eye beholds no fault;

They prove the truth of His eternal Word,

They fill with joyful songs heaven's highest vault.



Thrice blessed hope ! and she hath gained it now,  
Her Christian life so beautiful and bright ;  
And we to Thy sweet will, O Saviour, bow,  
For in this evening-time there still is light.

In light she walked on earth, though sometimes dim ;  
No dimness now,—she walks in clearer light ;  
Things are not, as on earth, they often seem,  
The vision breaks—and then, the rapturous sight !

Farewell beloved one, only for awhile,  
We all shall meet again on that blest shore  
Where foes can never enter to beguile,  
Where those we love, are loved for evermore.

The paradise of God ! O glorious home !  
The conquerors wave the noble palm-branch there,  
Waiting, expectant, till their friends shall come  
Their pure triumphant blessedness to share.

T. S.

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WORDS OF SOUND COUNSEL.

BY DR. ALDOM.

**LET** the object of your life be worthy.

He that fishes in an empty pond will find nothing.

**Seek** to establish a good character.

Gain gotten with an ill name is real loss.

The Devil will go away if he finds the door shut against him.

**Never** trust to the flattery of others.

Your looking-glass will tell you what your friends will not.

**Avoid** gaming.

The best throw of the dice, is to throw them away.

**Govern** your temper.

Before giving way to anger always have a good reason for being angry

**Talk** little and do much.

Shallow brooks are noisy ; deep rivers move with silent majesty.

Give your tongue more holidays than your hands or eyes.

**Let** every day's engagements be the subject of sober reflection.

Learn to live as you would wish to die.

Make the best use of time if you have any regard for eternity.

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A BUDDHIST PARABLE.

**A** CERTAIN man had a son who went away into a far country.  
There he became miserably poor. The father, however, grew  
rich, and accumulated much gold and treasure, and many store-houses

and elephants. But he tenderly loved his lost son, and secretly lamented that he had no one to whom to leave his palaces and souvenirs at his death. After many years, the poor man, in search of food and clothing, happened to come to the country where his father had great possessions. And when he was afar off his father saw him, and reflected thus in his mind: 'If I at once acknowledge my son, and give him my gold and treasures, I shall do him a great injury. He is ignorant and undisciplined; he is poor and brutalised. With one of such miserable inclinations, 'twere better to educate the mind little by little. I will make him one of my hired servants.'

Then the son, famished and in rags, arrived at the door of his father's house; and seeing a great throne upraised, and many followers doing homage to him who sat upon it, was awed by the pomp and the wealth around. Instantly he fled once more to the highway. 'This,' he thought, 'is the home of the poor man. If I stay at the palace of the King, perhaps I shall be thrown into prison.' Then the father sent messengers after this son, who was caught and brought back, in spite of his cries and lamentations. When he reached his father's house, he fell down fainting with fear, not recognising his father, and believing he was about to suffer some cruel punishment. The father ordered his servants to deal tenderly with the poor man, and sent two labourers of his own rank of life to engage him as a servant on his estate. They gave him a broom and a basket, and engaged him to clean up the dung-heap at a double wage. From the window of his palace the rich man watched his son at his work; and, disguising himself as a poor man, and covering his limbs with dust and dirt, he approached his son, and said: 'Stay here, good man, and I will provide you with food and clothing. You are honest—you are industrious. Look upon me as your father.' After many years, the father felt his end approaching, and he summoned his son and the officers of the King, and announced to them the secret that he had so long kept.

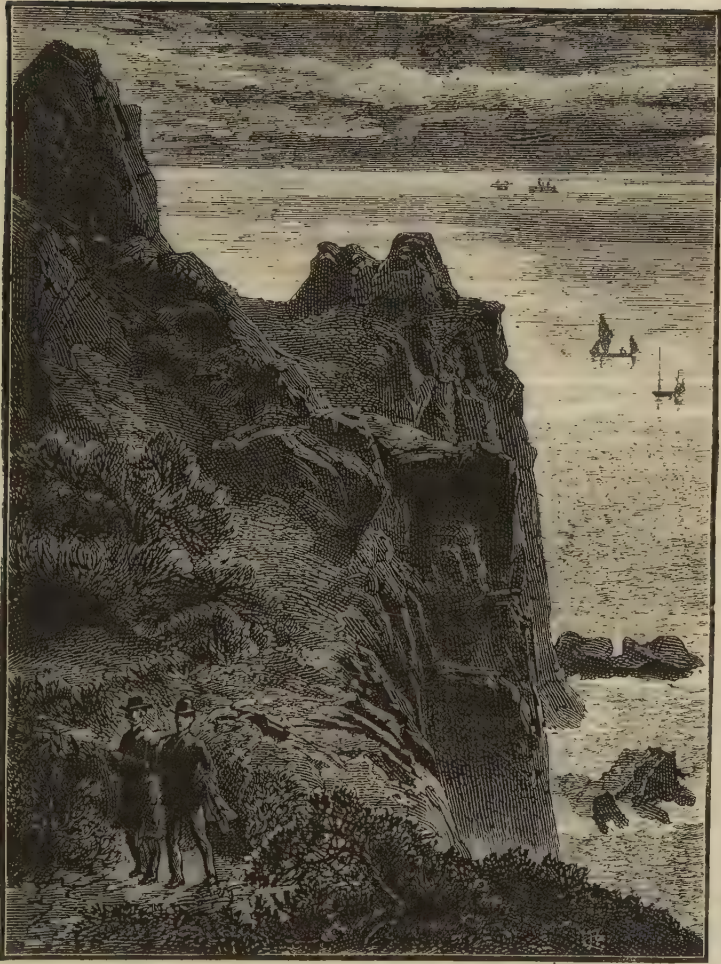
The poor man was really his son who had wandered away from him; and now that he was conscious of his former debased condition, and was able to appreciate and retain vast wealth, he was determined to hand over to him his entire treasures. The poor man was astonished at this sudden change of fortune; but overjoyed at meeting his father once more.\*

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\* This parable is quoted from Mr. A. Lillie's *Popular Life of Buddha*. The reader will notice many points of likeness to, and many of contrast with, our Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son.

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A RAMBLE IN CORNWALL AND NORTH DEVON.

BY T. P. GRAY, F.R.A.S.

SLOWLY the train glided out of the busy terminus, and slowly we began to realize that a long-thought-of expedition had at last commenced, and that we were on our way to prove the oft-told praises of the south-west coast, feeling quite rich with a whole fortnight before us of blank days that we were to fill up with many delightful hours to be spent 'with the hollow rocks and sparry caves and mystic waves and music-murmuring winds' of Cornwall and

North Devon. When we had arranged our knapsacks in the rack to the satisfaction of our somewhat particular minds and, settling ourselves comfortably, had taken a survey of the carriage which was to be our home for more than twelve hours, we began to steal quiet opportunities for examining our fellow-passengers. And first, through their happy and rather loud voices, our attention was quite taken up with two tourists, whose carefully-strapped knapsacks showed them to be companions of the road, and our interest was not a little increased when we caught portions of an animated conversation about their Sunday-school work on the previous day. So we 'made friends,' and learned that they were going over part of our route, but in an opposite direction; and when we parted, a few hours after, it was with many assurances of meeting again soon. And we did meet again in about a week, on the side of a very steep hill near Bude, greeting each other like friends of many years; and shall we reveal, since one cannot walk always even on a walking tour, that we were both in jingles; which, be it said for the benefit of the uninitiated, are a kind of wagonette, with only two wheels, and very uncomfortable.

There was also in our carriage a youth in a gorgeously tasselled black-and-gold smoking-cap, who was almost constantly asleep. The helpless obedience which his head, and at times his body too, rendered to the law of gravitation, first on one side and then on the other, caused much amusement and some indignant looks on behalf of a fashionably-dressed young lady, seated next to him very stiffly and withal not a little troubled at his increasing oscillations. At length he left us. 'I wonder where he is going to?' some one asked. 'To sleep,' said a voice; and we all laughed.

The steep streets of Penzance, which we reached that night about ten o'clock, dimly lighted as they were by the flickering gas-lamps, made our first impressions of the town strange, but by no means unpleasant.

After proceeding from Penzance through a desolate region of disused mines, by the afternoon of the next day we were standing at the Land's End. We had been told to prepare ourselves for disappointment here; we did so, and consequently we were *not* disappointed. This, too, was our first day, and how readily everything is delightful on the first day of a holiday! It is true that we soon saw far grander rocks; and about these cliffs there was in places a painfully artificial appearance caused by the cubiform blocks of rocks, as if nature had deigned to imitate the works of men, and had built the coast with enormous brick-shaped stones. We were also jokingly sceptical about its being the Land's End; and we could not help thinking how entirely

we depended on the assurances of others ; from all we could see, it might have been any other part of the coast. At the clean village of St. Buryan we stopped to examine the peculiarly carved wooden screen in the church ; and on one of the tombstones we found an epitaph which, although, like many a similar production, not very sublime in its poetry, is perhaps sufficiently curious to justify insertion :

‘ Our life is but a summer’s day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest only sups and goes to bed :
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.’ 1807.

Near here is the well-known Logan Rock : an immense boulder, but so balanced that it can be moved by the hand. We were told that a certain Lieutenant Goldsmith, in defiance, probably, of some legendary belief that the rock was supernaturally guarded and could not be thrown down, with the aid of the boat’s crew belonging to his vessel, succeeded in upsetting it. But the popular superstition was not to be so readily disposed of, and such bitter complaints reached those in authority, that the unfortunate lieutenant was offered the choice of either replacing the stone or resigning his commission. Choosing the former, and being granted the use of machinery from Devonport Dockyard, he, after much difficulty and at the sacrifice, it is said, of his fortune, poised the Logan Rock once more on its pedestal, and appeased the injured feelings of the people.

We returned to Penzance in time to watch the numberless pleasure-boats on the smooth sea, and the fine, bold outline of Mount’s Bay, and the soft hues of evening shedding a faint and ghostly light over fair St. Michael’s Mount.

The next evening found us at the Lizard, and darkness caught us stumbling along the summit of the lofty cliffs, guided by the almost blinding rays of the electric light streaming from the lanterns of the light-house, and by the more helpful whitened stones set up at intervals to mark the coast-guards’ path. The inexorable tide compelled us to rise at half-past five on the following morning and hurry to Kynance Cove, where, however, we were well repaid by a beautiful scene, and an immense appetite. In this otherwise quiet and most secluded spot, there occurs at times a phenomenon whose liveliness and noisy energy seem altogether too frivolous for such solemn surroundings : this very remarkable feature is equally unfortunate in the name which has fallen to its lot, one quite out of place in so romantic a region, ‘ the blow-hole.’ On one side is a wide-mouthed cave, where the waves thunder in, and at the end, on the

other side of the rock, the compressed air dashes back through a crevice a volume of water which the swelling sea pours down at certain stages of the tide; then as the wave retires, the hissing air will suck greedily in anything held at the aperture. A smaller and oblong hole a few feet off bears the title of 'The Post Office,' to which visitors sometimes climb and hold pieces of paper to be snatched from their hand and carried as messages to the waves in the darkness of the cavern. If sufficiently rash or credulous to 'await the answer,' you are presently rewarded by a forceful and very drenching outburst, much to the delight of the guide, who will certainly be cruel enough to make use of the incident for the amusement of his future parties. On the smooth sand, bearing only the foot-prints of ocean, rest rugged boulders, detached and strangely marked, like the cliffs behind them, with the hues of the serpentine rock. Here on a huge and grass-covered mass, twice daily by the tide made an island, grow slender stems of asparagus by the side of the flowers of the sea.

As we sat and heard the cries of the sea-gulls and cormorants, and listened to the voices of the waves and wondered at the wildness of the rocks, we thought that surely those whose lives glided away beside such beauties would live in greater peacefulness and be nobler at heart than the men of cramped and smoky towns; yet as we walked home with our guide, we were told that the little village, lying within the sound of the sea, was divided into two factions, which, over some scholastic dispute, were quarrelling with each other as sincerely as if they had been in a country of the most uninteresting flatness. That very disagreeable proverb—disagreeable perhaps because it is sometimes so very true—that 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' appeared to have some foundation here. At least that lesson, which in life is ever repeated, came with fuller force, that not nature, however lovely, but only God Himself, can bring to us a constant love of God.

We spent the night at Falmouth, and the next morning steamed up the Fal to Truro. Charming were the marvellously lake-like appearances caused by the many abrupt windings of the river and the high, almost mountainous and tree-covered banks, dotted here and there with the most picturesque of mansions, or broken by some fertile valley, holding a quiet creek, or leading a wandering tributary to the larger stream.

Partly driving, partly submitting with some regret to be hurried through lovely scenes by the unrelenting railway, during two days we pushed on by way of nestling Bodmin and quaint Camelford to Tintagel Head and the coast once more, and, to us at least, the ever attractive sea. Soon after leaving Bodmin we saw a most primitive

railway and one of the oldest in Cornwall. Noticing that it crossed the road without gates or protection of any kind, we ventured to suggest to the driver that such a state of things must be somewhat awkward, and even dangerous, for carriages. 'When we hears 'un whistle we pulls up,' was the prompt reply. Now, although this remark was intended and should doubtless have been sufficient to calm our fears for the public welfare, it did not succeed in allaying our curiosity. Then we learnt that 'Th' other week carriage come along and got caught; took off th' end of 'un;' which observation was made in a tone of the coolest indifference, leaving on our minds a strong impression, whether correctly or not, that events of so trifling a nature were matters of too frequent occurrence there to be really worthy of notice, far less of excitement. Amusing accounts followed: how people stopped the passenger-train, which only ran about every other day, as they would an omnibus, by signalling with the hand; and how once a train was delayed that the engine-driver and guard might get over a wall to look at a 'foonerall:' a very popular spectacle in Cornwall.

Near Tintagel, a shepherd, with that disinterested courtesy which we invariably met with from all classes, and which we could not but admire, was acting as our guide and informant generally; he spoke the Cornish dialect in a manner which may best be described as *unintelligibly pure*. Our conversation certainly impressed upon us one fact: that superstition was dying out even in that county of legends. For after telling us, as if he religiously believed them, wondrous impossibilities about the prowess of King Arthur, abruptly returning from mythical regions to stern matter of fact, he added: 'But there, 'tis lies, y' know.' And here we would wish to in some degree acknowledge the many instances of the constant kindness which, alike from the friends of former days and from those who had been strangers until then, ever added to our pleasure and secured a full belief for all that we had heard, and bright additions to what had been partly known, of the generous hospitality of these kindred counties; and where each one was most kind, it matters little that our thanks must needs be expressed in general terms. Tintagel properly consists only of a church and the ruins of King Arthur's Castle, the latter situated partly on a bold and almost sea-girt rock, and partly on the adjoining mainland. To the village is given the pretty name of Trevena, sometimes shortened by the people into Vana.

As from the descending road we first caught sight of the clean houses and the light blue of the sun-lit sea beyond, and the winding coast, on which, like a map of our journey, we traced by the lessening headlands the various halting-places of the coming week, we thought that we had

seen nothing to exceed it in brightness and beauty. But our impatience to be amongst the ruins gave us little rest, and soon we stood in Arthur's Castle. We passed beneath the archway in its grand decay, and let our fancy fill the empty court with men-at-arms and pages holding gaily-coated steeds; we heard the ruined halls resound once more with mirth; and in the quiet garden o'er the sea listened to the gentle voices of the fair; and then we stood 'mid sacred stones, reverent before the altar-slab, thinking of the pious souls who once knelt here in fervent prayer for distant warriors; and tales of fierce-waged wars and knightly goodness and base treachery made time pass swiftly. We left, but came again before the sun had set, and watched his orb dip into the darkening sea with strange and such distorted forms that suited well the weirdness of the place, while all its wondrous fables with the deepening shadows gathered strength. To the mountain sheep we left it for the night; but as we left, turned back, and saw that the dimness had smoothed the rugged edges of the walls and shrouded all the mighty rock with darkest majesty, had covered all defects, and seeming to complete the towers, had done the work of fancy. Once again we came and rested in the little chapel during the stillness of a Sabbath's cloudless afternoon, and then we tore ourselves away.

The little and simply-built church of Tintagel is in a fine and lofty situation close to the sea. Having been told that service commenced at eleven o'clock, we arrived there some minutes before the time, and found ourselves face to face with several members of the congregation in the churchyard, the doors not being open. Eleven o'clock came, and more of the congregation arrived, including the clergyman, a visitor, but still the doors were closed. By a quarter past eleven we were most of us seeking rest by sitting on the tombstones and watching an occasional hat-chase, for it was excessively windy. At last a small boy arrived with the key and let us in; and then the preparations inside were proceeded with very deliberately, and the service was at length commenced, calmly and coolly as if they had been the most punctual people in the world.

(To be concluded.)

FRANCIS METHERALL.*

METHODISTS may well be thankful for the extent and success of our Missionary operations, of our honourable distinction as the largest Missionary Society in the world; but we must gladly

* *The Life of the Rev. Francis Metherall.* By JOHN HARRIS. London: Bible-Christian Book-Room.

recognise the fact that Methodist Missions are not confined to Wesleyan-Methodists. Some of the minor Methodist bodies are working nobly in the foreign field. Among the foremost of these rank the Bible Christians. An interesting record has lately been published of one of their best workers, Francis Metherall, who laboured for more than forty years in Prince Edward's Island.

FRANCIS METHERALL passed the most impressible years of his life without answering to God's repeated calls; but at length, when about twenty-eight years of age, he surrendered, being unable to resist the voice of the Spirit, heard through the powerful preaching of the Rev. James Thorne. He lost no time in setting to work; and three years afterwards was appointed as a regular Minister to the Scilly Isles. The following year, 1823, he removed to Newport, Monmouthshire. Here the new Preacher contrived to be happy in his work, in spite of being harassed, on the one hand, by strife about words and winds of doctrine, raised by some of the members of his congregation; and appalled, on the other, by the drunkenness and ungodliness of the surrounding villages. At one of these places where he had been breaking up new ground, he had to stay at the inn for the night. Some of the company were decidedly the worse for drink, and the new guest warned the landlord against supplying them with more liquor, telling him that he was liable to have his licence taken away if he did so. The remonstrance proved effectual. They had been playing cards, but out of deference to the unusual visitor, the cards were put away, and they began pretty amicably to discuss the question of card-playing. Mr. Metherall secretly wished the cards were burnt. No sooner had the thought crossed his mind than, to his surprise, the landlady arose, and with a resolute air that made the company stare, threw the whole bundle into the fire, declaring that 'they never had a pack of cards before, and they never would again.' At the, to them, unusually early hour of 12.30, the Preacher had the satisfaction of seeing 'the back of the last drunkard.' Then he had prayer with the family, and quietly retired to rest.

But the Preacher's faithfulness was not always so well received. In one village where 'drunkenness and its concomitant evils greatly prevailed,' some wicked men banded together to waylay the Preacher as he returned home one dark night, and throw him into the river. Heretofore, the friends had often asked Mr. Metherall to remain with them for the night, but he had always preferred to return home. This evening, however, he felt that he had better stay, so the dark designs of his enemies were frustrated, and the Minister's life was providentially preserved.

Another time Mr. Metherall determined to carry the war into the

enemy's camp, by holding a revival service at a place called Devauden Green, on Whit-Monday. Every year at this time there had been held 'a large, uproarious revel.' The custom had been handed down from the times of the Druids, when the people met to commemorate the triumph of the sun-god over the storm and gloom of the winter. The religious observance ceased with Pagan times; but the feasting, carousing and drunkenness went on unhindered. Yet in the midst of all this when the earnest Minister and his brethren, the Local-preachers, 'reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' many trembled; 'the arm of the Lord was laid bare; sinners began to cry aloud for mercy; the ungodly appeared as if thunder-struck; and the people of God rejoiced abundantly.' But the Preacher's eloquence received a sudden check, for he felt the chair on which he stood raised in the air, and borne along towards a deep pool of water. His friends were pushed aside by the mob, who declared they would throw the Preacher into the water. With this intent they began to swing the chair to and fro, shouting, 'one, two'—at the third swing he was to be thrown in—'three,' shouted their leader. But the Preacher was more than a match for them, and quietly leaped from the chair on to the dry ground. He had not calculated the effect upon the men who held the chair, who, by the momentum of their own swing and the sudden lightening of their weight, were plunged headlong into the pool. 'I felt my soul very happy in the Lord,' says Mr. Metherall; 'and although they partly rent my coat from my back, and endeavoured to throw me into the pool, I felt nothing but love to their souls. O, may the Lord grant them repentance unto life!'

In his other Circuits Mr. Metherall laboured with the same earnestness. In Portsmouth he records: 'This has been a wearisome Sabbath: I walked nine miles to my appointments; I had no house to which I could go between the meetings, so I walked the roads till meeting-time; when my work was done I returned home the same distance. The Lord was very good to me, He gave me strength according to my day.' Another time, when he had been preaching to 'a people that were very dark,' the good man, after three ineffectual attempts to secure a night's lodging, was forced to seek the dubious shelter of a hay-mow. 'It was unpleasant to the flesh,' he says; 'but I was as happy in my mind as if I was on a bed of down. I had a bad cold, and feared it would become worse, but in the morning I was much better than I had been for many days.'

All this hardness qualified the good soldier for service on a wider field; and when, in 1831, an earnest request for a Missionary came from Prince Edward's Island, he was quite ready to go at the request of the Conference.

Prince Edward Island, now a part of the Dominion of Canada, is situated in the south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the French settlers—who occupied the island during the time, about two hundred years, that it belonged to France—and English emigrants who had begun to settle there after the island had been ceded to England in 1763. The natural facilities for ship-building, afforded by the wealth of timber and the numerous sheltered creeks and inlets, brought many persons of that trade from the West of England. Some of these were Bible Christians. But as is often the case with emigrants, material prosperity had to be purchased by a costly sacrifice of religious privileges. In one part of the island, about the time that Mr. Metherrall was sent out, 'it was no infrequent occurrence, as the settlers were so engrossed with worldly affairs, and having nothing to remind them of religious ordinances, for the Sabbath to be forgotten for weeks, until the sound of the flail or axe would bring a neighbour through the woods with the information that it was Sunday.' The Wesleyan Church had a small struggling Cause on the island; but in this wide and scattered field there was room for workers of various Churches without much danger of mutual interference. Mr. Metherrall, with his wife and family, landed at Bedeque, in June, 1832. Their final destination was a settlement called Union Road, forty miles inland. The Missionary, eager to get to work, set off alone, returning after a time for his wife and children, who accomplished the journey with much difficulty, owing to the inadequate means of transit. For the last few miles there was nothing for it but a weary tramp through the woods, the father carrying one of the children. The good wife, who had bravely and cheerfully borne the discomforts of the long voyage and the first stages of the tedious journey, found the 'last straw' too much for her, and she sunk down at last on a log of wood and indulged in the 'feminine luxury of a good cry.' But soon past hardships and present inconveniences were forgotten or ignored in the joy of seeing the pleasure of the Lord prosper in their hands. The people were hungry for the Bread of Life, and numbers were added to the little Church. Hitherto the meetings had been held in private houses, but the little flock resolved to have a place where they could all gather together for worship. Land was secured for a chapel and burying-ground; and in one day the log-walls of the building were run up by 'the pillars of the church' themselves, who met to consecrate the place by a prayer-meeting in the evening.

The same earnest desire to rescue the perishing that had enabled Mr. Metherrall fearlessly to face the West country roughs in his own land, sustained him amidst the perils and hardships in-

volved in the thorough working of his wide Circuit. He was emphatically a travelling Preacher in circumstances in which travelling was no easy matter. Often the only road would be a 'blazed track' through thick woods. Then there were often rivers to cross, without boat or bridge. An adventure which befell one of the Preachers on the island may be taken as a specimen of the difficulties that had to be encountered in carrying the Gospel to the regions beyond. This good man, after walking eighteen miles over muddy and snowy roads, reached a thick wood just at nightfall, but he plodded on in the darkness till he came to a large creek. The only bridge was a tree which had fallen across the stream. He attempted to cross, but the thick network of branches formed an insurmountable obstacle in the darkness. It was not safe to venture back again, so he settled down in his uncomfortable quarters, and spent the night with only the branches of the tree for his pillow, and the hard, damp trunk for his couch. During the night a frost set in, and in the morning the Missionary had to address himself to the return journey of eighteen miles through half-frozen snow and mud, without his breakfast, though he had retired to rest, if rest it could be called, without supper.

For three years Mr. Metherrall's journeys had to be accomplished on foot. At length, however, he procured a horse; but after some time the poor animal met with an accident on one of the numerous preaching expeditions, and had to be killed. One of the friends, knowing that Mr. Metherrall had no means to replace his loss, suggested that a service should be held in his ship-yard and a collection made; in this way nearly enough money was raised to purchase another horse.

Another urgent want was supplied by a kind-hearted 'mother in Israel,' who felt that the Missionary must suffer much from the cold and exposure of the long sleigh-rides, as he had no travelling rug, or 'sleigh-robe,' as it was called; so she set diligently to work to collect money, often in very small contributions, to buy one.

At length the strong robust physical frame which had been a fitting habitation for the resolute, zealous, spirit, began to show signs of rebellion against the heavy tax it was constantly called to pay. A significant sentence occurs in one of his letters: 'My health is tolerably good, considering the unfair play it has met with.' A few years later, Mr. Metherrall was compelled to ask to be relieved of the Superintendency of his wide Circuit, but the Conference was loth to comply with the request; and for more than ten years afterwards he struggled on till he could bear the burden no longer, and had to retire from the active work of the ministry; but he continued to preach until within a few months of his death, which occurred on the 9th of June, 1875.

G. E. S.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF THE LATE MRS. BENJAMIN GRADWELL, OF CHORLEY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES E. BEECROFT.

IN the brief Memorial of the late Dr. Punshon, written by the Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, is an interesting account of the happy months spent by the Doctor in the year 1852, at Chapel-Town, Sheffield. Amongst the families with whom he held frequent social intercourse, and by the children of which the gifted young Minister was greatly beloved, were those of the Messrs. Gibson, sons of a Wesleyan Minister, and brothers of the Rev. William Gibson, B.A., now of Paris. It was in one of these Christian households—that of Mr. John Gibson, of Ivy House—that the subject of this sketch was born, July 23rd, 1856, the year following the removal of Mr. Punshon from the Sheffield East Circuit.

From her earliest years EMILY GIBSON was characterized by a quiet and amiable disposition. So uniform was her gentleness, that her parents have expressed themselves as unable to recall an instance in which she had given way to a contrary temper, or committed a disobedient act. It is no matter for surprise to find that when one who had been so largely the subject of prevenient grace, experienced the renewing grace of God, the change appeared progressive rather than instantaneous; resembling more the gradual dawn in temperate zones than the abrupt daybreak of the tropics. It was some time between her eleventh and thirteenth years that the simple faith of her childhood in the loving Redeemer deepened into an assurance of her personal acceptance with God through faith in His atoning blood.

The reception of Christ as Lord and Saviour, was followed by union with His people; her note of admittance into the Wesleyan-Methodist Society having been received from the Rev. S. Evans Rowe, in the year 1867. As soon as it was practicable, active service for the Master was added to the avowal of discipleship, Miss Gibson becoming a Sabbath-school teacher, and a collector for the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Her spiritual experiences were noted in a diary, which, from the testimony of one who was permitted to read a portion of it, bore witness, in simple words, to a firm and growing confidence in God. But this record, as accounted too sacred even for the eyes of the dearest earthly friend, was destroyed by Mrs. Gradwell a few months before her death.

Such of her letters, however, as were written at that period to Christian friends, express a very real faith in Christ, and an unfaltering reliance upon God as her chosen Guide in life. Her relations and acquaintances could not fail to observe that the grace of God was

imparting new lustre to a character that had been always pleasing. Though quiet and unassuming in manner, she exerted a steady and elevating influence in home and school, even as

‘Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.’

A Minister who knew her intimately at this time, speaks of her as ‘bright, affectionate and godly;’ and, alluding to a sentence on her Memorial-card, the governess with whom she spent this portion of her life says: ‘She was indeed one of the Lord’s sweetest flowers.’ The wife of the Rev. Robert Eardley, B.A., who was her Class-leader between the years 1872-5, bears the following testimony to her early consistency: ‘As a young girl, she gave promise of high Christian attainments. Whilst keenly appreciating the joy of living and loving, she preserved a uniformly dignified and unmistakably Christian bearing, remarkable in one so young, and in strict accord with her ardently-expressed desire for a close walk with God.’ As girlhood merged into womanhood, it was manifest that with advance of years there was a corresponding growth in grace. The Rev. James Smith, who was at this time the resident Minister at Thorncliffe, Sheffield, and had Chapel-Town under his pastoral care, writes as follows:

‘I became acquainted with Mrs. Gradwell in 1875, at her father’s house in Chapel-town. From the first I noted with interest the qualities of her mind and the graces of her character, and subsequent opportunity during my residence at Thorncliffe, and up to the time of her removal from home, deepened and confirmed my first views and impressions. She was timidly reserved and naturally self-restrained; so that only those who had her confidence and friendship could have a competent knowledge of her worth. Early education had not been bestowed on her in vain; for her mind was well informed, and her mental powers symmetrically developed. She could appreciate the beauties of poetry and literature in general; and she read with discrimination the works of our most thoughtful authors and divines. Gospel truth was to her the most precious treasure, and the Word of God dwelt in her richly in all wisdom. But what was still more important, she sought to have the truth translated into her experience and life. This was seen both in the Class-meeting and in her private enquiries into the privileges and duties of the Christian calling; in the Scriptural character of her experience, and in the careful manner in which she endeavoured to regulate her life by the Word of God. She said daily with the Psalmist: “Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel;” and “Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee.”

‘Entire consecration to God was, I believe, the aim of her life. As one of the occasions for bringing this to light, I may mention that it was the custom to read John Hunt’s *Letters* in the Class once a month, with the intent of enlarging our views on Entire Sanctification ; and also occasionally to ask the members to give their experience in Scripture statements. On these days she gave no room for doubt that her great aim was “holiness unto the Lord.” Regularly at the means of grace, never willingly absent from the Class, she improved the good she gained in the public and social services by private meditation and prayer, and steady Christian culture ; whilst as a Sunday-school teacher, she diligently laboured to communicate blessing to others.

‘Nothing more fully brought out her Christian character than the prospect of married life, with its duties and responsibilities. She sought most earnestly Divine direction. She saw the seriousness and earnestness of life’s battle ; and with truly Christian views of all that was before her, she followed what she believed was a Divine call. It was not the world she desired ; but happy in the prospect of intelligent Christian companionship, and of a home and sphere for glorifying God, she followed the guiding hand of her Heavenly Father.

‘After her marriage I saw her but seldom ; and now her life is cut short below, it is a joy in the midst of sorrow to think that those gifts and graces which brightened every sphere in which she moved, shine with a greater excellence in the regions of a glorious immortality.’

The happy Christian union to which Mr. Smith refers, took place on September 5th, 1877 ; shortly after which date Mrs. Gradwell was welcomed to Chorley by the circle of friends who, receiving her with esteem for her husband’s sake, soon learned to admire and love her for her own.

In her home-life, the bright prophecies of hope suggested by her earlier years were abundantly fulfilled. All who were privileged to share the hospitalities and the intercourse of that Christian household, will justify the application to Mrs. Gradwell of that description of the virtuous woman in the Book of Proverbs : ‘She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. . . The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.’ Her now helpless little ones, hearing from other lips in future years the story of her worth, will surely ‘arise up, and call her blessed.’

The family altar was of course set up in the dwelling, and it was her custom in Mr. Gradwell’s absence, and occasionally at his request in his presence, to offer the morning and evening sacrifice of praise and prayer. During the last year of her life, uncertain health

and pressing domestic claims prevented her regular attendance at the Class-meeting; yet whenever present, though she was diffident and retiring in manner, there was always in her testimony the expression of a living confidence in Christ. Though full of distrust in self, she never distrusted Him. This was constantly evident. She knew *Whom* she had believed. On one occasion, when the state of her husband's health was a source of great anxiety to her friends, and the shadow of dark apprehensions rested on her life, her testimony to the sustaining power of grace, and her simple commitment of her dearest earthly interests to the Divine care, deeply affected all who were present.

She was deeply concerned for the spiritual interests of her children, constantly seeking to direct the tender mind of the eldest to 'thoughts of Christ and things divine.' On the Sunday evening preceding her last brief illness, as her little boy stood beside her, she told him the story of David and Goliath, especially dwelling on the lesson that the secret of the shepherd boy's success in that unequal encounter lay in the fact that 'God was with him.' Then, repeating some sweet little verses, the refrain of each being 'Tis our Father,' she saw him to his cot, telling him, as she gave the 'good-night' kiss, that he was in that Father's care. Returning to the sitting-room, she opened the piano, and sang through her favourite hymn, that beautiful composition of Dr. Bonar's, now included in our Collection as No. 837:

'Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.'

So, unconsciously she closed the last Sabbath of service in the Church on earth, acquiescing in the call that was so soon to summon her to the Church above.

The nature of her illness precluded the visitation of friends, and the long stages of unconsciousness induced by the malady prevented much conversation, but a few hours after the seizure which foretold the end, she told her husband she had taken Dr. Bonar's hymn as all her own, and that she could say it from her heart.

On the afternoon of the last day of life, opening her eyes, she saw her husband weeping by her bed. Reaching out her hand as best she could, whilst a sweet smile brightened her features, she said: 'We shall meet again, Ben!'

This was the last intelligible word. Through the closing hours of that Sabbath evening the sorrowing watchers looked in vain for recognition, and listened in vain for any word of confidence. Midnight passed, and for those who waited and wept, the Sabbath gave

place to a wintry day of toil ; but for her 'a day of rest and gladness,' a day more calm and bright than any summer Sabbath known on earth, was breaking. Very gently, at a little after one on the morning of December 5th, 1881, the silver cord was loosed, and the ransomed spirit of this gentle disciple passed to the Redeemer's presence.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

True Tales of Travel and Adventure, Valour and Virtue. By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.—This is a first-rate book for boys, as instructive as it is interesting. The 'Tales' are wonderfully varied in their character, but all striking and all true. Dr. Macaulay has rendered a most valuable service to boys and their parents ; for this is the kind of book which sensible and pious parents may wisely place in the hands of their lads ; and it has the great advantage of being one of the books which a boy who gets the chance is sure to read and to enjoy.

Walks In and Around London. By UNCLE JONATHAN. T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road.—This is a delightful book, and is sure to be popular amongst old and young alike. It is full of pictures which really illustrate the letter-press, and are exceedingly well executed. 'Uncle Jonathan' has a very pleasant, chatty style, and conveys a great deal of interesting and useful information in a most agreeable fashion. We shall be surprised if this volume is not one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

Orphans of the Forest ; or, His Little Jonathan. By ANNIE E. COURTENAY. T. Woolmer.—A prettily-told story of two little orphans, whose mutual love and adventures make up a story which one cannot but read with pleasure and interest. The religious tone of the book is excellent.

Slyboots, and other Farm-yard Chronicles. By BEATA FRANCIS. Hodder and Stoughton.—This is a very prettily got up, a well-written and an amusing

book. Children always like stories about animals ; and it is a good thing to give them a kindly interest in our faithful friends in the lower orders of our fellow-creatures.

The King's Daughter ; or, The Life and Work of Mary Tappin. By G. T. SEYMOUR. T. Woolmer.—This little book contains a brief memorial of one of those saintly women who in humble life adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour and witness a good confession. Such women are, thank God, known to most of us, and we should all like to know more.

The Evil and the Remedy ; or, The Folly of Intemperance, and the Wisdom and Excellence of Total Abstinence. By the REV. W. MOISTER. T. Woolmer.—This volume contains a great many striking facts and incidents which will be of great service to Temperance advocates. Mr. Moister states the case strongly—as indeed it ought to be stated ; yet with a moderation of tone which is as effective as it is wise. In the last chapter he pleads earnestly against 'the use of tobacco and other narcotics.'

The Herald of Mercy : A Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. MORGAN and SCOTT.—One of the very best, cheapest and most attractive of the evangelistic periodicals. We wish it most heartily a wide circulation.

Bible Characters.—'To the Work ! To the Work !' By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.—These additions to the series of Mr. Moody's published addresses are both good, and are in the author's characteristically lively and pointed style.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR NOVEMBER, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.
Oct.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
27	6 45	4 42	6 12m	2 39m	5 39a	0 47m	7 2a
Nov.			Sets.				
6	7 3	4 24	4 24a	3 5	5 21	0 16	6 21
16	7 20	4 9	4 18	3 31	5 6	11 39a	5 39
26	7 37	3 58	4 22	3 59	4 55	11 5	4 57

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Nov. 3rd, Full Moon 8h. 37m. morn. | Nov. 17th, New Moon 6h. 12m. after.
 „ 9th, Last Quarter 11h. 12m. after. | „ 25th, First Quarter 10h. 16m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 4th . . . 4h. after. Perigee . . . 223,396 miles.
 „ 20th . . . 3h. morn. Apogee . . . 252,580 „
 Mean distance for the month . . . 237,988 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 1st . . . 90,920,600 miles.
 December 1st . . . 90,354,040 „
 Decrease of distance for the month . . . 566,560 „

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 4th. On the morning of the 6th it crosses the ecliptic southward. It will be in aphelion on the morning of the 16th; and in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 18th. It is too near the Sun to be visible this month.

Venus shines conspicuously as the morning star. It rises about 4h. before the Sun. On the morning of the 4th it will be very near *Uranus*, the conjunction of the two planets occurs an hour before noon, when their distance will be less than a degree. A small telescope turned on Venus, will have *Uranus* in the field; a good opera-glass will be powerful enough to show both planets distinctly. Those who have never seen *Uranus* will do well to take advantage of such an opportunity for making the acquaintance of Herschel's planet. Venus will be in perihelion on the morning of the 14th at 2h., and at 6h. in conjunction with the Moon.

Mars sets about an hour after the Sun, and consequently will hardly be visible this month. It will be near the Moon on the 19th.

Jupiter is still a morning star. It

rises at midnight on the 11th, and will then be near the Moon. On the 26th, at 5h. in the afternoon, its angular distance from the Sun will be 90 deg.

A disappearance of the first satellite in the shadow of the primary may be witnessed on the morning of the 2nd, at 2h. 3m. 31s.; 9th, at 3h. 56m. 35s.; 16th, at 5h. 49m. 36s.; 18th, at 0h. 17m. 50s.; and 25th, at 2h. 10m. 48s.; and of the second satellite on the 6th, at 3h. 39m. 54s.; and on the 14th, at 6h. 15m. 26s. The third satellite disappears on the 29th at 11h. 46m. 28s. even., and reappears next morning at 3h. 19m. 19s. The fourth satellite disappears in the shadow on the 11th, at 4h. 13m. 18s. morn.; and a reappearance may be witnessed on the 28th, at 2h. 55m. 35s. morn.

Saturn is above the horizon almost the entire night. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 6th, at 3h. in the morning. The extreme length of the rings is 46 sec., the breadth 21 sec.

Uranus rises on the morning of the 5th at 3h., and on the 21st at 2h.

The *November Meteors*, as they are called, merit attention, and may be looked for on the 13th, 14th and 15th, beginning about midnight.



LEAVES TURNED AND NOT TURNED.

CERTAINLY preaching three times on Sunday, and attending several meetings on Monday, to say nothing of meeting a Class and a little sick-visiting, was not the best bodily preparation for the Watch-night service, which rather unfortunately for me fell that year on a Monday; and it was little wonder that as with my feet in warm slippers I sat with book in hand before a good fire, trying to prepare for service, I fell asleep.

DECEMBER, 1884.

2 M

For a time it was the sound, dreamless sleep that only the very tired enjoy. After a time, however, thoughts of the coming service must have mixed themselves up in my brain, for some members of my congregation seemed to pass before me, and I could hear their conversation. With a dreamer's licence, I followed some to their homes, and along the street, and could even read their thoughts.

First I saw seated in a luxurious drawing-room, a gentleman and his wife; presently they were joined by another gentleman. Evidently they were brothers and partners in business. 'Ah! you have called for us to go to the Watch-night service; well, sit down, it is too soon yet.' Then clear and distinct the thoughts of the men were heard by me. 'Ah!' thought one, 'how old my brother is looking, and I am older than he; it is time for me to turn over a new leaf, and I will—but how? In the first place, I will give more to God's cause. Mrs. W—— will soon be calling for a subscription for the chapel; I will have it ready for her, and surprise her by giving double. Then the Missionary Society shall not suffer; and when people come here, or to my office begging, I will answer them pleasantly, and give as God has prospered me. That is what our Minister is always exhorting us to do. Yes, I will turn over a new leaf, so I will.'

Then the thoughts of the other brother passed before me: 'Well, I am a year older, it is time I turned over a new leaf. I said that last year, but if I did it, the leaf was as blotted and smeared as the last one. What a trying time I have had. How could I go to chapel or Class when Mr. J—— was put into office right over my head? Our Minister, too, does not manage things as he should do. I hope he won't stay long; his preaching is heavy and his sermons long. To be sure I can't listen attentively with Mr. J—— sitting right in front of me; but I know there is not much to interest a man. I have certainly been dreadfully slighted and passed by, and I am sure if I see Mr. J—— at the service to-night, and speak to him, I shall show a most forgiving spirit, and I think I shall really go to Class again, and tell them so; in fact, I *will* turn over a new leaf.'

Next, I saw a young man come hurrying by. 'I shall be late, I know,' he was saying; 'but I shall be in time to dance the old year out and the new year in; and then I must do as father says: "Turn over a new leaf." What he says is true, I do waste a lot of time in amusements of all sorts; and ah! how money does go! I suppose I ought to deny myself and leave off smoking, it would help to pay my tailor's bill. What a bore it is not to have plenty of money! Father says I have twice as much as he had at my age; but people did not want so much in those slow-going times. Now-a-days a man must have nice gloves and boots, and good cigars too, for that matter, if

he is to be considered respectable. Then I suppose I ought to pay mother and the girls more attention, and not order them about so; but I like being waited on, and what are girls for if they can't look after their brothers.' Then as he gazed admiringly at himself in a mirror near by, and fondly stroked his well-cultivated moustache, I heard him say: 'But I really think I will turn over a new leaf.'

Then a fair young girl attracted my attention: she was sitting with her pretty white hands folded idly in her lap as she gazed musingly in the fire. True, her mother was sitting at the table with a heap of stockings before her to mend and other little articles to patch, and looking very worn and tired. 'Yes,' the girl was thinking, 'I suppose I do read too many novels, and idle away my time; I am often sorry to see mother so busy; but really, mending is such *horrid* work. I certainly might help Jane a little in the kitchen, or make the pastry for mother, but O! my hands, how red and coarse they would get. Mother does not mind about hers; she says: "Handsome is that hand some does." I wish I had not been the eldest girl, so much is expected of me. Mother says the others may well be lazy when they have such an example in me. But I am not lazy, I can work hard enough to get up a picnic, and I can do almost anything, *if I like to do it*. To be sure the other day at the Dorcas meeting I felt very foolish when I was asked to make a button-hole; and as for cutting out and placing work, well, mother always does it. I wonder if we changed work—I mean, if mother did a little fancy-work, and I had all the making and mending to do for our six children—how we should get on? I am afraid I am selfish and lazy, and I am sure it is time for me to turn over a new leaf. I am sure the Lord Jesus would help me!' And the young heart went up in earnest, humble prayer that God would grant her the aid of His Spirit, that she might begin with the New Year a better, purer, kinder, more Christ-like life than she had lived hitherto.

Then a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. A whole year had passed, and it was given to me to see how the various resolutions had been kept. Alas! many had only been made in human strength. The gentleman who intended to do so much for God's cause still refused his aid when sought, and many a time when he did give, forgot that 'God loveth a cheerful giver;' or that 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' His brother was still easily offended, a spiritual baby, though six feet high, requiring constant attention and nursing to keep him pleased. Woe betide any one who ventured to do anything in the Church without consulting him! Doubtless he was a means of grace to the Minister, for he taught him many a lesson of patience and forbearance that otherwise he would have missed. I saw that the

home of the young man was still rendered unhappy by his extravagant habits, his smoking and drinking—self, still always first. Surely if he had turned over a new leaf it was a worse one, for he was more selfish and conceited than ever.

But in the young lady's home certainly there was a change: mother and daughter were again sitting together; but now the mother was reclining comfortably in an easy-chair near the fire, knitting a sock, while the daughter was sitting at the table, her busy fingers at work on little garments, mending and stitching, while a most contented smile every now and then rested on her sweet face as she made some cheerful remark to her mother. And now the mother speaks: 'How busy you are, my child; can't you put your work away, and give me some music? What a good eldest daughter you are, and how I shall miss you when—'; but the girl hastily gathers up her work, and as she crosses the room to the piano, she might have been heard singing softly to herself:

'The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.'

Then I found that resolutions made in one's own strength were worse than useless and sure to fail, while resolutions made in God's strength were sure to be kept, for His grace is all-sufficient, His help ever ready, so that the Christian can indeed boldly say: 'I can do all things through Christ Who strengtheneth me.' S. V. A.

A BIBLE-READING FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME:

'TIDINGS.'

BY THE REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK.

By the help of a Concordance find all the texts in the Bible containing the word '*tidings*.' For convenience of comparison, arrange the texts in three groups, under the heads of Old-Testament History, Old-Testament Prophecy, and New-Testament History. And at once you will discover that the word is used in an extremely curious manner. A more minute examination will but deepen the impression created by the first glance.

How to account for the singular coincidences about to be revealed, I know not, any more than I know how to account for many other curious things which have come to me, almost accidentally, whilst searching the Bible for expository purposes. But the impression grows upon me that, even from a literary and artistic point of view,

the Bible is unique; and that the marvels of its structure, words, numbers, names, and symbols, have not yet been fully discovered. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about it is that, with so much that is curious, there is no aiming at effect. Its art, even when most conventional, is purely natural. Its most striking coincidences are obviously undesigned. Some of its most charming beauties have been hidden in profound secrecy for generations, and are only now becoming known to us. As they come to light under the ever-improving microscope of Biblical criticism, it may not always be possible to account for them, or even to ascertain their purpose. But at least their discovery tends to deepen interest in the written Word, and to stimulate desire to ‘search the Scriptures.’

As a slight contribution to the work of unveiling the curiosities of undesigned Biblical coincidence, I now ask you to trace the history of this word, ‘*tidings*,’ which, during the Christmas-time, will be so often on our lips.

I take eight texts, in order, from the *historical books of the Old Testament*. They are the only texts noted under this word in my edition of Cruden, except two in which the word is printed in italics. In a few of the passages the word is repeated several times. I may add, that were we to supply Cruden’s omissions, the general result would be the same.

EXODUS XXXIII. 4.—Immediately after the episode of the ‘golden calf’ and the intercession and proffered, but rejected, atonement of Moses, God proposed that Moses should himself lead the people into Canaan, and that, in place of His own Divine Presence in the congregation, an Angel should go with them and drive out the heathen: ‘For thou art a stiffnecked people; lest I consume thee in the way. And when the people heard these evil *tidings*, they mourned; and no man did put on him his ornaments.’ The verse following shows that the stripping of the ornaments was by Divine direction. The ornaments may have been simple articles of personal adornment—jewels ‘*asked*,’ not ‘*borrowed*,’ as in our version, from the Egyptians; or they may have been, as some one has suggested, sacred symbols of the separate and covenant relationship of the holy nation. In either case the ‘stripping themselves of their ornaments by the mount Horeb’ was a fact so noteworthy that it is emphasized by a threefold repetition. At this point, I suggest that you read carefully the whole chapter, and compare it with the chapter preceding and the one following. Indeed, once for all, I cannot too earnestly impress upon my readers the importance of reading everything around the texts quoted. Far be it from me to be guilty of the folly of encouraging the *scrappy* study of the Bible, so popular at the present day.

In this text, then, we have a picture of a nation humbling itself before God—'poor in spirit.'

1 SAMUEL IV. 19.—When the wife of Phinehas heard 'the *tidings* that the ark of God was taken,' and that Eli, her father-in-law, and Phinehas, her husband, were dead, she brought forth a child, whose name ever afterwards was the memorial of the broken-hearted mother and of Israel's shame. 'And she named the child,' with her dying breath, 'Ichabod.' 'And she said, The *glory* is departed from Israel: *for the ark of God is taken.*' The nation had lost its one symbol of the Divine Presence. There remained nothing worth living for.

1 SAMUEL XI. 1-5.—This is the story of the close investment of Jabesh-Gilead by Nahash, the Ammonite. Its peculiarity is that the men of the city were to escape only on condition that Nahash was allowed to 'thrust out all their right eyes, and lay it for a reproach upon all Israel.' And when 'the *tidings*' came to the royal city, the people wept, and the Spirit of God came upon Saul.

2 SAMUEL IV. 4, 10.—David's friend, Jonathan, left a child five years old. When 'the *tidings*' came of the death of Saul and Jonathan, the nurse took the child up and fled. And in her haste she let him fall, and so Mephibosheth, heir of the house of Saul after the murder of Ishbosheth, became lame.

2 SAMUEL XIII. 30, and XVIII. 31.—In these chapters we have the pitiful story of David's grief when 'tidings' came of the murder of Amnon, and of his still greater grief at the 'tidings' of the violent death of his murderer, Absalom. Note that all the uses of this word in the second book of Samuel, of which there are an unusual number, refer to the maiming or slaying of *princes*—Mephibosheth and Ishbosheth, of the house of Saul; and Amnon and Absalom, sons of David. And all these stories are closely connected with an episode in David's life which was fraught with momentous consequences for the after-history of the covenant-people, and out of which has come to us one of the most precious portions of the Psalter. Twelve Psalms we can trace with tolerable certainty to the period of David's flight from Absalom, namely: Psalms iii., iv., xxvi. to xxviii., xxxi., lv., lxi., lxiii., lxix., lxx., cxliii. Other Psalms, written by David or adapted from his compositions, are coloured by reminiscences of this time of peril and sorrow. Of these latter I venture to suggest that Psalm cxii. may be one. And this is the only Psalm which contains the word '*tidings*.' 'He shall not be afraid of evil *tidings*: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.' Read the Psalm carefully, and you will, I think, admit that the stories of Saul and David's sins—a vintage of which we have the gleanings in these chapters—afford the truest illustrations of its meaning.

1 KINGS II. 28.—This chapter contains a singular history of the rigid literalness with which Solomon fulfilled the dying requests of his father, and paid to the uttermost farthing the legacies of vengeance due to Joab and Shimei, and also to Adonijah and Abiathar. This testament of vengeance has been apologised for as a blot upon David's character. But, in all fairness, it must be remembered that the punishment of wrong-doing has always been a distinct and essential part of the Divine government. If it could be proved that David was influenced by personal vindictiveness when he wrote the 'imprecatory Psalms,' and when he left this legacy of vengeance, then blame would justly attach to him. The true explanation of that which I acknowledge to be a difficulty lies, probably, in the fact that David spoke and acted as a *Minister of the Covenant*. In reality he was not '*king*,' but '*viceroys*.' The throne was *the Lord's*. The government was a *Theocracy*. Even *we* recognise 'the punishment of wickedness and vice' as part of the royal function. Is it less truly a *Divine* function? As for the delay which occurred in the chastisement of these four evil-doers, Solomon was surely the best judge of his father's intention. And he interpreted it, not as a signal instance of a feeble old man's cowardly shrinking from painful duty, but as a desire that strict justice should be tempered by a merciful opportunity of repentance.

1 CHRONICLES X. 9.—This is the last place in the historical books in which the word occurs. Chronologically it belongs to an earlier period. When the Philistines came to strip the slain on Mount Gilboa, they found Saul and his sons. The king's 'head and his armour' they 'sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to carry *tidings unto their idols*, and to the people.' Good tidings for false gods! In reality very evil tidings! For 'the kingdom' was 'turned unto David the son of Jesse.' And the death of Saul resulted in the extinction of Philistine independence.

A review of these texts, and their companions, leads to this singular conclusion:—that *in the historical books of the Old Testament the word 'tidings' is but twice used in a good sense*. It is almost invariably associated with something terrible, disastrous, painful, or shameful. There are two exceptions. When the four lepers came to the Syrian camp and found the enemy fled and all the spoil left behind, they said: 'This day is a day of *good tidings* and we hold our peace;' and 1 Kings i. 42.

We now pass to the PROPHECIES, where we immediately discover a change in the associations of the word. The morning twilight is about us. We are on our way from darkness to a marvellous light. There are about twelve texts, in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel,

and Nahum, in which the word is used. And its use seems to be governed by this law: *that when the texts refer to the past, or passing, Old-Testament history, the word is evil, or has a tendency towards evil. But when they look forward into New-Testament times, or are associated with events which, though falling within the Old-Testament period, are destined to exert a powerful influence on the New-Testament history, then the word is good.* Six of these texts I will now select, placing them side by side with an equal number of passages from the New-Testament history.

ISAIAH XLI. 27.—‘And I will give to Jerusalem *one that bringeth good tidings.*’ With which compare LUKE i. 19: ‘I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and I was sent to speak unto thee, *and to bring thee these good tidings.*’ There has been a progression in the way in which God has proclaimed His good tidings—by *Angels*, by *Prophets*, by *His Son*. And there has been a corresponding progression in the *goodness* of the tidings. The earliest revelations reveal, not exclusively, by any means, but emphatically, the MAKER OF ALL THINGS, ‘THE MOST HIGH GOD,’ THE ‘POSSESSOR OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,’ ‘THE ALMIGHTY,’ ‘THE LORD OF HOSTS.’ The later revelations unveil more and more of His RIGHTEOUSNESS and MERCY. The last revelation brings home to us His *Power* and *Righteousness* and *Mercy* in the supreme work of SALVATION. There is no more sublime presentation of these truths—all beautifully interwoven—than in the whole section of ‘Isaiah’ out of which I have quoted one text, and from which I am about to extract another. And these same truths are all crystallised, so to speak, in the three Covenant names found in LUKE i.—GABRIEL—‘*God is mighty*’; JOHN—‘*Jehovah is gracious*’; JESUS—‘*Jehovah saves.*’

ISAIAH XL. 9.—‘O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice; . . . be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!’ With this compare LUKE II. 10, 11: ‘Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.’ These texts read with their surroundings, may be contrasted with EXODUS XXXIII. The Divine Presence is restored. The *Glory* is once more seen. The Shepherd of Israel is again about to lead His flock. ‘Behold your God.’ ‘They shall call His name Immanuel—*God with us.*’

ISAIAH LXI. 1, 2.—Compare our Lord’s reading of the passage from the Roll in the Synagogue at Nazareth, noting especially the Septuagint interpretation of the phrase: ‘*The opening of the prison to them that are bound,*’ and the fact that our Lord closed the Roll at the words, ‘to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.’ There is

reason to believe that then, as now, this was the second lesson for the Day of Atonement. But in any case the reading was in every way most significant. In relation to our special purpose, its significance is extraordinary beyond my power of comprehension. *For the details of the proclamation answer with an exactness which seems to forbid the supposition of accidental coincidence to the series of Old-Testament historical uses of this word given in the earlier part of this paper.* This will be seen best by means of the following table :

ISAIAH LXI. 1, 2.	LUKE IV. 18, 19.	TIDINGS IN OLD TEST. HISTORY.
THE POOR.	Ex. xxxiii. 4.	A nation stripped of its ornaments
THE BROKEN-HEARTED.	1 Sam. iv. 19.	The mother of Ichabod.
THE CAPTIVES AND THE BLIND.	1 Sam. xi. 1—5.	A people besieged, and Threatened with the loss of their right eyes.
THE BRUISED—IN BODY.		An orphan-boy lamed.
“ “ IN SPIRIT {	2 Sam. xiii. 30.	A king mourning for his murdered son, and then
Compare ISAIAH LXI. 2, 3. {	2 Sam. xviii. 31.	Mourning more for the murderer.
THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR —JUBILEE.	1 Kings ii. 28.	Legacies of Vengeance.
THE DAY OF VENGEANCE OF OUR GOD.	1 Chron. x. 9.	Tidings for false gods.

The remaining texts I can only at present indicate. Their exposition involves a number of extremely interesting and curious questions which I reserve for another Bible-reading.

ISAIAH LII. 7, read with LUKE VIII. 1.—This may be emphasised as '*Good tidings at home.*'

NAHUM I. 15, read with ACTS XI. 22. '*Good tidings abroad.*'—With this may be placed the strangely touching sentence from JEREMIAH XLIX. 23. To appreciate the significance of these prophecies, and to assure yourself that these are not merely arbitrary and fantastic groupings of sacred words, you have but to consider the extent to which the fall of Nineveh, and, in a less degree, the overthrow of Syria, affected the destinies of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome; and so, remotely, but really, prepared the way for that triumph of Christianity in the Gentile world of which we see the beginning in Acts xi.

A review of all the passages in the New Testament in which the word 'tidings' occurs, leads to this conclusion: *That just as this word is almost invariably used in an evil sense in the Old-Testament history, so is it as invariably used in a good sense in the New-Testament history.* In the New Testament there is one apparent exception, ACTS XXI. 31: 'And as they were seeking to kill (Paul) *tidings* came up to the chief captain of the band, that all

Jerusalem was in confusion.' But is it not a noteworthy fact, that those tidings led to the rescue by a Roman of the Apostle who, as the result of that rescue, was enabled to preach 'the glad tidings' in Rome?

TWO OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they
found it.

The Son of God, the eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He Whom the whole world could not
take,
The Word which heaven and earth did
make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh
indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence,
Can man forget this story?

Ben Jonson.

II.

A COMET dangling in the air
Presaged the ruin both of death and
sin;
And told the wise men of a King,
The King of Glory, and the Sun
Of Righteousness, Who then begun
To draw towards that blessed hemi-
sphere.
They from the furthest East, this
new
And unknown light pursue,
Till they appear
In this blest infant King's propitious
eye,
And pay their homage to his royalty.
Persia might then the rising sun adore;
It was idolatry no more.

Great God! they gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense and gold
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before thy Majesty,
Whom Thou redeem'st when we were
sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and
scarce that neither;
Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou
hadst rather;
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal
make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine. Amen.
Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

MAX :

A STORY OF THE WATER-STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

MAX,' I said, 'I want you to tell me all you will of this dreadful ten years. You look such a boy still, I cannot believe you are twenty-three. Tell me from the beginning, now.'

Max threw back his head and looked out to the narrow strip of blue sky visible from the upper windows of the Mission-house. Tall and slender; a fair, delicate face, the long oval a reproduction of that head of Raphael we all know; gentle, candid blue eyes, and fair waving hair, Max seemed far more some mother's darling than a convict just over a ten years' sentence. He had been at the meetings every night for nearly a month; taciturn as a rule, but now and then dropping a few intense words of longing for a better life, and hope that it had begun with him. No work had as yet been found, and the little society of 'Helpers' connected with the Mission had, thus far, supplied his most imperative wants. To-day a friend had promised a day's employment, and the deep, sad eyes had lighted with such pure joy that I smiled too, and he came impulsively forward, then coloured and retreated.

'It seems a hundred years ago that I was a little fellow at home,' he began. 'You can judge for yourself that I did not come from the same stock as most of the men here. My father was a lawyer in H——: a stern, hard man, deep in his business from morning till night, and paying little attention to me one way or another. My mother was very gentle and delicate and sad; loving me passionately as she had loved my father till his coldness and hardness made her concentrate it all on me. I suppose she spoiled me; and yet it is through her that I am here to-day. At any rate, I know that my freedom or indulgence always had to be coupled with the words: "We won't say anything about it before father, Max; he might not like it." The most reasonable thing was always hedged round with this warning, and we both shook when he came near us unexpectedly. So I was either scared to death or reckless, and ended with being the last, pretty much all the time. I was bright enough, and father had me study Latin when I was only seven. At ten he sent me to boarding-school, and that pretty nearly killed mother. I half broke my heart over it for a while, and then I got used to it, and liked the fun we had so well that I was ready enough to stay. There were fellows that had a lot of pocket-money, and they'd buy beer, and amuse themselves making some of us little boys "tight;" and many a time I've gone to bed fuddled so I couldn't stand, and the matron thought I had sick head-

aches. I got well seasoned after a while, and could drink a quart without winking, and wanted it, too. There my trouble began. I had a small sum every month, but nowhere near enough to satisfy me. My grandfather—my father's father—was a country doctor and lived about eight miles from the school, and I went once a fortnight and spent Sunday there. He was as hard and stern as my father; but he was fond of me after all. He kept his loose money in a box in his desk, and my aunt that kept house went to it for all the every-day expenses. That put a notion in my head.

‘I was bound to live as fast as those fellows with big allowances, and though I wasn't but thirteen, I seemed older, I was so tall; and I wanted my beer like any old toper. The long and short of it was, I got to unlocking the box when I liked, and one night as I put the key back between two books, I felt a hand on my collar.

“So,” said grandfather, “it is you, Sir!” I think I'd have died that minute if I could. His voice was icy enough to make my blood run cold, and he looked at me with a contempt that enraged as well as scared me. I couldn't face him. I began to cry; and then he shook me till I supposed he would shake the life out. Then he groaned and sat down and covered his face. That finished me. If he'd let me go then, I believe I never would have taken another dollar. I was soft-hearted, and to see him cry over it was just awful. But he had his own notions. He flogged me himself, and then had me flogged before the school, and wrote to my father, who came on and did more flogging. Then he took me home. I was to have gone to college after a couple more years at school, for I was a bright scholar, only too lazy to do much at hard work; but now, he said, I'd got to try knocking around a little, and I was made errand-boy in a big store.

‘It was a great change, and at first I rather liked it. But you see I ran against all sorts, and I wanted to drink, and I felt a good deal more of a man than I do now, and it wasn't long before I got the name of being about as thorough-going a young scamp as there was in H——. And the more father flogged the more I determined to run. Mother kept me for a while. I loved her; and she died a thousand deaths over me. She'd put her arms round me and beg me to stop, and I'd say: “Mother, I can't stop; I'm in for it, and I've got to go on.” Then she'd pray, and pull me down by her: “My God! what have we done, that our only boy is going to destruction?” I shall hear those prayers as long as I draw a breath. If people could be possessed of devils now, I should say I had one then; and yet all the time I loved her and petted her, only I couldn't stop.

‘Well, I ran away, and of course father followed me up, and then he sent me to the House of Refuge. Now, that may be good for some;

but as for me I got my crowning lessons of wickedness in six months. Then he got me a place in a New York store. I promised fair; and they thought I might make a new beginning. So I did. I had times of wanting to be different, but it was as I told you, I was too deep in to get out. They trusted me there. I had a pleasant way, and soon they promoted me a little, and I carried the mail back and forth. It didn't take long to get the run of things, and soon I was able to cash money-orders on my own "hook." This went on for three months, and then they found me out. They were kind. They didn't have me arrested, but just sent me home to father. He was perfectly quiet; so quiet I knew something was coming. Mother looked at me as if her heart was broken, and I think it was. I stayed there two days. Then father took me to the depôt. I didn't know where I was going, and I went off without a word to mother. "I have given you your last trial," he said. "You are no son of mine. Here is fifty dollars. It is the last money you will ever have of me. Steal or be honest as you choose. I wash my hands of you."

'I got into the cars without a word, and didn't really begin to think till I was almost in New York again. Then I began to be in rage. "You turn me out like a dog, do you?" I said. "Well, we'll see what'll come of it." I knew well where to go. That time in the House of Refuge had taught me all the places, and I went straight to a low hole on Chatham Street. The first night there my money was stolen, and then there was nothing to do but steal too. Well, I was caught in no time, and sent up for a year. Worked that out, and then tried my old tricks again. I only wrote to mother once in that year. I couldn't. Just writing her name would make me break down and cry. She wrote to me several times, and always sent a little money. That year in prison she wrote me, and begged me to do better when I came out. See how she stuck to me, no matter what I did.'

Max drew a little package from his pocket and untied it carefully, taking out several letters, worn with frequent reading and in a delicate yet free hand-writing, evidently that of a cultured woman. Then he read one slowly and with trembling voice.

'Wouldn't you think I was the devil himself, not to follow up that letter when I did get out?' Max said, as he looked up at me. 'I do sometimes; and yet there were reasons. I couldn't get work, and I just went on from bad to worse till the end came. I was in a big job; caught, of course. I always was caught, all my life. I pleaded guilty, and in consideration of my youth they only gave me ten years. I wasn't sixteen yet, but tall as I am now. I kept still a good while and wouldn't write to mother. It was almost a year

and a half. I'd tried to escape and been insubordinate in all sorts of ways, and in that eighteen months went up for punishment eleven times. Each time made me more dogged and furious. I won't tell you about it. You couldn't stand it. I've cursed God many a time in that shower-bath, or when they put the collar on me; and I've yet to see the man made better by such ways. At last I wrote to mother, and in a week had an answer.

'I answered that letter in a week. It broke my heart. I swore there in that cell that I'd never steal again, and I wrote her that promise. Before she got it, she wrote again,—the last letter I was ever to have from her.'

For a moment Max covered his face, then read :

"*My Dearly Beloved Child,*

"The end is so near that I must write my last words to you, slowly and with pain. I must tell you now, that I fear your father will not keep his promise to have you come home. If he does not, write to your grandfather. It grieves me to have to tell you that you are not to rely on your father: he has no sympathy or pity for you. All the money you have ever received from home, came from me. I could not desert or forget my erring boy. O, my darling, are you worthy of that love? Have you any love or feeling for me? I most solemnly command and beseech you, here on my dying bed, to become an honest man. If you will not do it for your mother's sake, do it for your own. When this sentence is served your future is in your own hands. You can become an honest man with courage and perseverance. If you do not try you will fall lower and lower and come to a shameful end. Make it the aim of your life to redeem your good name. There is time yet. Your heart cannot be all hard. Begin life anew. Be honest. Try to recall what you have learned in childhood. Be of good cheer, my darling, and promise me to be honest. I dream whole nights about you. Last night I dreamed that you were being punished, and I woke with a cry. I wept all night, and slept no more. O, promise me to try and be honest, and God bless my precious boy!

"Your loving, dying Mother."

'I wrote her again. My first promise she received, but could not answer. My last she never saw. She was dead when the letter got there, and a friend she loved put it in her coffin. If I hadn't felt the first promise sacred, this one buried with her would bind me firm as iron. Sitting in that cell when the day's work was done, I used to even think she was there, and I'd fall on my knees and hide my face and try to pray for forgiveness. My ways all changed. There was no more need for punishment, and they even began to say I might be pardoned out for good conduct. That put some life into me. I worked as hard as I could, and I began to read and study again from the books in the prison library.

'I served seven years of my ten, and then was pardoned out.

'I pawned my clothes and raised a little money, and from that time

for a month lived on two dollars a week, seventy cents for lodging, and fifteen cents a day for food. Coffee once a day and dry bread was all I had. I washed my clothes and hung them out of the window at night. You wonder I didn't come to the Mission, but somehow I was ashamed. I was bound to find work if I could, and I couldn't. At last my money was gone. I went sixty hours without food. Then I crawled down here and stood at the door. I thought I was dying. It was an hour before meeting. I walked in, but things waved before my eyes. Frank, the janitor, was used to such things. He put me down in a chair and got some milk and bread, and then a little hot soup. I cried for more; but he wouldn't let me have it, and then he took me upstairs. God's angels couldn't have been kinder. They took hold of me as if I was their own brother. They saw I was pretty nearly gone, I suppose; and they worked over me and prayed over me till I came back to life in more ways than one. I found there was love for me too; and when I went up to that bench, I made to God over again the same promise I had made to my mother. O, how many times in that month I wished I never had made it! You see so many knew me. I had every sort of offer to go thieving again. I hadn't grit enough to tell them the real truth and say I had sworn off. Instead, I told them I'd lost my courage and didn't dare. They pitied me, and thought it would come back, and then one of them offered me a place as bar-tender in his den. He was a king among them, and in with the police too, as plenty of them are. I wouldn't do it; and at last I thought: "There's no spot in the world for you. You've killed your mother and may as well die yourself." Even now, when I know I am forgiven, there doesn't seem much room for me anywhere. I deserve it all and more; but doesn't it look as if I had no business to be alive? No, I won't say that. I want to help others out of just such a swamp as I was in, and if I can only have steady work I can and will. Perhaps this job to-morrow is the beginning. You are very good to have listened so patiently, but every one here seems good. I wish there had been such a place before I went to the bad altogether. Seems to me somebody might have taken hold of me.'

All this was a year ago. Max has found his place, and is sure now that he has some 'business to be alive.' His eyes are sad, his manner full of gentle, abstracted quiet. What the years may do for him one cannot tell. As yet the pressure of the past is too strong upon him, and only as he goes to meet some sad or desperate soul hovering about the Mission, and uncertain whether to enter or not, does his face light up and his own sorrow sink out of sight. His employers count him one of their most efficient and trusted clerks; and while

these pages give no clue by which any save his nearest and truest friends can ever recognise the portrait; it is a portrait; and is one more constant spur to the thought that even in the apparently most hopeless case that either prison or House of Refuge can turn out, there is the possibility of reform—a seed struggling up through rocky, almost hopeless soil, to gladden the eyes of the patient worker, and become one more sheaf in that precious store laid at last at the feet of the Master.*

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## THE OLD SQUIRE.

BY THE REV. J. COLWELL.

‘OUR Squire’ we called him. There were a great many Squires in the country side, and within such a distance as a man might ride upon the back of a good horse in a few hours there were two, if not three, lords; but there was only one of them all that belonged to us, and that was the one that lived in the Big House right in the middle of our parish—‘*Our Squire.*’ He was neither a religious man nor a wicked man, not in the sense in which we generally use those terms. He went to church once a week, on the Sunday morning; and rode a fine horse there, for the way was too long for him to walk. But with that his religion ended. On the other hand, he injured nobody, so long as they held their tongues about their betters, and voted ‘square’ at election times; while at Christmas and Easter he gave charities to all. He was a slap-dash, go-a-head sort of a man, who so long as he could hunt and shoot and enjoy himself in his own way troubled nobody, and took particular care that nobody troubled him. He never married; but had an ancient dame of a housekeeper who relieved him of all domestic cares. His pleasures were not sinful, but, such as they were, he lived in them and for them; and did not, I verily think, ever trouble himself any more about what is above or beyond this poor life than did the cattle that grazed his meadows. Thus he lived, and thus he died. One day in December, dark and drear, our village was all astir with his pompous funeral; and under dismal skies, while winds spake soft and low, the dust of the great man was gathered to his fathers. Our vicar, as in duty bound, buried him ‘in sure and certain hope’ of eternal life, and while everybody devoutly hoped that it might be so; yet the more thoughtful felt doubtful. A few of them gathered around old Solomon, our village sage, and asked: ‘What do *you* think about it all?’

As a lad I drew near and listened among the rest. We stood on the village green, almost under the shadow of the church, in full

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\* Abridged from the *Canadian Methodist Magazine.*



See page 546.

sight of the hearse with its nodding plumes, and the mourning coaches awaiting their occupants. The circumstances seemed to make the old man eloquent, and I will now repeat his homely but forceful words.

‘My dear friends,’ the old man began, ‘the first and foremost thing I do say is this: I have got nothing to do with spaking judgment upon the poor old Squire, and right thankful I be that such a business as that don’t fall to me. Our pason do belong to the powers that be, and they’ve got to go as they be ordered; but I’m a free man, and I’m not bound to say as the old Squire’s gone straight to the better place, and nothing shall ever make me say as he isn’t. I do leave all that. My friends, he’s gone ayont (beyond) us, and all such poor mortals, even the pason, and God have now got to do with him. Can’t we leave Him thur? I can, and I will. But if we don’t know how he’s going on now, we do know how he went on up at the Big House, and it seems to me that the common-sense on it is that we should get some lessons from *that*, and then let the rest a-be.

‘Now, with all right feeling for the poor old Squire’s memory, which I’m sure I’ve a-got, I do think he made three great blunders, and I’ll hold ’em up as warnings to you.

*Don’t be lopsided.*—The Squire was. You do know what I’m driving at. The Squire had two sides to him, as all of us have; but he only looked after one, and that the worst one. He was like poor old Johnny Addlehead, who lives down to Turnem Style. You do all know him, and I dessay you do all remember how the parish laughed at him a few years ago. Johnny had a fine apple-tree, and one day he found as the north side of his tree didn’t get much sunshine. So what does he, but cuts the south side of his tree clean away, to let the sun get to the north side. The side as did get the sun, and bore fine fruit, was thrown away to make room for that as could never get much sun, anyhow, and as couldn’t bring a lot of fruit, nohow. We do laugh at poor Johnny; but if we do laugh at a man that makes his apple-tree lopsided, what about a man that makes a lopsided thing of hisself? That is worse than all. Now, I do say that a man should cultivate hisself *all round*. I don’t go for leaving any part out of the count. I be quite willing that the north side of the tree should be looked after. Why, folk, here we be, on this old earth, and nothing is more sure than that thur be certain things here as waits the doing; and if you do want to get ready for Heaven, do the right thing now, and do it square and sharp. I a got no sort of love for people as do act like old Widow Vargas. Her eyes be too much turned towards heaven to let her see how to pick her road on earth. Her piety is in her tongue, and in her face. I don’t go for to say she have got none nowhere else; but she have got a fine sight there, cert’nly. She wouldn’t let a youngster laugh, nor a maiden sigh, nor a young fellow whistle. “It be all vanity,” she says. Such stuff! Work this plot, I do say. God have put you here to be happy, to make the best of things, to be useful, to leave it better than you found it. But after all, my friends, this is the north side of the tree, and if we do cut the south side away just a purpose to make the north side grow, it seems to me it will be a bad job. I’m greatly afeared that’s what the old Squire did. For seventy years he kept working away at the lower side of hisself, till he was just about perfect at a race, a hunt, a party, a merry-making, a auction-sale, a harvest-home, rollick, or aught of that sort; and just as good-for-nothing at praying, Bible-reading, thinking of any kind, and all such things as they. And now he’s gone where thur’s no land, and no horses, and no dogs, and no fun such as he’s been used to; and however will he get on? Even if he’d been a going to stop on this old earth for ever, I don’t think his way was a wise one, for he was but a lopsided tree, a half-planted garden, a bit of a ring instead of a



full moon ; and neyther God nor man can admire that as isn't *finished*. Squire wasn't a finished piece ; he was like Molly's Bible as was took in in parts, only no part ever come after the first. If you do want a sample of another sort, just look at our wheelwright, old Master Roundwheel. I do often think as he's life is like one of his own wheels, right everywhere. The bonds, the tiers, and the spokes be all thur, all in their right places. Thur bain't too much bond, nor too much tier, nor too many spokes ; 'tis all just as it should be. And ai'n't he just like that his ownself ? He can make a cart with anybody ; he can give a prayer for a sick body, without a book, very nigh as good as the pason can with ; and as for reading and knowing about things, why, thur's nobody in the parish equal to him. I have got a pretty strong feeling, too, friends, as dying itself won't come amiss to old Master Roundwheel, and as he'll be ready for whatever thur is ayont it. And it all comes of not being lopsided. Eh ! folk, I can't a-bear these lopsided creatures, running all to seed one side, and not growing even leaves on t'other side : stark mad for some one thing as happens to suit 'em and as cool as cucumbers to everything in the world beside. Do let us work the whole ne d, and since God have a-given us more nor one side to our nature, let us as, the pason do say, 'Velop 'em all ; then as the old Book do put it, we shall grow up to be perfect men.

*'Don't always follow your nose.*—Nothing is more easy, and nothing is more foolish. It's right enough to do it, if your nose is turned in the right direction, but some folk has their noses set wrong, and the more they do follow 'em the worse it is. This ain't the first time I've a-thought about poor Old Squire, and it have often come over me as one of the biggest blunders he made was following his nose. His nose was born with him, of course ; but afore he was a day old his nose was turned the wrong road. You do know what I do mean, I do see, by the twinkle in your eyes. The Old Squire was started on the path that led to all manner of worldly things, and he just went blundering on along that path, following his nose to the very end. The worst of being a Squire is that nobody dare pull your nose, and say : "Look t'other road, man ;" and so the poor Old Squire never had his head lifted up or his face turned round towards aught as was better. He was what some folk would call a contented man, and whichever road he found his nose put into by them as was born afore him, he just drove on and axed no questions. Now, good friends, is this as it should be ? As common-sense folk, we can't say as it is. If we was horses and mules we should have our noses put into the furrow or the road, and just where we was drove we should have to go. But we *baint* beasts, and don't let us act as though we



was. He as don't think once at first will think twice at last, and then any quantity of thinking won't help the matter. Thur's some of you folk standing here as I wants to rouse up. You must begin a questioning. I wunt name no names; but thur's more nor one nose here as have a been the same road too often, and it ain't the road as leads to the pump. The road to the tap's a bad road for any man to follow his nose on. Let us stop afore we do begin. We do go a road a time or two, then it comes like a reg'lar thing to us, and then we never troubles, but just follows our nose and says nothing. You bonny young 'uns, don't, old Solomon begs 'e, let your sens fall into that way. Ask, think, stop, consider a bit, and be very sure your nose is turned right afore you gives yourselves up to following him. I do mind what happened to me twenty-five year ago. I was coming home from Tumbleton fair, not drunk, for drink never bothered me, but jolly, and satisfied with things as they was with me and everybody. And a good old man met me, and said with a queer look: "Eh! Solomon, Solomon, thou hast the name of a wise man, do'st thou think thou'll ever be a wise man theeself? It seems to me thou dost just follow thee nose. Dids't ever *think* in all thee life, Solomon?" That made me think; and after thinking come praying, and I found the right way at last. Now, folk, I do say to you as the old man said to me—*think*; and that'll be a sight better than blindly following your noses.

'*Don't forget the day after to-morrow.*—Some people do say as to-morrow never comes, which is true in one sense but not in another; for to-morrow is always a coming, and the day after as well. The poor old Squire forgot that time till it come square upon him, and then he was in a great fix. He sent for a extra pason, a man with a big name fur away, and this stranger and our man did thur best, I reckon; but to do the work of a life-time in a week, and that week at the fag-end of your life, when sense is dim, if not aready dead, is harder work than two pasons and a dying Squire can manage. So the poor Squire had to go through the last door just as he was. He went all in a hurry; how do he get on? I do mind that years ago, afore the old coaches was stopped, Bouncing Bill, as we called him, was just entering Corse common when one of his horses stumbled. Bill began to swear and to whip the horses as only Bill could, and kept at it for long enough. At last a quiet-looking gent as sat on the box fixed his eyes on him, and said: "Whatever will you do when you get to heaven? You'll have no horses to whip, and no stones to swear at, and no passengers to bully, and no publics to call on, and whatever *will* you do?" Them quaint words stuck to Bill, and before very long he were another man. But I've often and often

thought about 'em as I've watched different folk since ; and I thinks about 'em now as I mourns over the old Squire. With all his good points, and he had a many, *he never looked fur afore him*. Like Bouncing Bill he had summut to do to-day and to-morrow, and for all the days ayont he didn't care a button. And what will he do now ? I heard tell that his favourite dogs, Jim and Gyp, almost forced their way into his dying room, and that when the nurse and the pason couldn't rouse him, the whine of his Jog could. But the poor cratur's be left here, and the Squire, where be he ? Not as it's wrong to be fond of dogs, and any or all of the many things we do find about us on the fair earth ; but if that's *all* as you cares for then when you do quit, you must leave YOUR ALL, and how awfully poor you must be ! 'Our Squire' is now the biggest pauper in all this parish. Don't let us forget what the strange gent asked Bill : "What shall we do when we get to Heaven ?" Eh ! I be mightily afeared as thur's some folk as'll never get thur at all. They been a getting ready for a lower place, making goats of thurselves for many a year, and they must be silly if they thinks as the Great Master won't know a sheep from a goat ; and that although they be a taking the wrong road, yet somehow they'll get to the right place. My dear old neighbours, the Squire is gone, the year is going, and we be all a following. *Do* let us make haste to be ready ; an ounce of wisdom now will save cart-loads of misery by-and-by.'

With a tear upon my cheek, and a high resolve in my boyish heart, I firmly purposed that I would take the advice of old Solomon.

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### SPLICED.

EH, but it's grand to sit at one's door with one's own wife at one's side, A-showing her what she ought to know—how a ship-shape knot is tied : See the ropes be equally matched, lass. A wisp and a cable won't splice ; For tie 'em as neat as you may, the weaker will give in a trice.

(That's just what the Good Book means, Kate, when it says that two will not speed,

Who set out to travel together, yet are in nothing agreed.)

But take two ropes like these, now—this is softer, you see, but it's tough ; And that is as good in its way, though it feels a little more rough.

Now twist 'em and twirl 'em—and there ! What, couldn't you follow my hand ?

Strange ! how it's easy to do, what's not easy to understand !

'Twas easy our falling in love—but ask how we did it, and why ?

You may answer (for women are clever !) but I can't tell you, not I !

Then to make sure that the ropes are spliced, just tug 'em at either end ; If the knot be right, and the ropes be sound, there will be nor slip nor rend There will be, 'as it were, one rope, only stronger because it's two ; And that's the way it's to always be, my Katie, with me and you !

The tugs will come, lass, as sure as life, when young days will pass away,  
 When duties will thicken around us, while our heads grow bowed and gray ;  
 For though knots be tied in the sunshine, Kate, they're meant to hold in a  
 gale,

And from all that we see around us, life isn't a summer sail !

And the time must come at last, Kate, when all knots will dip out of sight,  
 One of the strings drawn safely in God's haven of love and light ;  
 But one of 'em still left dragging in life's ocean rough and cold,—  
 Yet the watch may sing out, ' All's well ! ' Kate ; for Our Father's knots will  
 hold !

*I. F. Mayo, in 'Leisure Hour.'*

### A SMALL INTERPRETER.

BY MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON,

Author of 'CRAETREE-FOLD;' 'POET-TOILERS,' ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—FAREWELLS.

' Must have peoples for a martyrdom.'

LATE in June Letty came back to Eadminster, but not to the old life ; that was gone for ever. It might seem to be much the same. She looked after the house as before, and walked on the terraces or by the river, and went morning and afternoon to kneel in her accustomed place in the old church and join in the ancient worship ; she sat with her sisters and with Mrs. Wynn, and heard the talk of the Close as before : and yet none of it was as it had been wont. It must have been another Letty, surely, who dreamed beautiful dreams in leafy gardens and quiet parlours, who carried to daily prayer and praise a still heart unvexed by questions : for this Letty had been out in the world, tossed and driven by its winds of trouble, and their *sough* of pain was ever in her ears, mingling with the music of the Minster organ and the low voices of old-time tradition. O for the peace, the blessed confidence in life and God, which once encompassed her by day and by night ! Would it never come again ? Had she seen her last happy vision amongst the ruins of the old castle and beside the soft-flowing Wyvern ? It did indeed seem so : for she had not come clear out of the region of trouble in returning to the old haunts. The tossing, confused world lies beyond this green curve of valley and hill : yes ; but from it comes a wind that frets the quiet waters here and breaks the images mirrored in them. Could we forget that we have been out in that world, there would still be this breath of disturbance, and the former dreams could *not* be dreamt any more.

There is one—Mr. Martin—who knows this, but the rest seem to think that all is going on as usual, save that Letty is tired and out of spirits, and wears deeper mourning than is quite necessary for a

child-nephew. Mrs. Wynn does not understand yet, although she is a trifle disturbed. The dear old friend is still occupied with her dreams, which Letty cannot now promise to realize. They are like her own former visions, which still look fair and charming, but something—she scarcely knows what, yet—has come between her and them.

In the course of a few weeks the visitors to the old house opposite the church began to feel that Miss Paget was somewhat changed, and according to their previous ways of thinking about her were their conclusions.

The vicar came, very certain that the arguments which had thrown her father into a temper quite unbecoming a churchwarden and the Clerk to the Justices, would have due effect on her, and that he would make her clearly understand how Mr. Grayson had only done a painful duty in refusing to bury an unbaptized child. So good a daughter of the Church, so true a woman, must bow to the law laid down by her spiritual director; and she would make her father see that he must submit also. This was the beautiful function of women: to act as graceful, devout media between the priest and those proud infidel men who mocked and defied the Church.

And perhaps this difficulty might even prove in the end a means of increasing his influence over Miss Paget, and so over the household.

A hope soon shattered. Miss Paget, sitting in a low chair near the window, the morning sun touching into gold her flaxen braids and showing the purity of her skin against a black gown—Miss Paget listened to all he said, with her eyes bent upon the carpet, and a tear dropping silently now and then. If the delicate face hardened and certain lines about the mouth became more marked as he spoke, these signs were not evident to him. He only saw proper docility and modesty and such natural emotion as a woman ought to show. If he ever became satisfied that matrimony was lawful and prudent, Miss Paget was the very model of a Vicarress: she would always look pure and saintly, and speak with calm, gentle reserve. It was scarcely possible for her to develop into a worldly-looking matron of the un-ecclesiastical sort.

So he had his say without interruption or restraint, and made it quite clear that he spoke for the holy 'Catholic' church; and that she could declare nothing else.

But there was in Letty, as in many gentle, modest souls, a power of antipathy, of resistance apt to show itself when not looked for. When the vicar made what he supposed to be an impressive pause, she looked up to the thin, sandy face bent stiffly towards her. Every word he had spoken had driven her further into a dark gorge of



perplexity and doubt, which seemed to be closing upon her and hiding the last strip of sky. It was altogether horrible and overwhelming to be in any sense or degree at war with the Church: yet this had been her state since that event at Cratley. The deepest moorings of her life felt a strain which was like to snap them.

Yet if in all this gloomy desolation and unrest it had been herself only that was concerned, she would have made no sign. The vicar, the Church for whom he spoke, might condemn her, and she might deserve it; but it was not herself who was in question: and the woman's mother-instinct awoke to defend the dear child now beyond all their love or cruelty. Even Joe Mather was not so cruel as this, said Letty to herself, recalling with an aching pity—ay, pity for Joe Mather!—the dumb horror and the passionate, remorseful grief of the man when he came into his house and called the boy whose decaying image had just been sealed within the coffin. Letty's anger was more than satisfied by so terrible a punishment, and she felt that the father, reckless, self-indulgent as he might be, was not altogether without grace; nay, he was less cruel than the priest.

So she looked up to the thin, sandy face bent impressively above her, and said:

'Were the children validly baptized whom Christ took in His arms and blessed?'

She was not conscious of echoing Roger Haigh, and the vicar of course did not know the source of the question, but he had expected something very different, and the words gave him a shock. Her gray eyes—pained, but not so meek as they should have been—waited for the answer, which came presently with some irritation:

'Is it possible, Miss Paget, that you are allowing a rebellious heart to lead you into any questioning of the authority of the Church and our ancient Catholic doctrine?'

A film came over the eyes, and the fine lines about the mouth deepened. She rose from her seat:

'Is that all the help you can give me? I think Christ founded the Church, and His doctrine must be the catholic one.' Then, horrified to find herself driven into such a position of—was it antagonism to the Church, or only to a mistaken man?—she turned, and stepped through the open French window into the garden, and went away to a green nook where she might ask God to speak to her and hush the terrible questions of heart and mind—questions which the vicar had sharpened, not subdued.

In this nook, an hour afterwards, she was found by Charles Martin, who came to say farewell.

'For the vacation?' said Letty.

‘For more than that. I have had my controversy also with the vicar, and I am tired of maintaining it; so I have gratified him by resigning the school. Nay, do not be sorry,’ for Miss Paget was much disturbed by this news; ‘do not be sorry, except that I am not brave enough to keep at my post and hold it against the Anglo-catholic revival. I ought to do so, I believe; only ——.’ Well, Letty knew why, and could not help grieving, although it was no longer possible for her to do that which Mr. Martin desired. She sat in the midst of drooping willow-boughs with a deep shadow of trouble on her face.

As for Martin, he had known for some time, better than Letty herself, how it would be with him, and he trusted God. If, all their lives, he might be one of Letty’s chosen friends, if he might now and then be allowed to help her in any way, he would be content. So, as they talked together, his dark eyes rested upon her with a fulness beyond words and also beyond all bitterness, and his grave voice had the steadiness of assured faith in the Divine government. All was right and well. ‘And you know, I suppose, that our friend Haigh talks of getting a church built?’

Letty looked up, with a flush coming into her cheek. No, she knew nothing of that.

‘As soon as the money can be got, there is to be a little church where the Society of Progress rooms are at present; and the proposal is that I shall see what I can do there.’

‘You will go there, amongst those rough people?’ said Letty; and then her eyes fell and the flush spread to her brow. Martin smiled and sighed too, as he looked at her.

‘Don’t they want some gentle people, then, if they are rough? That is just where we should all be “Catholic.”’

A long talk followed. Letty opened her heart as she never had opened it yet to any one, and Martin was able to give what she needed. ‘The Catholic faith which before all things it is necessary we hold is this,’ he said: ‘that “*God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;*” and this: that “*all things work together for good to them that love God.*” See and know this, we must, for ourselves; and every day should bring us a step or two nearer the perfect peace of full understanding. Not in the easy-chair of an infallible Church, nor in any other kind of comfortable unheroic corner, will Life allow us to rest.’

Suddenly there came to Letty the recollection of a certain morning at Cratley, and of a childish dispute, and this word in a clear treble voice:

'Must have peoples for a martyrdom : that's what makes it so splendid, you know !'

Why, that child knew the meaning of pain and struggle better than she did ! He saw it, and knew it was good. Martyrdoms were splendid because they made heroes ; and what then if life were altogether a martyrdom ? It was as though in the wall of a dark prison-chamber a breach had suddenly been made, and sunshine pouring in showed the way clear to a broad valley and distant shining heights. She sat still, dazzled, awed, by the revelation ; then her soul rose up and stepped forth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her friend saw the change in her face and waited. The fair head was lifted, the soft gray eyes looked straight forward, and a new light was in them : a softer, deeper light than that of the glowing summer garden. It was a little while before she spoke, and then a few words were all ; but they were enough for Martin. His own eyes grew filmy as he repeated softly to himself Willy's saying : ' Splendid ? Yes, little prophet ! So the child teaches us ; and the child's life and death are justified.'

Soon after that he was gone ; and Letty had bidden farewell to him, and farewell for ever to the life of her girlhood : the sweet, easy, untroubled visionary life ; yet there was a glow she but dimly saw upon the forward path, and visions of delight not yet imagined were to come to her from the far-off spiritual city where, after the arduous journey, One would crown her.

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#### CHAPTER XV.—UPPER AND LOWER TOWN.

'Sad changes everywhere !'

'OLD Griffith' sat before his door, smoking an ancient pipe which had been profitably 'lost' in the last flood ; and while he smoked and Mary cleaned up the house, he turned over in his mind various schemes for making 'the young swell' his son-in-law without further delay. He had fetched Mary home by pretending to be ill and in need of her ; but she was as obstinate as ever in refusing to let Walter be pressed. She was not going to make bad blood in a family ; she could wait quite well for two or three years, and so give everybody time to get used to the wild and as it must seem impossible notion of a marriage between River-side and the Close. 'It's quite reasonable they should all be angry and vexed about it, father, and they'd better have time to work it off ; 'twill be much the best in the long run for us all.'

'You doan't know about lawyer folk,' growled her father in reply

to this. 'They'd just have all the more time to hunt out tricks o' law and set 'em a going; and when you'd lost your young man you'd wish you'd taken my advice. I'll have him name the day, *I will*, fust time he comes down here.'

Mary made no remark; she could easily advise Walter beforehand, or even keep him out of her father's way altogether. She would stay at home now, she thought, and take in fine ironing: then she would be at hand to prevent any mischief which might otherwise arise, and to wean her father gradually from those habits of his which vexed her more than ever.

She was in the middle of wondering whether he *could* be persuaded to go to chapel on Sunday evenings, and to wash his face every day, when he looked in and growled:

'Here's one o' them swell misses comin' along. Be it a track day, or some other game?'

'She won't be coming here, father; we're chapel, you know; and the vicar's ladies all know that,' she replied, going on with her sweeping of the hearth. The vicar had established a guild or two by this time; and certain young ladies, including Minnie and Fanny Paget, were his devoted assistants; but they knew old Griffith, and never went near him; not, however, because he was 'chapel,' but rather because he was 'public,' and a horrid old growler at all 'track games and such-like.'

This young lady, however, made straight over the rough, dirty cobbles of Riverside towards the end where Griffith lived, and as he sauntered to the low wall that made a parapet beside the river, she went up to his door and knocked. 'Quite one of the upper-town swells,' said the burly, dirty boatman to himself, as he sat upon the wall smoking his pipe, and not in the least ashamed of his undress; 'one of the lazy, dilicate gals that did the vicar's errands. What was she a-wanting wi' "chapel folk," unless it were to get 'em to go to church? And the right an' proper thing for us to do now as we're to be gentry ourselves,' he concluded, with a good deal of private amusement. Yes, they'd go to church next Sunday, him an' Mary, an' show themselves to the Pagets and the rest of the gentle-folk. Mary wouldn't go! O, yes, but she would! he'd make her.

In the meantime the young lady had knocked, and Mary had come to the door.

'Are you Mary Griffith?' said a gentle, refined voice, while eyes equally gentle, but very clear, took in the neat figure and mild, open countenance of the working girl.

'I am, Miss. Will you please step in?' replied a voice as quiet and almost as pleasant in its tones as the other, while a flush swept



over the girl's face, and she strove to let down her dress with one hand as she closed the door. Mary knew Walter's sister at once. 'And 'tis the eldest; her he thinks most of,' said she to herself. 'What has she come for, I wonder?'

That did not appear at first, and the interview was decidedly stiff and constrained. Mary thought she was being 'looked over' for mere curiosity's sake, and Letty could not help being shocked afresh by the thought of her dear brother coming to this place for a wife. At the same time a mutual attraction was going on. Everything, however poor, was as clean as hands could make it, and the girl was modest, gentle and wonderfully refined. Letty saw this; while Mary, for her part, began to think that if this young lady would but set aside all pride and take to her brother's choice, she would be very nice and kind. 'And to think of me coming to call a lady like her my sister!' said she to herself, during a long pause in the conversation. Indeed, the conversation mainly consisted of pauses. The two did not know what to say to each other, and every remark had a tendency to sound awkward and over-significant.

What might have come of it nobody knows to this day, if the door had not opened to admit—Walter!

He stood a moment in dumb astonishment; and they, both rising, looked at him.

'Letty here! Well done, sis!'

Then coming up hastily and looking from one to the other:

'But I say!—You haven't come to, eh!—What has she been saying, Mary?'

Letty went quite pale, and her lips moved, then closed again. This was the only result of her effort! She cast a reproachful glance at her brother, and turned to the door. It would not do to break down here, and she felt very near that. But Mary touched her arm—

'For shame, Walter! Miss Paget has shown herself my true friend coming here, and I won't forget it!'

It was more a guess than a belief; but Miss Paget's face showed it to be a true, a happy guess; and when Walter penitently, and with all his old fondness, kissed his sister, she took Mary's hand in hers and gave her a sister's greeting: entirely and happily forgetting the old boatman outside.

And he had the good sense not only to let brother and sister go away without addressing them, but even to promise Mary that evening not to meddle in her affairs.

'The young lady's done the honourable and real genteel thing by you, Mary, if she's promised to be at the wedding and to stand by ye;

so I s'pose 'twill be the gen-teel thing fur me to keep myself *to* myself and not go fur to interfere. I be no credit t' ye, I know.'

To this virtuous resolution he kept; and as time went by it began to be observed that Boatman Griffith scarcely ever was 'heavy on the beer' now, and even washed himself once a week or so; which, as the neighbours remarked, shows what it is to be 'in with swells and haristocrats.'

It may be noted here that the marriage took place in about a year; but that Mr. Paget persistently refused to 'know' of it for some time.

'I suppose you will worry me into doing something for Joe Mather some day,' he said. 'Of course Ethel is my own daughter. But I will *not* be worried into any sort of association with Boatman Griffith—nor—nor with other objectionable people, Letty!' he added, with a sharp glance that made Letty tremble. 'If the vicar would pronounce these low *mésalliances* "invalid" he would be doing some good. That is the sort of Catholic doctrine we need in the Close now-a-days.'

Mrs. Wynn, for one, quite agreed with this view of things. One day in the late autumn Letty, going to see her old friend, found her much disturbed. There were sad changes everywhere, and it seemed to be time for such as Mrs. Wynn to leave the world. Mr. Martin was gone, the vicar had put a brass crucifix upon the 'altar' of Saint Wineburga, and a terrible story about Letty was being whispered through the Close and the Steps.

'It cannot be true, of course; but that people should dare to spread such rumours about one of our young ladies, and especially you, my dear!' said the old lady, with tremulous severity. 'But why did you send Mr. Martin away?'

Then Letty guessed the nature of this terrible story, and she came close to Mrs. Wynn and said very gently, with a pretty flush upon her delicate face:

'Dear Mrs. Wynn, what have you heard?'

'Why, Mrs. Glendower is saying that you are to marry that Yorkshire colliery-man, the Dissenter who once took such liberties in my parlour. She might have invented a more probable story.'

'Dear Mrs. Wynn, you must not be so vexed. You don't know how kind he was at Cratley.' But that time at Cratley could not be spoken of, even to Mrs. Wynn. Those who shared this sacred memory with Letty had a share in her life not to be denied. She had not *chosen* the new paths that stretched ahead; her feet had been unconsciously, reluctantly turned into it; nevertheless, wherever it led, it was now the only path for her.

'Must *you* make a mistake, too, Letty? Do remember that you will have to live in Badger Forest, my dear!'

'But they have a beautiful view up there, I am told,' said Letty, gently.

'And that man speaks so roughly! He is not at all one of our own sort, my dear!'

'He has promised me that he will smooth down his Yorkshire and beat at least a well-behaved Dissenter for the future,' said Letty, smiling and blushing.

In short, Mrs. Wynn and Mr. Paget had to submit, and allow Providence to be stronger than they. Not in dear, peaceful Eadminster, but in the region of pit-banks and shaley heaps and hollows, amongst the ugly little chapels and brick cottages, Letty's guiding thread took her: but she soon discovered that 'the land of desolation' melted into lovely lanes and dingles running down to the fringed banks of placid Wyvern; and the windows of her new dwelling at the head of Cratley dingle looked over Edge and valley, wood and pasture, to far-off purple hills.

In various ways had the Small Interpreter done his work.

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'Of such the kingdom!—Teach Thou us,

O Master most divine!

To feel the deep significance

Of these wise words of Thine!

'The haughty eye shall seek in vain

What innocence beholds;

No cunning finds the key of heaven,

No strength its gate unfolds.

'Alone to guilelessness and love

That gate shall open fall;

The mind of pride is nothingness,

The child-like heart is all!

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'THE CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY' IN A UNITARIAN HOUSEHOLD.

SOME years ago a good Methodist in a humble position in life, but with an ardent desire for the salvation of others, happening to go on business to the house of a well-to-do manufacturer, found himself in the midst of a family not one of whom had any knowledge of God or religion. Having finished his business, he began to talk on matters of general interest, but managed to bring the conversation round to religious topics. Immediately the manufacturer saw the drift of the good man's words, he rose and angrily left the room. His daughters smiled, and one of them said pleasantly: 'You should never speak to

father about religion ; it's quite out of his line. We profess to be Unitarians, but seldom attend the chapel, except when one of the family is interred in the grave-yard.'

The speaker was a young lady, about twenty-one years of age, who was suffering from a terrible disease, and the heart of the Methodist visitor was touched deeply as he listened to her. He had before coming put into his pocket a few back numbers of *The Christian Miscellany*, hoping to gain for them an acceptance which would certainly be refused to anything that looked like a tract. Drawing the little Magazines from his pocket, he asked if the young ladies were fond of reading, and showed the pictures which illustrated some papers on travels in other lands. 'O, yes!' they replied ; 'they were always interested in books of travel or adventure.' So the *Miscellany* was left with the promise that other numbers should be left from time to time. Month by month the *Miscellany* was brought, and every page was read by the invalid, who was specially touched by the memorials of the saintly dead. Contrasting her own state of unpreparedness for the great change, with the godly, happy lives of those who had died in the Lord, she longed for a similar experience, and soon her flesh and her heart cried out for the living God. Never before had any religious book been seen in the house, but now she felt that she must have fuller light, and the Methodist visitor was one day cheered by finding that the *Miscellany* had prepared the way for the best of books, for he found a Testament laid by the sick girl's couch. The little book was, indeed, a *New Testament* to her, and she read it from beginning to end with intense eagerness. And what followed? Just what *always* follows to those who honestly and prayerfully search the Scriptures. In them she found the words of eternal life ; and coming to God, through faith in the world's Redeemer, found the ancient saying true : 'He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.'

Her joy in God was unbounded ; and, sure sign of genuine conversion, she began to commend her Saviour to others. Soon her brother was rejoicing in the great salvation, and together they prayed for the conversion of their father, and the other members of the family.

The good Methodist who had been the means of leading her from darkness to light, says, in a letter which lies before me as I write : 'At my last interview she was all praise, thanking me for every kindness, and giving God the glory. "I want to speak of Jesus only," she repeatedly said, "Who has done so much for me. O that I could tell the whole world what a dear Saviour I have found ! Now, living or dying, I am the Lord's. 'Old things' have 'passed away ;' I am created anew in Christ Jesus. I must and do speak to father and all who

come near me of this precious salvation." On leaving, I thought that even the stout-hearted father began to evince some concern about this great change ; and I believe that through this afflicted but now happy daughter, the whole family will be the saved of the Lord.'

In concluding this little story, I should like to urge upon the readers of the *Miscellany* the lesson taught by this incident. Have not many of them back numbers which are only lying idle, or bound volumes which are seldom taken from the shelves, which, if lent amongst friends and neighbours, might give much pleasure and lead many to Christ? Might not some of our wealthier readers order a few copies every month, and circulate them amongst those who either could not afford or would not care to purchase them for themselves? There are many people who will read and preserve carefully an illustrated periodical, who will refuse or throw away a tract ; and whilst infidel, Popish, and semi-Popish literature is being circulated broadcast, surely we Methodists should do our utmost to counteract its influence by the dissemination of attractive and truly evangelical publications. In this way we may do very much for the advancement of the truth, and the driving out of error. Methodism has still a message to deliver to all ; and, whether in town or country, amongst believers or unbelievers, if we can but gain a hearing for it, it shall prove as ever 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' *

AN HOUR A DAY.—Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose ; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure moments may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.—*Wide Awake.*

* We are much obliged to our good friend who has sent us this touching and cheering story of the good done by the *Miscellany*, and shall be glad if any of our readers who have met with similarly interesting instances would communicate them to us.—ED TOR.

A RAMBLE IN CORNWALL AND NORTH DEVON.

BY T. P. GRAY, F.R.A.S.

(Concluded from page 518).

ABOUT this time it fortunately fell to our lot to be present at a real Cornish Wesleyan tea-meeting: in many respects it resembled our similar gatherings in other parts of the country; but—there were *split-cakes and cream*. Split-cakes are like buns divided, and the cream was of course the inimitable clotted-cream. I shall not easily forget the look of perfect satisfaction on the face of a fat Cornishman sitting next to me as he spread an unusually thick layer of cream on his piece of cake, nor how the expression of his countenance changed when a watchful and jovial friend, reaching across the table while the owner's head was turned, appropriated it, and heartlessly assured us that it was the best piece he had ever tasted.

Bude, with its fine cliff walks and breakwater, and the clean village of Kilkhampton, with its old Roman encampment and pretty green churchyard, the scene of Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, gave us two days of quiet pleasure. But now the time had come to bid farewell to Cornwall and to enter Devon, and as we walked we looked about us for the stream that separates the counties. Soon, amidst ferns and flowers and young trees with leaves of freshest green, we found a bridge, and underneath the brook. 'A fitting-place,' we said, 'to introduce us to the lovely lanes of Devon.' And so we stood on either side the stream, and laughingly we hailed each other: one in Cornwall, one in Devon; again before we left we crossed the bridge once more to pay a farewell visit to the county which had so soon won our love. Then we trudged along, and felt quite satisfied, until we reached another stream, the right one, and learned that our farewells had been misplaced; and so humiliated were we that we could not go over it all again.

We walked a long way that day in a pouring rain, which did not tend to make our knapsacks lighter; and often we lost ourselves: for Devon lanes, though all so beautiful, are much alike; and the high banks and the rain-mists shut out from us all landmarks. At length, and just as the day deserted us, we wearily attained our destination among the rocks of Hartland winding by the sea. With what fitting words can we reveal the pictures lying hid and half-unknown among these rocks: scenes to which few of the oft-frequented spots along the whole wide coast of England can produce an equal.

Where, ever wave-worn and frowning, high cliffs, like the guardians of ocean, look down on the passionate water, despising its efforts of anger; where, ever restless, the sea either plays at the feet of the

cliffs, gently beseeching more freedom, or, roused by indifference to fury, hurls in insulting defiance the white foam on the face of the rocks; where the sun-beams bring beauty that softens not the rough-wrought coast, and but reveals new nooks of wildness unseen before; where huge stones lie, the scattered missiles of the frequent fray; where the roar of the wave-hurled pebbles is mingled with the cries of the smooth-flying sea-gull and the muffled thunder of the reverberating caves; where even the mighty powers of to-day are dimmed by the forces of a wilder past, strongly traced in vent-like rushings hardened into stone, in zigzag-twisted strata telling of changes bewildering in their unintelligible progress, and in such vast upheavals of the lines of rock that the present and distorted shapes bear no resemblance to their primeval form, and where wildness wields her rugged sceptre in unbroken reign, gently there glistens in sweet contrast a lace-like fall of silver water, tumbling over the dark brow of the rock and making roughness fair and dulness beautiful. Above, the dreaming water of the sluggish rock-banked stream; below, the dark, deep-sounding pool, formed by the many touches of the water's own light hand, and lashed into ceaseless eddies by the falling mass; hard by, 'the sea, in all its vague immensity'; and everywhere around, these great, bare rocks. And there is music to the scene: for the unvarying sound of the splashing water, like some simple hymn whose oft-repeated notes are never wearisome, accords with all the opening beauties of the spot, and all the thoughts which clothe each portion at the bidding of the mind, as truly as if possessed of the ever-changing harmony of some grand *Te Deum*.

As, in the fresher air of morn,
 When rises from some feathered throat
 And sweetly swells a stronger note
 Above the voices of the dawn;
 Or when the solemn organ-peals
 Are rolling down the darkening aisle,
 And ebb and flow without, and while
 Away to God the spirit steals;
 To some dear friend, who does not care
 About the greater life above,
 Who needs but that to perfect love,
 And make his friendship doubly dear,
 There comes from God a silent change,
 And by His altar-rail we bind
 Our bond of brotherhood, and find
 That kindred faith is sweetly strange;
 Like that rapt joy; or like the peace
 When breaks the sun the western haze,
 When bursts upon the mind's deep gaze
 The thought of that which shall not cease;

Or like the calm of stars at night ;
 A calm so vast cannot abide ;
 As if a veil were drawn aside,
That screened us from too strong a light ;

So now from that one treasure-board
 The chorus of the falling spray
 Bears down a music-whispering lay,
A master-hand has touched a chord,

Which trembles to a hymn of love,
 That, widening, circles all mankind,
 Till at the boundaries of the mind
Its dying echoes fly above.

Not far away, at the Lower Falls, the quiet waters of a widened portion of the stream break suddenly into many a small cascade and tiny rapid, rolling and gambolling, rushing and noisy, like romping boys freed from the silence of a dingy school-room. Then comes another lull in a pool hemmed in by pointed, slaty rocks : its surface, but for the straying patches of the foam-bubbles, calm as a lakelet ; followed by more hurrying rapids, that in angry quarrel struggle with the firmness of the interrupting stones ; and last, a water-terrace and a black, protruding rock and arched cavities, beneath the rapids, small and almost hidden by the curtain of the water.

A high authority concerning the configuration of the surface of the moon, and who has made the most energetic researches in that branch of science, traces a likeness in the rocks of this part of the coast to the plain-encircling, lunar mountain-ranges : 'It requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself transported to some part of the moon. Portions of the sea-coast in particular seem almost exactly what some of the lunar mountain lands or cliffs bounding the Maria, would be like, when seen from the level plain, and still more so if one can imagine real oceans to be present. The signs of erosion are so very marked in the cliffs and promontories.' Again, the same writer, referring to the appearance of the coast from a yacht, says : 'The resemblance certainly does seem very great in many cases. The lower valleys of many of the rivers, with their steep, broken sides and considerable depth, seem to be much the same, on a smaller scale, as the large deep valleys which so often penetrate the highlands on the moon, and if there were oceans at one time, the immense tides would no doubt do much to account for the difference in size.' And indeed, although anything like a true resemblance to the details of lunar scenery must be sought in regions more *apparently* volcanic, amongst the clefts and valleys of Iceland, the craters and mound-covered fields of Auvergne, in France, and

especially in the wonderful Yellowstone Park, in America; yet we certainly ought not to overlook the undoubted claim from some of our own south-west rocks of being like the moon. Immediately to the south of Hartland Quay, and close to the Falls of Spike's Mill, we find three shallow bays, each about a third of a mile in length: the first, from the south end, being divided from the second and slightly smaller bay by a bold, square-tipped headland, while a gently



rounded promontory separates the third and smallest of the three. Among the high cliffs that, on the north-east, border the interior plain of the lunar crater Archimedes, are three bays like these at Hartland Quay in their relative proportions to each other and to the height of the cliffs, in the very irregularities of their general outline, and even in the position of the peaks which overshadow them. It would be no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of two small brooks, which of course must be regarded as absent in the moon, one map would do very well for both regions. Then also, if we compare the more general features of the coast, such as the immense and detached blocks of rock and the seaward-running ridges, which at low tide are so prominent, we discover that they too have their lunar parallels in the scattered *débris* at the feet of the mountains and in the constantly-recurring projections from the walls of the craters on the moon: on a greatly larger scale it is true; but had we only more powerful telescopes, it is highly probable that objects would be revealed which should correspond in size also to many terrestrial features.

Here must be described a resemblance, the familiar aspect of which often comes as a pleasing change to the observer after watching formations strange in themselves and rendered stranger by the unusual standpoint from which they are seen. For the mountains and cliffs of the earth are usually viewed by us from the side or from beneath: upon the moon, on the other hand, we look down, and its configurations are viewed from an immense height above, and therefore to a great extent appear strange. Yet it will be at once seen that this remark cannot apply to the objects near the visible edge of the moon, but that they are viewed, although at a great distance, almost directly sideways. And it is here, amongst some of the great mountain rings, which, though nearly circular, seem many times longer than they are wide, so obliquely do we see them, that we obtain glimpses of home scenery in a world for the most part very unlike our own. Exceedingly minute because so far off, yet when the air is still, standing out distinctly above the darker plain at their feet, yellow cliffs, in their brighter and purer sunlight, stretch for a hundred miles, their face crossed by many a black scratch more delicate than the finest pen could make, denoting vast ravine-like cracks, with here and there the dusky shadow of a projecting or almost overhanging portion, or a small, round speck, like a tiny blot of ink, showing where lie the black depths of some great crater-pit.

Leaving with much regret the romantic and enticing scenery of Hartland, we next halted at Clovelly. Here the Dikes, said to have been British and then Roman encampments, with their extensive terraces and bounding banks of earth, the broad, smooth drives and

well-kept walks along the edges of the lofty cliff, among graceful ferns and luxuriant undergrowth, the unstunted trees clothing the steep descent to the very water's edge, formed pictures to be long remembered. But Clovelly itself ! How shall it be described, unless in the language of the tautological apothecary, Mr. Jeremiah Bossolton, as 'absurdly quaint and—and quaintly absurd.' For if there be a little to add to this description, there is assuredly nothing to detract from it. Who could look for the first time down the narrow pebble-paved street, descending amid overgrown and usually well-peopled balconies, like a huge flight of stairs, the giant steps of which seemed as little made for men as for horses and carriages, and recall the grave words of the inevitable guide-book : 'The street is so steep that no carriages can be taken down, and visitors' luggage is conveyed up and down by sure-footed donkeys,' or sledges, without arriving at such a keen perception of the ridiculousness of the situation as could only result in genuine laughter ? Yet there is, in its very quaintness, quite a charm ; and the white houses towering, one above the other, and literally imbedded in trees, have, from the sea below, a peculiarly pretty, though altogether un-English appearance. The Hobby Drive, everywhere neat and clean for three long, delightful miles, was in itself worth a visit, winding among foliage which would have made one think the rough sea-winds were kept away by many miles of sheltering land, had it not been for the occasional and lovely glimpses of the deep blue between the trees. From Clovelly, during the following day, we made our way by Bideford, with its fine old bridge, to Ilfracombe, and then commenced a lovely evening drive to Lynton. Lynton, as indescribable as lovely !

A dull, chill morning and Lynton left behind ; a rapid drive across the hills and valleys and broad plateaus of bleak Exmoor, catching glimpses through the clearing mist of an old friend in a mountain-top or a far-famed vale, well-known, though never seen before. So ended like a panoramic dream some of the most delightful days that we had ever known, whose thousand memories, all of pleasure, should come back to us in many an after-hour of happy looking back.

THE USES OF THE WICKED.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

'WELL met, friend Humfrey ! I give you joy of the fair morning that has dawned at last.'

The speaker's tone was brisk and cheerful, his cheek well-coloured and his shape well-rounded ; the mild morning light that streamed full upon him showed him altogether a being of this world. Nor

was there aught shadowy or unsubstantial in the quaint half-timbered house from whose porch he had just stepped forth, or in the street where it stood; rather, all showed unusually clear and sharp in bright, smokeless air, not like that of England. Yet I gazed on him and his surroundings with uneasy curiosity; for I had never seen mortal man so oddly clad, or streets so picturesquely strange.

The man whom he was greeting in a familiar English accent, but in rather unusual phrase, shared his peculiarities without sharing his air of jollity: his cheeks were dark and thin, his eyes deep-set and sad; but he, too, was arrayed in doublet and hose, short cloak, and small standing ruff, and wore a quaint flat cap set on his close-clipt hair. Were they two belated masqueraders on their way home, or two professional actors choosing to flaunt their stage finery in broad daylight? But friend Humfrey looked too sad and serious for such idle sports. I lingered to hear more of their talk, feeling strangely free from lawful scruples as to listening. The two men went down the street side by side, and I walked at friend Humfrey's elbow neither of the interlocutors regarded my presence at all.

'I have seen many such a fair morning, any time the last five years, brother John,' said Humfrey, sedately.

'But not one like this,' answered John, laughing. 'Fie on thee, Humfrey Staples, to pretend ignorance of my meaning! I thought not, and well thou wott'st it, of God's good sun rising and shining once more on a wicked world; as thou say'st, we have seen *that* many a time in our days of heaviness. What I aimed at was the glorious dawn of hope that rose for us poor Gospellers so lately. Had I spoken of a mere natural day, it were yesterday, I had dwelt on. How did it stir one's heart,' he ran on, with a kindling eye, while Humfrey kept silence, 'to look on our noble young Sovereign Lady Elizabeth riding in state along London streets, at last, to take possession of her own! How royally she looked, how lovingly she bore herself to poor folks that pressed their simple gifts upon her! Didst not gladden at the sight, Humfrey?'

'Twas a right fair show,' said Humfrey, smiling. 'Ay, and you must not forget the fairest part of it,' said the other; 'that pretty device that so pleased Her Grace, of the angel-like lad let down to her from an arch of triumph, as she passed under, to offer her the Word of God; marked you not how she pressed the book to her bosom, and said that nothing had liked her so well among all the great and royal gifts bestowed on her? 'Twas of happy omen. The very sight of the poor wrecks of yesterday's triumphs,'—he looked about him with a flashing glance, and I then noted what seemed the scattered traces of some great pageant;—'ay, these slight vanities can

make my heart dance in my bosom, to think of the good days coming, which they betoken. There shall be no fettering of freemen's consciences under our Elizabeth ; and poor England shall be herself again.'

'I never deemed thee a poet before, my kind John Gage,' said the other, with his slight smile.

'A poet!' cried John Gage, indignantly ; 'how have I deserved of thee, Humfrey Staples, that thou shouldst rank me with such a sort of rascalscribblers as poets commonly are?'

'I knew not they were of such evil repute,' replied Humfrey ; 'but I have heard from some that know, how poets get so befooled with their golden fancies as to take them for true substantial things ; and so, living with their heads in clouds of hope, they fall into deeper mischances than other men. I would be loth to see my brother Gage so besotted ; therefore I ask thee if thy gay hopes of this morning are not something in that vein?'

'I cannot think it,' said Gage, sturdily.

'Hast forgotten,' said Humfrey rather grimly, 'that fair morning five years ago ? I speak as thou spok'st but now, in thy mystical way, when our hearts danced to see the two daughters of old Harry the Eighth riding lovingly together down these streets ? I warrant thee, like many other Londoners, thou didst shout thyself hoarse, crying, "God save the Lady Mary, our true and lawful Queen !" Men were wild with joy that the realm had escaped from the fox Northumberland and his false brood. Yea, we stood by thereafter and made no stir when that sweet saint, the poor Queen Jane, was foully slain for being but a tool of the Dudleys. We rejoiced as for a great deliverance, because the right heir ruled ; and so we rejoice now ; but thou knowest well how it fared with the hopes of *that* day.'

'Out on thee for a raven, Humfrey Staples!' cried John Gage, in comical wrath, 'canst not let me spread my feathers in the sun while still it shines ? 'Twill be time enough to droop my plumes and slink to covert when the dark day comes with its foul weather.'

'Shall I say something then of different tenor, that has been hammering in my head for many a day ?' said Staples. 'I have been thinking, we Gospellers had never seen this fair day, but for the black and foul one that has just passed away. Well I wot, men's hearts were turned clean and quite against God's Truth, by reason of the false, greedy professors who made it a cloak for their iniquity.'

'Ay,' said John Gage. 'But why rake up these dead and punished scandals?'

'For this reason,' said Humfrey Staples ; 'tis in my mind that we and the cause we were dishonouring needed to be purified as by fire, that the truth which so many "held in unrighteousness" might

shine forth anew in its beauty; and from my soul do I believe that our late unhappy Queen Mary was raised up for that very work.'

At these words the round and cheerful visage of John Gage lengthened perceptibly; and shaking his head, he said: 'Humfrey, Humfrey, I fear that will not hold; and methinketh thou art on perilous ground. Art not laying at the door of the Almighty—I speak it with reverence—the blame of that lost woman's iniquities?'

'I trust not,' said Humfrey, steadily. 'Such as she was, the Lord willed her not to be. She shut her own eyes to the truth, He blinded them not. But He knew her thoroughly, and knew how she would handle matters; therefore did He cause her to rule that unwittingly she should purge the land of its guilt by suffering, and also show in such plain colours that the weakest and simplest could not mistake what the Romish Church is in very deed, and what are the natural fruits of its teaching. Wilt not grant me as much as that, good John?'

'It may be so,' mused John Gage; 'but if thou art right, God's mercy on us, what a sharp and terrible remedy!'

'Sharp remedies are needed for sore diseases,' said Humfrey; 'and the land was sick with sin. Believe me, in such evil days, the Lord may find good uses for a cruel, wicked ruler, which could not be made of a meek and harmless one. I have heard wise men say the Great Charter had never been won, nor our liberties firmly settled, had such an one as the French Saint Louis sat on our throne instead of the hateful tyrant John. Men had never shaken off the wrongful yoke if so gentle a hand had pressed it on their necks. But I see thou carest not for such chat about our musty old chronicles; thou hadst rather hear of Israel than of England. What sayest thou then to King Pharaoh, who defied the might of the Lord in his pride, and thereby was made to minister so greatly to His glory, as an everlasting monument of His power, and His faithfulness to them that fear Him? Or, do but look what the wise King Solomon saith in his Proverbs. I will give thee chapter and verse.'

'I care not so much for King Solomon as for King David,' said John Gage; 'and I would thou didst not pore so much on his hard sayings; 'tis there thou hast learned thy melancholy. But let me have the words—ay, and chapter and verse for them—that I may not say thou trick'st me like any shaveling priest.'

So Humfrey Staples repeated the strange saying of the Wise King, which as soon as I heard I perceived to have inspired his whole discourse. I just caught the words: 'Look in Proverbs, the sixteenth chapter and the fourth verse:—'The Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil.'—I repeat them, dear reader, lest perchance your knowledge of Solomon's Proverbs be

less exact than that of Humfrey Staples ;—and lo ! the living voice faded on my ear, the solid-seeming figures of the two friends dissolved into thin air, along with the high-peaked gables of the houses and the wrecked decorations of the streets ; all fell in ruins around me : I woke, and behold it was a dream.

Yet meseemed there was much truth in the opinions of the visionary Humfrey Staples, that phantom reformer of the days of good Queen Bess. Doubtless my readers, if they search the records of the past, can discover many more instances than those he quoted, in which the wicked who would not serve God in one way have been compelled to do His cause excellent service in another.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

DIED DECEMBER 31st, 1384.

WYCLIFFE ! now half a thousand years are sped
 Since to the music of our English tongue
 Those thin, white fingers cunningly did wed
 What holy men of old had said or sung !

First Protestant ! first scholar for the poor !
 First to tell out in home-born, fireside speech,
 To simple folk within their cottage-docr,
 What words of life those sacred lips did teach.

As comes the star upon the dim, sad sky
 To tell of dawn upon its rosy way,
 So from our Orient, serene and high,
 Thy beams presage our bright and golden day.

Hard was thy task, strong Heart ! still struggling on
 Against the scowl of bitter monk and priest,
 Palsied and sick ; and yet thy work was done,
 And follows thee, now entered into rest.

Bend from thy rest, if it be given, O saint,
 Now worn and baffled in thy toil no more !
 Hark ! how thy language, tuneful, clear, and quaint,
 Tells the glad tidings upon every shore !

What though thy foes, in feebleness of wrath,
 Thine ashes on the wandering waters flung ?
 The reverent waters smoothed for thee a path
 O'er smiling tides all lands and isles among.

And when thy work's millennium shall be,
 Can that millennium yet linger long,
 When o'er all nations Truth has victory,
 And Peace lifts up her sweet and endless song ?—*Selected.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reed Farm. By MRS. ROBERT C'REILLY.—*Just in Time; or, Howard Clarion's Rescue.* By MRS. G. S. REANEY.—*The Orient Boys.* Hodder and Stoughton.—These three stories are all suitable for Sunday-school libraries, rewards or presents. *Reed Farm* is a very well-told tale, showing considerable skill in the plot and in the character-sketches. It will be a favourite with girls, and will do them good.—*Just in Time* is a temperance story of a not very original sort, though Mrs. Reaney is an interesting and lively writer. It is decidedly above the average of temperance tales.—We don't much care for *The Orient Boys*, it is a very American—indeed, thoroughly Yankee story; yet it, too, has some really good incidents, and its moral tone is high and healthy.

Friends and Neighbours: a Story for Children. T. Woolmer.—A very prettily-told story for the little ones; most suitable for Missionary-collectors or Sunday-school reward-book.

The Autocrat of the Nursery. By L. T. MEADE. With Forty Illustrations by T. PYM. Hodder and Stoughton.—This is splendid. The pictures are admirable, and the children's talk and adventures charming. If you want a first-rate book for your little ones this Christmas time, buy this, and if you don't enjoy it as much as the youngsters themselves we are very much mistaken. We ought also to add that the binding and general get up are exquisite. We heartily congratulate all children who are fortunate enough to get it; they have happy hours in store, thanks both to author and artist.

Joel Bulu: The Autobiography of a Native Minister in the South Seas. Translated by a MISSIONARY. Second Edition. T. Woolmer.—In every list of Methodist worthies, Joel Bulu should

find a place. He was one of the bravest and the best—probably the bravest and best—of our native Ministers; and his story, which will always form a part of the wonderful Missionary triumphs in Fiji, should never be forgotten. This second edition of his life contains also the story of his death, taken from Miss Gordon Cumming's charming volume, *At Home in Fiji*.

A Little Disciple. By T. D. T. Woolmer.—A prettily-told story—all true—of the life and death of a little boy. It is intended for very young readers, and they will enjoy it.

The Children's Pastime: Pictures and Stories. By L. G. SEGUIN.—*Cheerful Sundays: Stories, Parables, and Poems for Children.*—*Story after Story of Land and Sea, Man and Beast.* Hodder and Stoughton.—These three volumes contain amongst them 400 pictures; so there is little doubt that they will be very popular Christmas - presents. Many of the illustrations are admirable. The letter-press is good, and simply written.—*Cheerful Sundays* is a very attractive and well-written book.—*Story after Story*, too, is exceedingly good. Here is a specimen—taken almost at random:

THE ANGELS' LADDER.

- 'If there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of Jacob,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found that ladder,
With angels coming down.
- 'Then I would wait quite softly
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground;
I would touch his shining garments,
And speak out very plain:
"Will you take me, please, to heaven
When you go back again?"
- 'Ah, darling,' said the mother,
'You need not wander so
To find the heavenly ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the heavenly ladder,
There are its lowest rounds.'

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR DECEMBER, 1884.

BY A. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A.

RIISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1884.	Rises.	Sets.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Rises.
Nov.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
26	7 37	3 58	4 22a	3 59m	4 55a	11 5a	4 57a
Dec.							
6	7 51	3 52	4 41	4 29	4 47	10 29	4 14
							Sets.
16	8 0	3 52	5 10	4 59	4 43	9 51	7 42m
26	8 6	3 57	5 15	5 28	4 41	9 12	6 59

PHASES OF THE MOON.

Dec. 2nd, Full Moon 7h. 0m. after. | Dec. 17th, New Moon 1h. 25m. after.
 „ 9th, Last Quarter 11h. 31m. morn. | „ 25th, First Quarter 1h. 21m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 3rd . . . 3h. morn. Perigee . . . 221,630 miles.
 „ 17th . . . 4h. morn. Apogee . . . 252,710 „
 „ 31st . . . 4h. after. Perigee . . . 221,872 „
 Mean distance for the month 237,230 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 1st 90,354,040 miles.
 1885, January 1st 90,139,120 „
 Decrease of distance for the month 214,920 „

THE *Sun* attains his greatest southern declination, 23 degs. 27 min. 5 sec., on the 21st, two hours before noon. On this, the shortest day, he rises at 8h. 4m., and sets at 3h. 54m. mean time, latitude of Greenwich.

The *Moon* will be very near Aldebaran on the 2nd, at 3h. in the afternoon; and on the 30th, at 2h. in the morning. On the former occasion the conjunction takes place below our horizon; on the latter, the Moon will be high in the heavens, and the phenomenon very striking, especially in those regions where the star will be occulted. It will be interesting to watch the disappearance and reappearance of such a large star.

The Moon will be in conjunction with Regulus on the 8th, at 3h. in the morning. The star will be four degs. northward of the disc.

Mercury will be in conjunction with Mars on the morning of the 5th, and again on the morning of the 30th. Mercury attains its greatest distance southward from the ecliptic on the evening of the 6th, and its greatest distance eastward from the Sun on the morning of the 18th. It will be

in conjunction with the Moon on the 19th. It appears to us to travel eastward among the fixed stars until the 25th, after which it goes backward. On the evening of the 25th it crosses the ecliptic northward. On the 30th it will be in perihelion.

Venus is still a morning star. It attains its greatest distance northward from the ecliptic on the 5th, at midnight. On the 14th it will be in conjunction with the Moon.

Mars is too near the Sun to attract attention.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 8th, at 4h. in the afternoon. On the 21st its apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the 12th. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 30th.

Uranus rises on the 8th, at 1h. in the morning, and on the 23rd, at midnight.

Neptune crosses the meridian on the 9th, at 10h., and on the 24th, at 9h. in the evening, at an altitude of 55 degrees.

